Wagner vs. Stein: Escalating the Family Feud

Beyond 'Star Wars': First Look at 'Close Encounters'

The Biz Whiz Behind Studio 54, by Dan Dorfman

NOV 1 1977

ONE DOLLAR

NOVEMBER 7, 1977

NEW YORK

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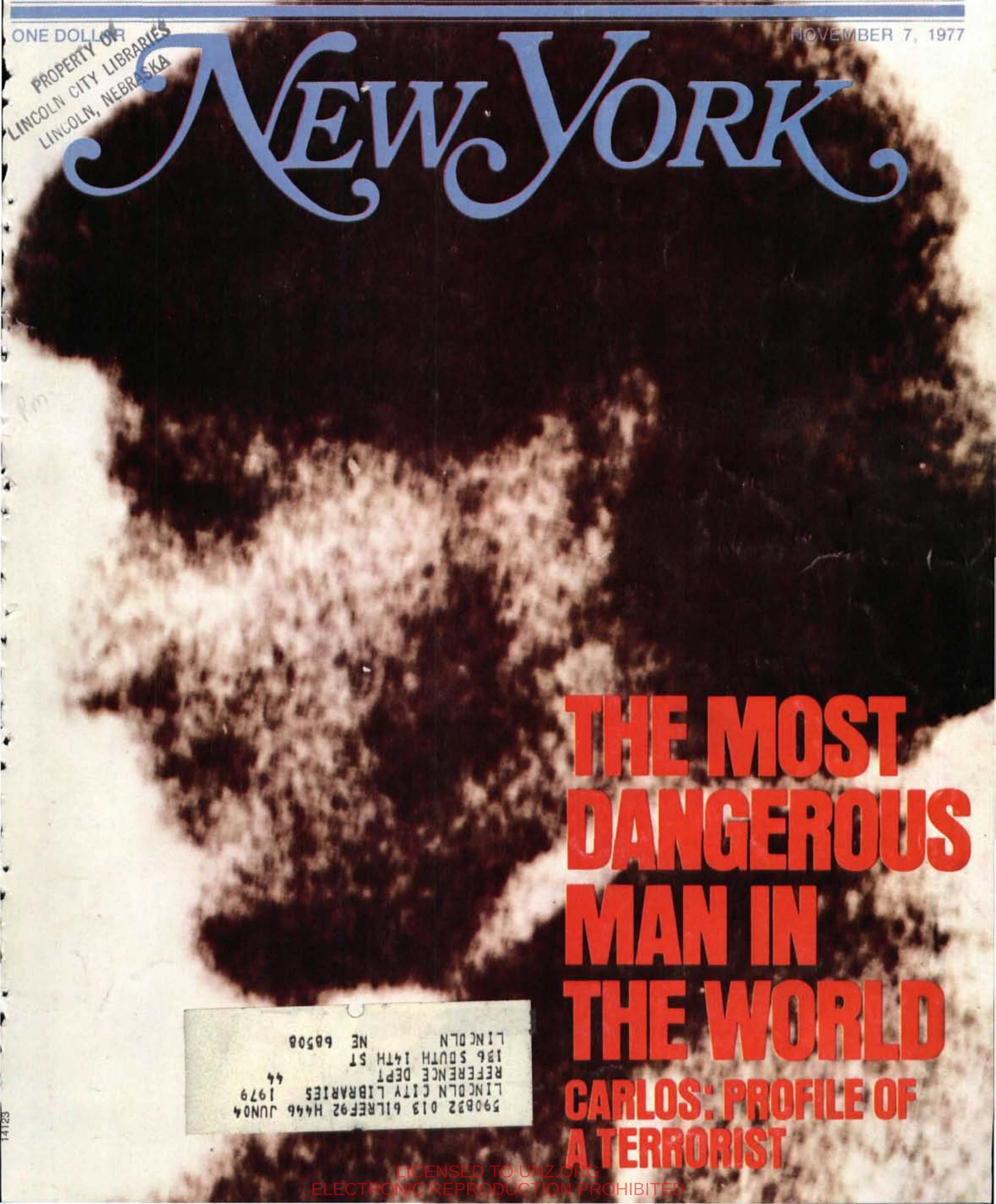

THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN THE WORLD

CARLOS: PROFILE OF A TERRORIST

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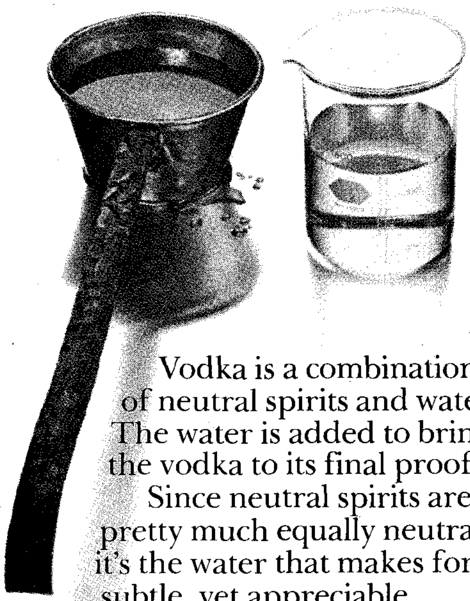
If you can taste the difference in water, you can appreciate the difference in Finlandia.



Vodka is a combination of neutral spirits and water. The water is added to bring the vodka to its final proof.

Since neutral spirits are pretty much equally neutral, it's the water that makes for subtle, yet appreciable, differences. And the water that goes into Finlandia Vodka is very different from the water in most other vodkas.

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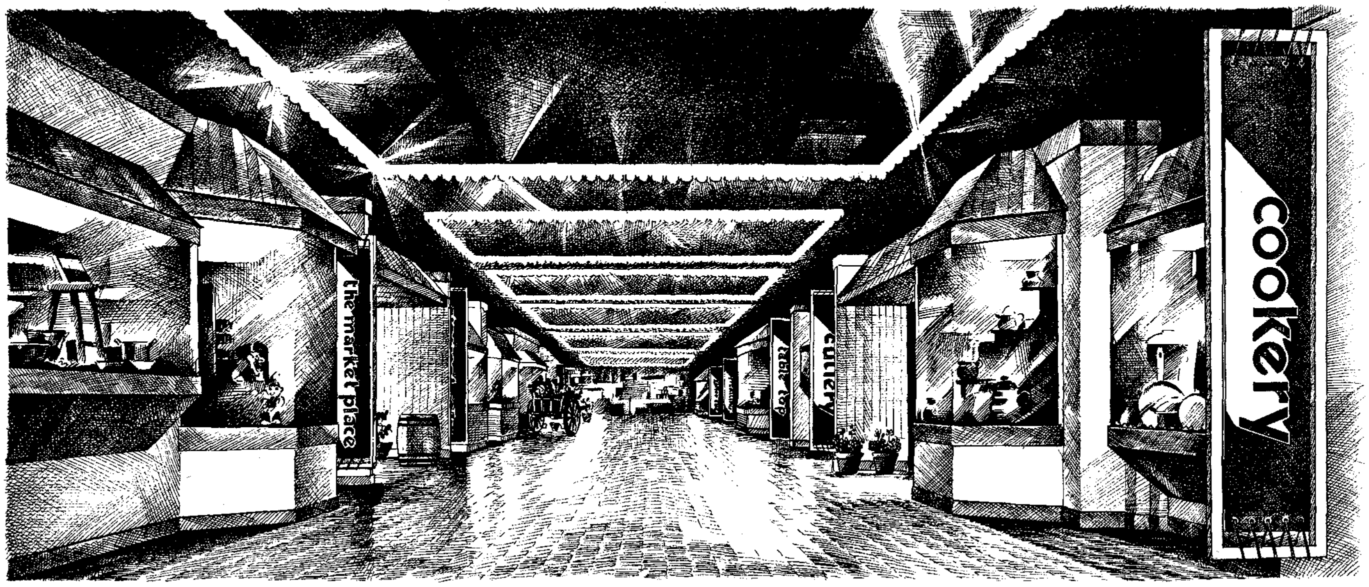


Join the Cellar-Bration at Macy's

THE CELLAR, OUR UNIQUE UNDERGROUND STREET, IS ONE YEAR OLD... AND MACY'S HERALD SQUARE IS PLANNING TO PARTY.

N.Y.'s most interesting "baby" has finally come of age...and we're celebrating with a wonderful week-long "Thank You" to all of our favorite people who have helped make The Cellar such an exciting place to visit (and work).

And what a year it's been...7 big days a week filled with the world's most exciting "wares" and gourmet treats. Demonstrated by some of the world's most knowledgeable people. Plus the kinds of surprises that have made Macy's Cellar a "don't miss" on everybody's list.

And to really put the icing on the cake, we've finally finished The Cellar...putting to rights the last spectacular shop...in a street already filled with entertainment.

THE GREENGRASS GALLERY, opening this Thursday, Nov. 3rd, now makes The Cellar complete. It's the gallery exclusively devoted to the exhibition and sale of original works of "media art" created by today's foremost illustrators, graphic designers and sculptors. All the art in the gallery was originally commissioned for magazines, record covers, book jackets, posters and ads. And, of course, each is truly "one-of-a-kind." These originals have long been prized by collectors...and are available to you, for the first time, thanks to our new Greengrass Gallery. (How's that for a birthday present).

COME ENJOY OUR STREET OF SHOPS filled with "wares" that make all the difference in the way you cook, serve and enjoy life in general. We're especially festive in November and have everything on hand, and in store, not only for our "Cellar-Bration" week, but for your happy holidays as well. See superb "professional" style pots, pans and woks in Cookware. Carve up a storm with our magnificent cutlery collection. Service brilliantly with dishes, glassware, flatware and treasures from Tabletop. It's all right there stacked to the ceiling, plus Small Electrics, Decorative Fabrics and more!

MUNCH IN THE MARKETPLACE. It's our "super" market filled with the world's tastiest cheeses, delicacies, fish, candies, breads.

VISIT NAMES NOW FAMOUS in The Cellar such as The Potter's Wheel for the best of the potters' art, The Apothecary for pharmacy services plus the Caswell Massey Collection ... and Stationery to stock up on candles, fine papers, calendars and cards (especially birthday ones).

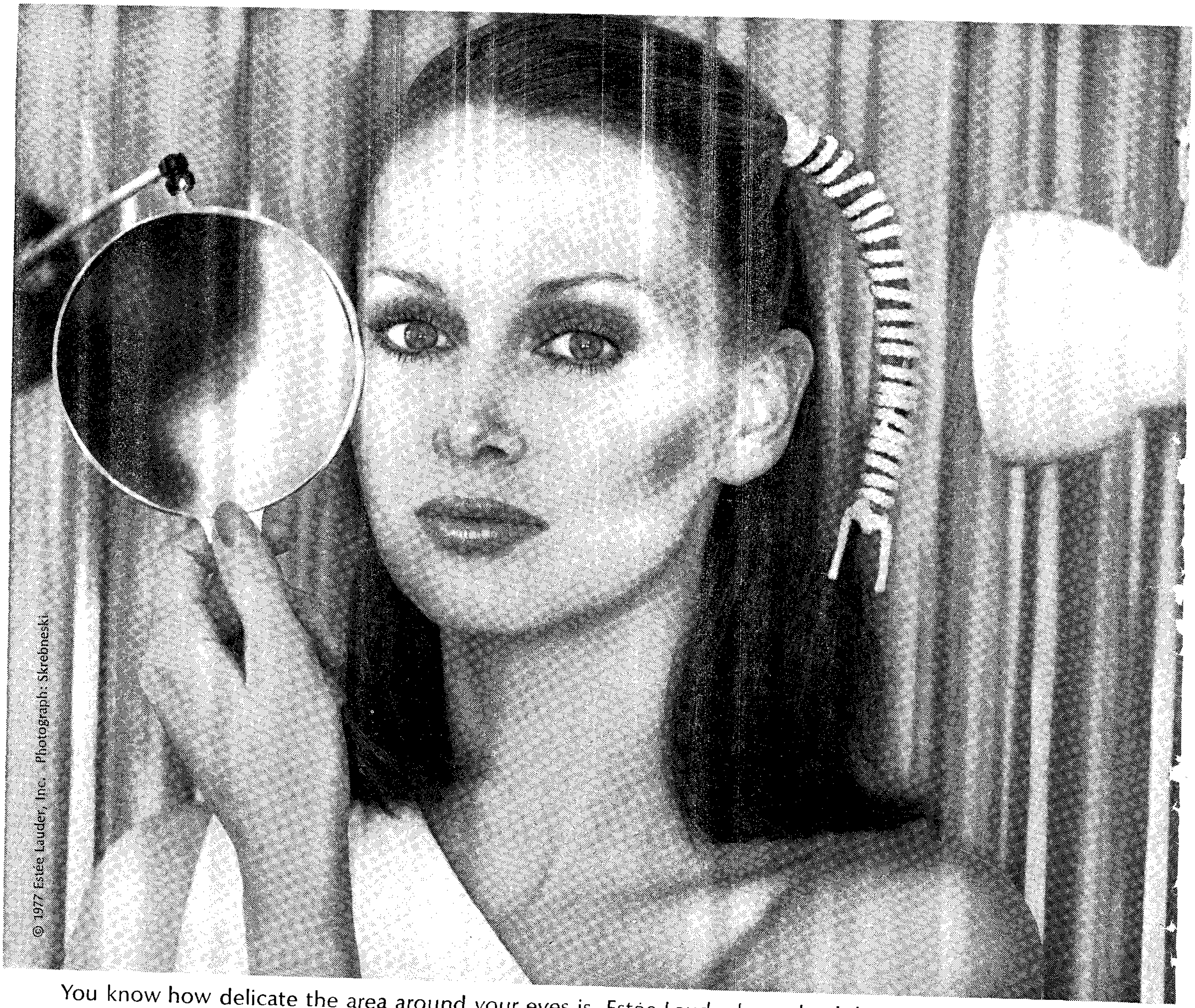
P.J. CLARKE'S now lives in Macy's Cellar and hits the spot at lunch, cocktails, dinner and the after hours too.

THE ICING ON THE CAKE. To really make our Cellar-Bration complete, we'll be treating our "street" to a flurry of week-long events that will include personal appearances, cooking demos (Circle your calendars Monday, Oct. 31st thru Sat. Nov. 5th). And there's even a great housewares sale to really put the icing on the cake. Enjoy!

Macy's Macy's Macy's Macy's Macy's Macy's Macy's Macy's
the cellar

We've got news in store for you!

macy's



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Why you'll love using it. Because of its texture. It is so lightweight, your skin can absorb its rich, non-greasy moisturizers and lubricants instantly so it won't interfere with your eye makeup at all.

Estée Lauder

VOL. 10 NO. 45

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Carlos: The Most Dangerous Man in the World
By Ovid Demaris
Last year, a newspaper reported that a 28-year-old Venezuelan named Carlos was traveling through Europe with a small nuclear bomb; as author Demaris pieces together this chilling profile—from talks with reporters, government officials, and terrorists—the thought emerges that it might, *could* be true.

Page 41
Son of Bob vs. Son of Jerry
By Michael Kramer
Two men are currently facing off for the job of Manhattan borough president, as their respective fathers did 27 years ago. Neither would probably be in the race if it weren't for his father's ambition to continue his political dynasty and rekindle the old family feud. So, despite their professed differences, Andy Stein and Bobby Wagner are a lot alike. (Ken Lerer, Rinker Buck, and Doug Ireland provided reporting and research assistance for this article.)

Page 48
An Encounter With "Close Encounters"
By William Flanagan
Close Encounters of the Third Kind is a $22-million flick about outer-space beings. Columbia Pictures ardently hopes it will turn out to be good for the company's prestige—and its stock. It required all of our man Flanagan's wiles to get into a recent "sneak preview" held under tight security in Texas. His findings: There may be a few clouds along with those UFO's on Columbia's horizon.

Page 51
He Took Manhattan
By Ellen Stern
Some of New York's best native art—architectural details, mostly—were ripped off some 90 years ago by an otherwise unnotable mayor named Abram Hewitt, who stashed the loot at his New Jersey manor, where it still remains. Isn't it time we got it back?

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What's Free in November
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Not all turkeys are Broadway-bound this month.

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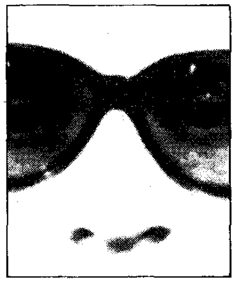
November City Life-Guide
By Ruth Gilbert
On reptiles you can cuddle, and other major events.

Page 65
Tipping the Balance of the Sexes
By Douglas Colligan
Fertility clinics around the country have adopted a method that greatly enhances couples' odds of producing male babies. Mr. Colligan describes this and the other sex-control techniques now in use or being developed.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Edited by Michael Kramer
More on firemen's pensions, and a new feature, "The Koch Watch."

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The Bottom Line: The Eccentric Whiz Behind Studio 54
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He's Steve Rubell, who eats with his hands, drives 1,500 miles a week, prefers business to sex, sleeps with three phones . . . and has parlayed $13,000 into $15 million.

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Not amused, Mr. Simon files a minority report on *Dracula*, with a happier one on David Mamet.

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By Alan Rich
Why did the City Opera stage *The Voice of Ariadne*?

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By Molly Haskell
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Art: Jasper Johns, Tell a Vision
By Thomas B. Hess
There is something warm and coaxing about Johns's paintings which overcomes their basic gimmickry.

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New York Page of Lists: Fifteen Uncommon Statistics About New York
By Andrew Hacker
We hereby inaugurate a new weekly tabulation of tabulations. This week, many curious facts about New York from the most recent census.

MISCELLANY

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See the rest of the Bob Van Allen collection at: Abraham & Straus, Bambergers, Bloomingdale's, Gimbels, and Macy's "Cellar."

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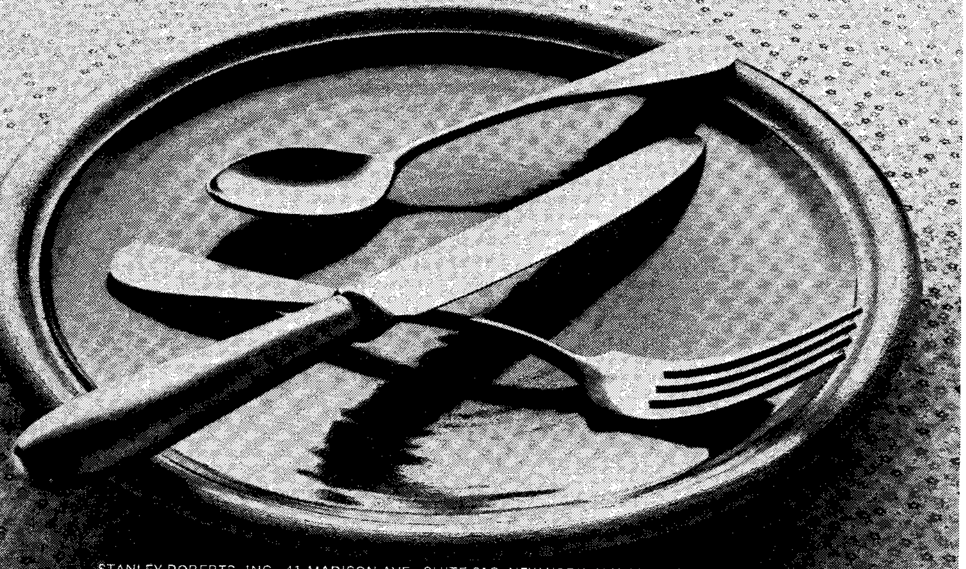

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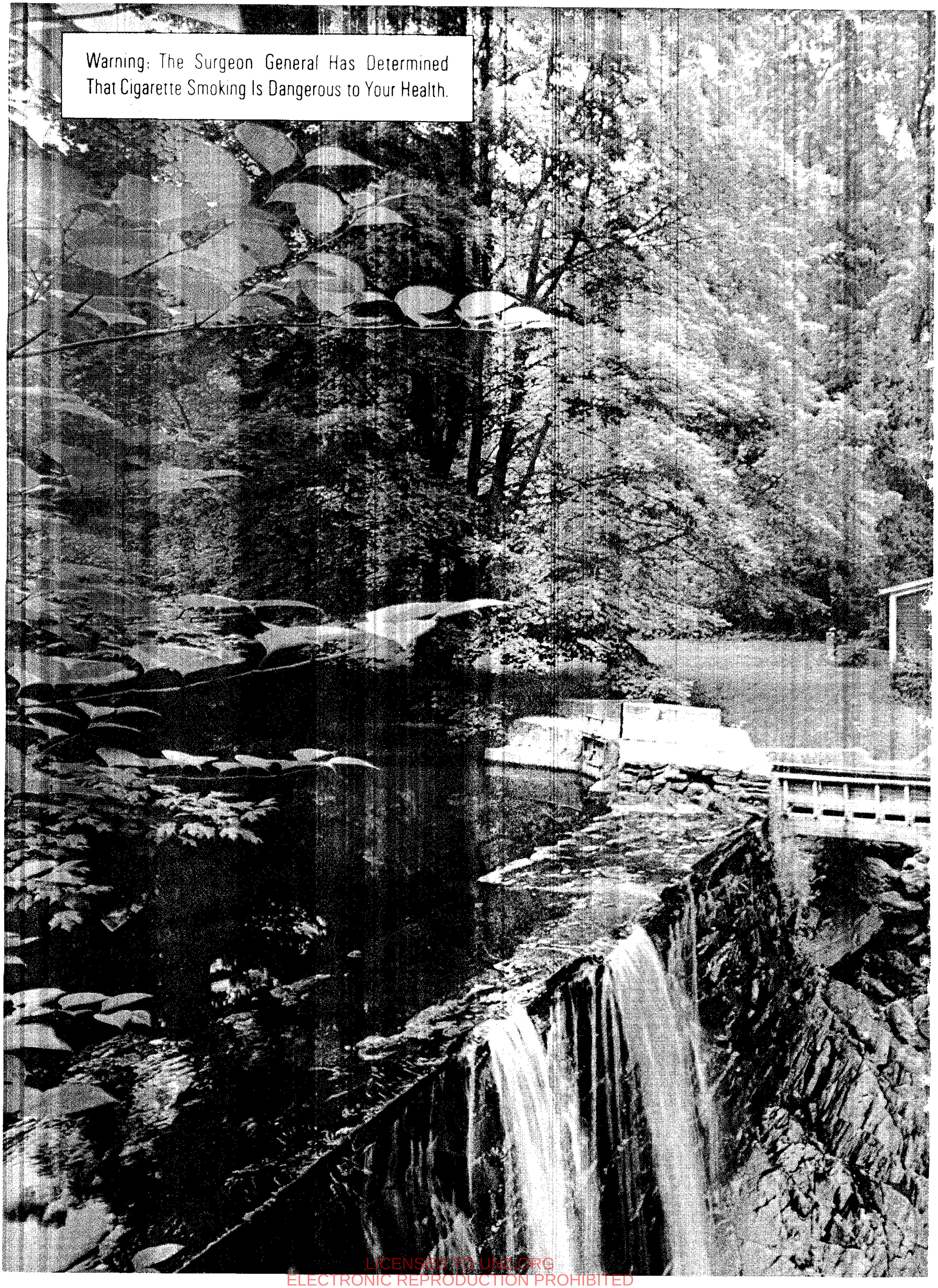
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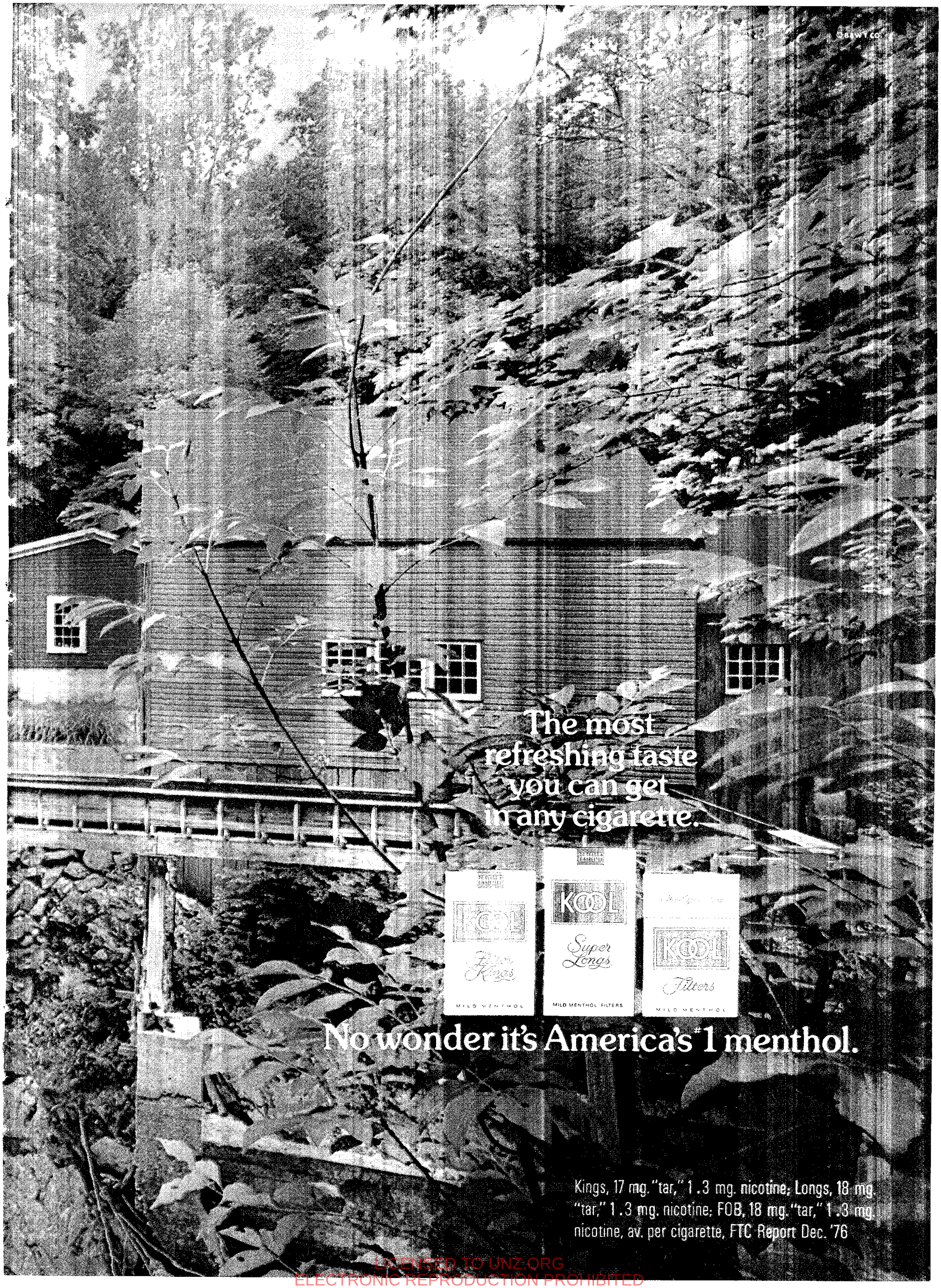
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LETTERS

The Bloody Mary Brouhaha

I know that the strength of a Bloody Mary is one of the most minor subjects ever to be written about, but as long as your magazine has chosen to write about it ["The First-Ever Bloody Mary Blood Test," by William Flanagan, October 24] and, in the process, make a fairly serious charge about Maxwell's Plum, I felt I should answer.

The Maxwell's Plum Bloody Mary, which is one of our most successful drinks, has a low alcohol content because for more than ten years we have been testing Bloody Mary recipes, and we find the customers drink Bloody Marys because they wish a drink that has very little alcohol content and a great deal of spice. Judging a Bloody Mary by its alcohol content is like judging a white-wine sauce by its alcohol content. It simply has nothing to do with whether it is a good drink or not, and it certainly has nothing to do with cheating. The cost of lemon juice is more than the cost of vodka.

As for your correspondent's claim that one sample had no alcohol, I can only imagine that he must have ordered a Virgin Mary, which is a Bloody Mary with no alcohol.

It is depressing, however, to try and do something good in New York and keep high standards of quality, which Maxwell's has for many years, and then have a major publication attack us for something which is based on a false premise to begin with.

Warner LeRoy
Manhattan

Author's reply: If people want Virgin Marys, they'll ask for them.

Don't Get Madden, Get Even

In reference to your article by Jeff Greenfield on *The 10 O'Clock News* ["'The 10 O'Clock News': It's Not Pretty, but It's Good," October 24], I would like to bring to your attention that one of the unique aspects of this program is the two-man sportscasting team of Mr. Brian Madden and Mr. Bill Mazer.

In your article, a quick reference is made that Mr. Mazer is one of the co-anchors. And who is the other? Well, you will never find out from *New York* Magazine, as no mention is made at all throughout the whole piece of Mr. Madden.

Since the article also features a caricature of Mr. Mazer, as a whole it leaves the impression that Brian Madden has gone underground. Well, he hasn't. And he is one of the "pretty" faces at that, Irish dimples, cleft chin, blue eyes, and all.

Zaba (Mrs. Brian) Madden
Manhattan

What's in a Name?

We were delighted to see the handsome excerpt in your October 31 issue from our forthcoming book, *Remarkable Names of Real People,* compiled and annotated by John Train, but surprised not to find the usual publisher's attribution. Should not the midwife to such a remarkable infant be noted?

Incidentally, Mr. Train would welcome contributions of documented names from your readers. Address: 11 East 73rd Street, NYC 10021.

Carol Southern
Senior editor
Clarkson N. Potter, Inc.

Blue Skies, All Candice

Cheers to Candice Bergen (and/or her editor) for "Wertmüller in Rome, Me in Panic" [October 24]. Is interesting. Is funny. Is really written by her?

Nancy Hayes
Cranbury, N.J.

Editor's note: Is written by her.

The Leaks Continue

I wish to take serious exception to your excerpt of Desmond Morris's forthcoming book ["Nonverbal Leakage," October 17].

As a nursing-faculty member with twenty years of experience, I found the implication that student nurses are taught to lie not only revolting but degrading to a profession dedicated to helping individuals at a time when mutual trust and respect are essential to their recovery. Far from being taught to lie, student nurses are taught to tell the truth and act as patient advocates in a health system where such advocacy is often necessary.

It is often the "almighty" physician whose "infinite wisdom" suggests lying to patients "for their own good." Perhaps Mr. Morris would have done better to have selected a sample of medical students for his study.

Madeline C. Schwaid, R.N., Ph.D.
Professor,
Adelphi University, School of Nursing
Garden City, N.Y.

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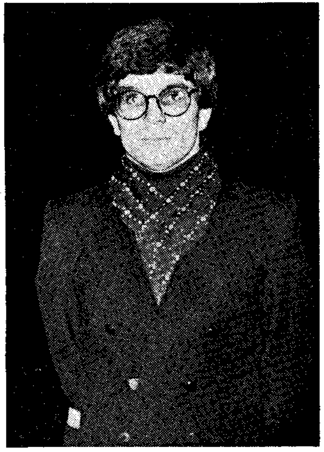
NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Mamet Play To Open Theater Cabaret

Prolific young playwright David Mamet, author of *American Buffalo, Sexual Perversity in Chicago*, and *A Life in the Theater*, will unveil yet another play in December, *The Water Engine*, as the hush-hush inaugural production at the Public Theater's new Theater Cabaret. The play is described as a controversial American fable that concerns big-business corruption and takes place in a radio studio in Chicago during Christmas of 1934. For the Christmas, 1977, opening, the entire cabaret theater will be transformed into a radio studio.

SYLVIA PLACHY

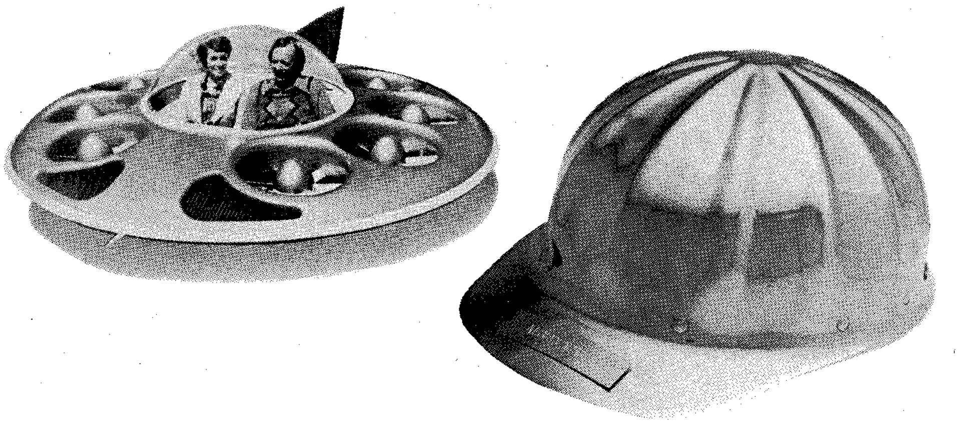


Mamet: Focuses on big business.

Bloody Mary Blood Test No. 2: Still Anemic

They're still serving anemic Bloody Marys in those fancy brunch spots, despite the embarrassing blood tests (*New York*, October 24 issue). This week T.G.I. Friday's gets the Technical Virgin award for serving a drink that tested out at 4.5 proof—less than 3 percent alcohol. Maxwell's Plum and Tavern-on-the-Green remained true to form, their samples testing out at a mere 6.4 and 8.6 proof respectively. Part owner of both spots, Warner LeRoy, insists patrons *like* weak Bloodys (see "Letters," page 9). Hopper's (15.2) and J. G. Melon (18.9) were still far below the standard 25-proof drink that results from following the standard recipe.

Outrageous-Gift Giving: Think Texan



Discojet, 24-karat-gold hard hat: Ultimate in Christmas presents?

Christmas catalogs are arriving, and those rival Texas department stores, Neiman-Marcus and Sakowitz, have done it again with outrageous gifts. Although Neiman's started the extravagant-gift-giving idea years ago as a publicity stunt, this year it's been outdone by Sakowitz. The ultimate Sakowitz gift: a Discojet six-seater. Yes, it's a real live flying-saucer-shaped Hovercraft made primarily of Fiberglas. The aircraft, with a 325 mph cruising speed, is "perfect for traveling around large ranches." The price—a mere $1,125,000. A two-seater can be ordered for $687,500. If hovering about in the air is not your thing, Sakowitz is also offering a $256,250 road cruiser ("palace on wheels") complete with living quarters, a sixteen-foot speedboat, two motorbikes, and two snowmobiles.

Neiman-Marcus's entry in the lavish-gift market is his-and-hers energy-producing windmills—available for $16,000 each, exclusive of installation. Neiman's gift for the broken-arm set is a $300 mink sling. For sturdier folk: a 24-karat-gold hard hat for only $175.

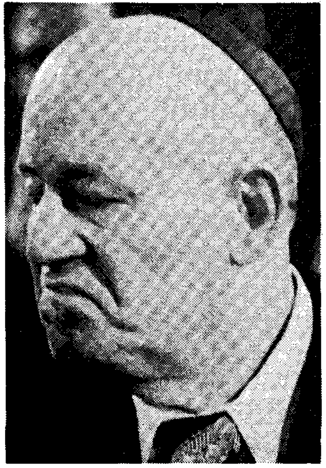
Chase Manhattan Goes After Bernard Bergman

Bernard Bergman can't seem to stay out of trouble. One of the rabbi's latest hassles pits him against Chase Manhattan Bank. Bergman owes Chase $9 million, and, understandably, Chase wants its money. Right now the bank is trying to find out "what the hell is going on," according to one insider.

Chase claims that over the past year Bergman has been transferring large sums of money under state-court receivership to his brother-in-law Amram Kass—about $188,000. And Chase says over half a million (in weekly payments of around $10,000) has been paid to Lanset Enterprises, an unidentified cleaning establishment.

Chase is in federal bankruptcy court alleging that Bergman's fast-money moves "raise inferences of fraudulent and illegal conduct . . . which must be investigated and fully explained under oath." What Chase wants is the right to issue subpoenas and take depositions. Bergman's attorneys oppose the idea, and a court ruling is expected shortly.

FRED W. MC DARRAH



Bergman: In court . . . again.

Calling All Koch, Myerson Look-Alikes

If you resemble Ed Koch or Bess Myerson (or know someone who does), send his/her photo, name, address, and phone number to: Look-Alike Contest, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York 10017. Deadline is November 18. Winners receive $100 and their pictures in *New York:* runners-up, $25. Frank Perdue and Jules Feiffer are prohibited from entering.

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The City Politic/Edited by Michael Kramer

FIRE STILL RAGES IN PENSION FUND

FRED W. MC DARRAH

On the line: *Union chief Vizzini fights City Hall—but not over pensions.*

Fire-Fund Smoke Screen

The firemen's pension fund, as we disclosed last week, is going bust. But the astonishing thing is no one seems to give a damn.

If you believe Richard Vizzini, president of the Uniformed Firefighters Association, the firemen themselves don't care. When asked how his membership reacted to our reports that their fund would be squeezed dry by the early 1990s, Vizzini said: "I don't know. I haven't received any calls."

Vizzini himself has shown no alarm, nor has Edwin F. Jennings, president of the Uniformed Fire Officers Association. Aware of the crisis in the fund for many months—he's one of its trustees—Jennings helped keep its sorry shape a secret. He was apparently more concerned about his own culpability as revealed at an August board meeting about the pension crisis: "I don't know that what we are doing is subject to indictment, but I, for one, am concerned about my own skin."

(Jennings is still at it. Questioned after the pension mess was made public, he was more concerned about the trustees' having been portrayed as "buffoons" than about the disclosure of the deficit itself.)

The city doesn't seem concerned, either. The lame-duck Beame administration greeted the press reports with a yawn. Consider Comptroller Harrison Goldin's rather lame response to our disclosures: "It is regrettable if the members of the retirement system have been made fearful for their benefits. However, it is useful and necessary that the serious situation be aired, because it may well be the only way to force corrective action on all the parties who are responsible."

Ed Koch, our mayor-in-waiting, chose not to comment on the story, claiming that the issue was too complex. (We wonder which figures Koch found too formidable—the astronomical deficit or the number of firemen voters.)

Our colleagues in the media are having trouble understanding the crisis too. They can't even spot the guys in the black hats. Last week, for example, the New York *Post* led its story with these words: "The heads of the city firemen's and fire officers' unions today warned that their pension fund has a $700 million deficit." Readers of the *Post* thereby got the clear impression that the culprits themselves were blowing the whistles.

At issue, you will remember, is a small matter of about three quarters of a billion dollars. The firemen's pension fund currently faces a projected deficit of $700 million and sometime next year it will violate the cardinal rule of actuarial science—selling off assets, just to satisfy current pensioners. And there isn't all that much to sell off. The fund's assets total only $500 million. By about 1990, the last dollars will dribble out of the fund and there won't be a red cent left for present or future retirees, or even for the firemen who want to recover their own contributions to the fund. It is the worst pension mess in the city's history, and its solution will still have to go begging. There isn't even a spirit of compromise in the air. An emergency meeting of the pension's board was called for last Thursday. But the union leaders found themselves otherwise occupied, and the meeting was called off.

If anything, the lines between the city and the firemen's unions have been even more sharply drawn. It appears that the only sensible way out of the current mess is the creation of a whole new pension fund. But the unions will have none of that.

Jennings still clings to the futile belief that the city can be forced to make up the huge deficit by itself.

We reminded Jennings that the Corporation Counsel has already ruled that the city can't beef up payments to the fund without a corresponding increase from the firemen. Jennings was unimpressed.

Instead, he offered a familiar solution: an old-fashioned nonactuarial system with retirees paid straight out of the current city budget. The irony: The present crisis-ridden fund was established in 1941 precisely because the old-style fire fund—the kind Jennings now proposes—had strapped the city with $300 million in liabilities.

From the politicians and from the union leaders, all we get is politics as usual. Unless something changes fast, all the firemen will get is a fat nothing. **—Ron Chernow**

A Real Winner

Is Anita Bryant coming to Brooklyn? She is if Vincent Riccio has his way. Riccio, a former assemblyman, is running on the Conservative line for Brooklyn councilman-at-large.

Riccio's Liberal party opponent is Gary Deane, an aide to city comptroller Harrison J. Goldin, and an avowed homosexual. "I sent for Anita," says Riccio, "because I need someone who shares my philosophy

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—Joe DiMaggio

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made three. His eating habits are out of the days of Robin Hood. Famished, he ordered a huge plate of chicken, sausages, and mushrooms and then dug into the food with his fingers. Soon, he had grease all over his hands and face. When a sharp-eyed waiter rushed over with a fresh napkin, Rubell told him he needn't have bothered. "I'm not chic," he said.

After the meal, Rubell and I were off to Studio 54. It was still early, about 11:30, and there were about 35 people anxiously seeking to get in. Rubell okayed two fellas he knew and later I spotted them on a couch necking. "I don't care if the guys turn on the guys or the guys turn on the girls," he said. "It's all good for business."

The music inside Studio 54 was nearly deafening. There were a couple of hundred people on the spacious 5,400-square-foot dance floor and later the crowds swelled to easily over 1,000. Handsome bar boys, stripped to the waist, rushed about delivering drinks. And some 5,000 light bulbs of varying color and size flashed on and off, creating a near hypnotic effect.

Nan Kempner, the wife of Thomas Kempner, a top executive of Loeb, Rhoades & Company, dropped by to say hello. After she left, Rubell remarked: "She's a socialite who's good for business because she brings other people. She and Marion Javits, they're always here—but never with their husbands. Boy, what pissers they are." I spotted ABC newscaster Roger Grimsby seated on a couch, in a tuxedo, looking bored and out of place. Quipped Rubell: "He really belongs in Regine's."

In a hasty tour of his club, which seats 250 in the loge and another 500 upstairs (for people-watching and other activities), the fast-stepping Rubell spotted a couple lying on a couch and embracing. "I don't care if they want to make out here," he commented. "I want people to be themselves, like in a Fellini movie."

What's your sex life like? I asked the unmarried Rubell. I figured it had to be marvelous, considering the bevy of beautiful gals about. I was wrong. "If there's something left when the place closes, I take her home," he said. "But my business is the most important thing in the world to me. I once had a wonderful girl and she said, 'It's me or the business.' I said, 'the business,' and now she's gone."

Except for a four-hour snooze each morning from six to ten, Rubell—who has three phones at his bedside—is always on the go. "It's like I can't sleep," he said. "I'm driven. I think the exorcist is in me. I can't sit still."

Rubell took business courses at Syracuse University, but speaks badly of them. "All they teach you there is how General Motors does things and that you should wear a white shirt. Who needs that s--t?"

Rubell's non-GM strategy apparently works. Initially, though, he was hardly a boy wonder. His very first job in 1971 was on Wall Street, running a brokerage office specializing in commodities and new issues (a $20,000-a-year job), but he gave it up the same year. The reason: "Wall Street is a dirty place because it's always robbing the public." His next paycheck: $75 a week in unemployment.

In late 1971, he borrowed $13,000 from his folks (who still own their $18,000 25-year-old home in Brooklyn's Canarsie) and opened a Steak Loft restaurant in Rockville Centre, Long Island. By 1974, he had four Steak Lofts (basically family-type restaurants), but he was also in deep financial trouble. He was always one step ahead of creditors, bouncing checks as he went, and promising everybody: "I'll pay you tomorrow." He somehow managed to survive, selling the smaller Steak Lofts off to enable him to open larger ones. He now has six that produce annual sales of around $6 million, and he plans to open five more in the next six months.

Why the restaurant business? "Because it's a people-oriented business," says Rubell, who personally buys all the meat himself and puts 1,500 miles a week on his $25,000 Mercedes visiting the places. "I love involving myself in people's lives . . . and it also gives me someplace to go on holidays."

Rubell, who has an estimated net worth of between $12 million and $15-million (based on his restaurant and Studio 54 holdings), is no newcomer to the disco business. He turned an old country club in Douglaston, Queens, into the Enchanted Garden, a highly successful discotheque. (It has since closed, though, because complaining residents caused the disco to lose the renewal of its lease.) But he's so imbued with his success in the game that he's planning (in conjunction with partners) to open additional Studio 54s in London and California. He still worries, though, that "I may be building more than I can afford."

And what happens if you go broke? "Then I'll do it all over again," declares Rubell. "If you did it once, you can do it again. I don't know where I'm going, what I'll be doing tomorrow. But I want recognition. I need it. When I die I want to be remembered as Steve Rubell—not as Joe Schmoe. . . ." ▬

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

November 1 through 8

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

Wednesday, November 2

1900–*Bertolucci's film is a chronicle of the peasant-*landowner struggle from 1900 to 1945 as it transpires on the estate of the aristocratic Berlinghiere family. Robert De Niro and Gerard Depardieu are fine, but as attractive as they are, to sit four and a half hours for their dorsal view (preferable to the frontal view displayed in an embarrassing sex scene) is too high a price to pay. Festival.

Thursday, November 3

Pete's Dragon–The latest film from the Walt Disney studios, plus "The Nativity" on stage, for the Christmas Season. Radio City Music Hall.

Friday, November 4

BUSCH WHACKERS

William Katt (left) and his best friend **John Heard** discuss love and romance in **First Love,** Joan Darling's film about a college student and the girl (Susan Dey) who introduces him to the joys and pains of love. Baronet; Little Carnegie.

RETURN OF THE FONZ

Henry Winkler stars in **Heroes** as a troubled but lovable Vietnam veteran and tells of his re-orientation into society and the people surrounding his re-birth. With Sally Field. Directed by Jeremy Kagan. Eastside; 86th St E.

THREE FACES OF PRYOR

Richard Pryor plays a befuddled farm worker, the worker's cantakerous old father, and a hypocritical preacher in **Which Way Is Up?,** a film adapted from Lina Wertmuller's *The Seduction of Mimi,* and directed by Michael Schultz. Loews State II; Loews Cine.

Sunday, November 6

SOCIETY LADY

Jeanne Moreau plays an important person in Joseph Losey's **Mr. Klein,** starring Alain Delon as a charming, ruthless and *cultivated Catholic whose* destiny becomes intertwined with another Mr. Klein, a Jew and anti-Nazi in Nazi-occupied Paris. 68th Street Playhouse.

THE MOVIES

Alicia–Victor Casaus's documentary on the famous ballerina, Alicia Alonso, with scenes from her early life and excerpts from various ballets. We witness her triumph over blindness, and the worldwide acclaim she has received. Renoir.

The American Friend–Directed by German director Wim Wenders, film explores the possibility of using a completely innocent man to murder a man he does not know. With Bruno Ganz, Liza Kreuzer, Dennis Hopper, Nicholas Ray, and Sam Fuller. Thru 11/1, Cinema Studio.

Barbarella–The movies of Roger Vadim are midway between picture spreads in girlie magazines and press releases for films in the process of shooting. This one is on the borderline, too, between sci-fi and soft-core pornography, based on a French comic strip, and probably less good. The best strip, though, comes from Jane Fonda, who was not yet politically committed and content to be a sex object. And what a sex object! Miss Fonda, bless her, does nothing by halves. 8th St Playhouse; thru 11/1, RKO 86th I; RKO Cinerama I.

Black and White in Color–This first feature film by Jean-Jacques Annaud is a witty, strong, ingeniously constructed and remarkably mature piece of work. It is set in the French and German colonies during World War I, *and traces the development of one* brave, intelligent, and honorable person into the most efficient, deadly military martinet. Black or *white, French or German, courageous or cowardly,* human beings are to blame for war; this funny and fast-moving satire—in the best tradition of that *genre—dispassionately exposes the ravages—not of* war, but of human nature. Superb camera work, performances, music—even decent subtitles. New Yorker; Art.

Bobby Deerfield–Al Pacino stars in Sydney Pollack's film as a Grand Prix racing driver. The combination of Pacino's strangeness in the role and some red-herring dream and racing sequences create a puzzling tension for the first half of the film. But as soon as the psychological issues are clarified and love (with Marthe Keller) consummated, we realize that Pollack has managed to make the machinery sexier than the characters. Thru 11/3, Baronet; Coronet; from 11/2, Loews Triplex.

Children of Paradise–*One of the unquestionable* great films of all time. The direction by Marcel Carne is only very professional; everything else is great, *notably the screenplay by Jacques Prevert* and performances that, from top to bottom, could not be bettered. You cannot miss the supurb work of Arletty, Jean-Louis Barrault, and Maria Casarès in the leads. Be sure, though, that you are seeing the uncut version, which runs 3¼ hours. There is enough substance here for a dozen lesser movies. From 11/2, Cinema Studio.

Cousin, Cousine–A charming and droll film by Jean-Charles Tacchefla that goes a long way toward restoring the good name of the wayward French cinema. It is about family relations, children growing up, and, mostly, two adults finding themselves in a truly fulfilling relationship, adultery be damned. Very unassumingly it says a good deal, and is beautifully written, directed, and acted, with fine photogarphy and catchy music. 11/2, 3, Cinema Village.

Damnation Alley–A nuclear holocaust virtually de*stroys the globe. The environment deteriorates* around a handful of survivors, played by Jan-Michael Vincent, George Peppard, Dominique *Sanda, and Paul Winfield,* who are audibly engulfed by killer tornadoes, whirling floods, and strange mutations of scorpions and roaches—eek! RKO Cinerama; RKO 86th St.

Equus–Peter Schaffer's play about a weary psychiatrist and the young psychopath whose violent passion for horses reveals the sterility of his own life has been brought to the screen, with a bit of rewriting, by Sidney Lumet. Richard Burton stars in what has become the *Hello Dolly* role for aging actors, with a twist—each actor playing the lead has striven to show us how dissicated and prune-like they have become. Contemptuously staged, embarrassingly written. Trans-Lux East.

Handle With Care–Jonathan Demme's citizens-band comedy is the kind of gregarious, unpretentiously lilting "people's" movie that one rarely sees anymore. It is a Middle American *Midsummer Night's Dream* about the ways in which their C.B. disguises allow people to express hidden sides of themselves. Paul LeMat and Candy Clark are the best known of a large varied cast. Thru 11/3, Little Carnegie.

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden–*Story of a* young girl's journey back from the depths of madness to reality. With Bibi Andersson, Kathleen *Quinlan, Sylvia Sidney, Martine Bartlett, Signe* Hasso, Susan Tyrrell, and Diane Varsi. Directed by Anthony Page. Thru 11/2, Embassy 72nd; U.A. East.

The Island of Dr. Moreau–H.G. Wells's story of a deranged scientist on a remote island who converts animals into men and visa versa. Burt Lancaster is the medical meddler, and Michael York, as the castaway engineer whose righteous indignation becomes Moreau's nemesis, is remarkably authentic. The humanoids, led by a transmogrified Richard Basehart, are rather likably innocuous. 11/6, 7, Cinema Village.

Julia–Adapted from Lillian Hellman's fine story in *Pentimento, Fred Zinneman has used two of the* most electrifying women in movies in a casting coup that is not only iconographically but politically in*spired; Vanessa Redgrave as the total activist* and martyr to Fascism; Jane Fonda as the acolyte, the rebellious but self-doubting playwright. Cinema I.

The Lacemaker–Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton star in Claude *(The Invitation* and *The Wonderful Crook)* Goretta's film which tells of a 19-year-old beauty parlor assistant, who, while vacationing, falls in love with a university student. Fine Arts.

Let Joy Reign Supreme–Filmed in the Breton countryside and at various chateaux around France, Bertrand Tavernier's film successfully balances the requirements of spectacle and the details of a fascinating period of French history. Philippe Noiret plays the Duke of Orleans, the brilliant and debauched eighteenth-century regent (who ruled after Louis XIV's death). Thru 11/5, 68th St Playhouse.

Looking for Mr. Goodbar–This is Richard Brooks's best film. It is harrowing, powerful, and appalling. The tension between his bluntness and Diane Keaton's instinctual delicacy has produced the ideal chemistry in this version of Judith Rossner's grisly socio-sexual thriller. Loews Tower East; Loews State I.

One Sings, the Other Doesn't–With this graceful mixture of feminist fiction, musical comedy, and social documentary, Agnes Varda does for the spirit of sorority what the films of Renoir and Truffaut have done for the spirit of fraternity. It is first-rate feminist art. The two heroines are played by Therese Liotard and Valerie Mairesse. Plaza.

The Man Who Loved Women–Francois Truffaut's funniest and most charmingly personal film in years, the anatomy of a womanizer (Charles Denner), relating the outrageous predicaments of the hero who wriggles out of them with a strategic genius, and yearns to locate an island inhabited only by women. Paris.

Outrageous!–A winning little Canadian film written and directed by Richard Benner. It is the story of a homosexual hairdresser and a young girl escapee from a mental institution and of their life together. The dialogue is fresh and spirited, witty and lifelike, the film is moving and amusing. Cinema II.

A Piece of the Action–Sidney Poitier, Bill Cosby, James Earl Jones, and Denise Nicholas, in a film directed by Poitier, with music and lyrics by Curtis Mayfield. Criterion; thru 11/3, Eastside; Waverly.

Roseland–James Ivory's new film is set in the venerable ballroom, and, thanks to Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's sharp screenplay, what could have been cheerlessly maudlin becomes cheerfully maudlin. Broadway actress Helen Gallagher, as the gracefully tough dance instructor, is the revelation of the film. Columbia I.

Salo–The best that can be said about Pasolini's acutely distasteful transposition of de Sade's 120 Days of Sodom to a Fascist retreat in occupied Italy, is that it never pretends to be anything other than an extended, graphic depiction of various forms of torture and (mostly homo-) sexual abuse, simulated and formally distanced. What is more offensive is Pasolini's giving rein to his own depraved fantasies under the cover of Fascist barbarism. Thru 11/3, Festival.

Salut, l'Artiste!–A graceful and thought-provoking film, nominally about the hilarity, hustling, and hearthbreak that goes into maintaining a foothold on the lower rungs of show business. Marcello Mastroianni is good as a broken-down actor with job and woman troubles; Jean Rochefort is better yet as his friend and collegue. Superb performances by Carla Gravina, and especially Francoise Fabian, in an intelligent film cogently co-authored and directed by Yves Robert. Actually, in a still voice, it speaks to and about all of us. 11/8, Cinema Village.

Short Eyes–Written by Miguel Pinero, film is far from being a grim tract on prison conditions, on the institutional dehumanization of the poor. With its Curtis Mayfield score and exuberant ethnic acting, the film combines authentic funk with what can only be called entertainment values. Yet the sense of theater is indigenous to Pinero's characters, men who being at zero and lay claim to their square of turn through stylized gesture and idiom of "personality." Paramount; Sutton.

A Special Day–Writer-director Ettore Scola arranges a day-long confrontation between a down-trodden mother of six and a homosexual, played by Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. As in earlier films, Scola yokes together disparate social types and forces more cultural baggage on them than they can carry. If the presence of the two stars is what gives the movies its measure of interest, they are also its undoing—they are just too dazzling to play neorealist church mice. Beekman.

Star Wars–George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond *2001*. But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelming banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum; Murray Hill.

Tommy–Ken Russell takes over The Who's so-called rock opera as some of the most arrant pretensions cross-breed to make up one of the noisiest, stupidest, and most vulgar movies of recent times. Neither the principals nor the guest stars contribute anything of value, and the film is unrelieved torture for the eyes and ears. If you are not a card-carrying member of the counterculture, and your mental age is over ten, avoid this one like the plague. Thru 11/15, Ziegfeld.

Valentino–Ken Russell's back and Rudolf Nureyev's got him. It may well set back the course of sound film—certainly it will set back Nureyev's career—since the only relief is provided by the silent-film sequences. In these Nureyev is able to escape from the St. Vitus's dance Russell has him performing and suggest the powerfully sensual screen presence he might project under normal circumstances. 34th St E; Trans-Lux 85th; National; Columbia II; from 11/2, Loews Triplex.

Volcano–"An Inquiry Into the Life and Death of Malcolm Lowry," written and directed by Donald Brittain with John Kramer, features the actual words of Malcolm Lowry spoken by Richard Burton. Just ten years after the publication of his novel, Lowry took his life and ended his long battles with despair. Cinema III.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *Black and White in Color.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). Thru 11/3, *Bobby Deerfield.* From 11/4, *First Love.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *A Special Day.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 11/1, *News From Home; Cecilia.* 11/2, 3, *L'Assasin Musicien; Fortini/Cani.* 11/4, 5, *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls; Lonesome Cowboys.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 11/1, *Fate of a Man; Other People's Letters.* 11/2, *Road to Life; When the Leaves Fall.* 11/3, *Breakfast at Tiffany's; Two for the Road.* 11/4, *Scenes From a Marriage.* 11/5, *The Misfits; Some Like It Hot.* 11/6, *Othello.* (Laurence Olivier). 11/7, *Big Deal on Madonna Street; Thief of Paris.* 11/8, *Patriots; The Invocation.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Julia.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Outrageous.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza Hotel (752-5959). *Volcano.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). Thru 11/1, *The American Friend.* From 11/2, *Children of Paradise.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 11/1, *Score; The Lickerish Quartet.* 11/2, 3, *Cousin, Cousine; Le Sex Shop.* 11/4, *Journey Through the Past; Sympathy for the Devil.* 11/6, 7, *The Island of Dr. Moreau; Island of Lost Souls.* 11/8, *Salut L'Artiste.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Roseland.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Valentino.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *Bobby Deerfield.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). *A Piece of the Action.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). Thru 11/2, *Desperate Living.* From 11/3, *Voyage to Grand Tartarie.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). Thru 11/3, *A Piece of the Action.* From 11/4, *Heroes.*

8th St Cinema, 52 W 8th (674-6515). *Barbarella.*

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). From 11/4, *Heroes.*

Embassy 46th, 46th at Bdway (757-2408). *The Spy Who Loved Me.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). Thru 11/2, *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden.* From 11/3, *Voyage to Grand Tartarie.*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Savage Is Loose.*

Festival, 57th nr. 6th (757-2715). Thru 11/3, *Salo, 120 Days of Sodom.* From 11/4, *1900.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *The Lacemaker.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). Thru 11/3, *The Last Remake of Beau Geste.* From 11/4, *Oh, God!.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 11/1, *The Last Remake of Beau Geste.* From 11/2, *Pardon Mon Affaire.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *The Spy Who Loved Me.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). Thru 11/3, *Handle With Care.* From 11/4, *First Love.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). Thru 11/3, *Oh, God!* From 11/4, *Which Way is Up.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th, 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Star Wars.*

Loews State I, II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). I. *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.* II. Thru 11/3, *O, God!;* from 11/4, *Which Way Is up.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. Thru 11/1, *The Spy Who Loved Me.* From 11/2, *Valentino.* II. Thru 11/2, *Damnation Alley.* From 11/3, *Bobby Deerfield.* III. *Oh, God!*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *Star Wars.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). 11/1, noon, Animated films; 2:30, *Shooting Stars;* 6 p.m. What's Happening? 11/3, 2:30, *Walk the Proud Land;* 6 p.m. *Horizons West;* 8:30, *The Naked Dawn.* 11/4, 2:30, *Ivy;* 6 p.m. *Shooting Stars.* 11/5, noon, *Bend of the River;* 2:30, *The Man From the Alamo;* 5 p.m. *Bright Victory.* 11/6, noon, *Sherlock Holmes and the Spider Woman;* 2:30, *The Glenn Miller Story;* 5 p.m. *Der Golem* and *The Invisible Man.* 11/7, noon, Student films; 2:30, *The Naked City;* 6 p.m. *Brute Force.* 11/8, noon, Student films; 2:30, *Cry of the City.*

National, Bdway at 43rd (869-0950). *Valentino.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Black and White in Color.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 11/1, *The Last Remake of Beau Geste; The Sting.* From 11/2, *Kentucky Fried Movie; Harold and Maude.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *Short Eyes.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *The Man Who Loved Women.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 11/1, *The Last Remake of Beau Geste.* From 11/2, *Kentucky Fried Movie.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *One Sings, The Other Doesn't.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). *(Last-minute switches especially frequent here; phone ahead.)* I. Thru 11/1, *Children of Rage.* From 11/2, *Aguirre, the Wrath of God.* II. Thru 11/1, *Gaslight; The Postman Always Rings Twice.* 11/2-5, *Grand Hotel; Adam's Rib.* 11/6-8, *Ziegfeld Follies; Cabin in the Sky.* III. *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden.* IV. Thru 11/2, *Desperate Living.* From 11/3, *Voyage to Grand Tartarie.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). Thru 11/1, *Flamingo Road; Beyond the Forest.* 11/2-5, *Humoresque; The Great Lie.* 11/6-8, *Rain; Susan and God.*

Renoir, 100 Seventh Ave So (873-8702). *Alicia,* a Cuban documentary on ballerina Alicia Alonso.

RKO Cinerama, I, II, Bdway at 47th (975-8366). I. Thru 11/1, *Barbarella; Fantastic Planet.* From 11/2, to be considered. II. *Damnation Alley.*

RKO 86th I, II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. Thru 11/1, *Bararella; Fantastic Planet.* From 11/2, to be announced. II. *Damnation Alley.*

RKO 86th I, at Lexington (AT 9-8900).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 11/1, *Smokey and the Bandit; Two-Lane Blacktop.* From 11/2, *Kentucky Fried Chicken; Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). *Pardon Mon Affaire.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). Thru 11/5, *Let Joy Reign Supreme.* From 11/6, *Mr. Klein.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *Short Eyes.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 11/1, *Bombay Talkie; The Guru.* 11/2, 3, *Ruggles of Red Gap; Island of Lost Souls.* 11/4, 5, *Shanghai Express; Morocco.* 11/6-8, *Cleopatra; Sign of the Cross.*

Theatre St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 11/1, *Twentieth Century; Only Angles Have Wings.* 11/2, *The Exile; If I Were King.* 11/3, *True to the Navy; Love Among the Millionaires.* 11/4, *Show of Shows; On With the Show.* 11/5, *Nothing Sacred; My Man Godfrey.* 11/6, *Little Miss Marker; Now and Forever.* 11/7, *The Cheat; My Sin.* 11/8, *Big Broadcast; Big Broadcast of 1937.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *Valentino.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *Equus.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Valentino.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *A Piece of the Action.*

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison at 75th (794-0600). Thru 11/6, Bart Robbett: An installation using film, video, and light. 11/8-13, *Native Peoples* (Anne Chapman and Ana Montes de Gonzalez).

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). Thru 11/15, *Tommy.* From 11/16, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Tuesday, November 1

Bully–James Whitmore stars in a new one-character play by Jerome Alden described as an adventure with Teddy Roosevelt directed by Peter H. Hunt. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

Wednesday, November 9

Golda–Anne Bancroft stars in the title role of a play by William Gibson described as a partial portrait of the former Prime Minister of Israel, based on Mrs. Meir's autobiography. Directed by Arthur Penn. Previews start tonight prior to a 11/14 opening. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

CURRENT

The Act–Liza Minnelli stars in a new musical about a film actress who is unable to get roles in Hollywood and returns to the nightclub scene. By George Furth, John Kander and Fred Ebb. Directed by Martin Scorsese. Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

An Almost Perfect Person–Colleen Dewhurst stars in Judith Ross's play about a political campaign waged by a female politician on the Upper West Side; directed by Zoe Caldwell. Belasco, 111 W 44th (JU 6-7950).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, Andrea McArdle's gleam in the title role, and a seven-year-old bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Bubbling Brown Sugar–About half the show is an authentic and lively tribute to old-time Harlem theater, with some great numbers lined out by the stars. The other half, alas, is a silly, patronizing, meandering book and some new songs by Danny Holgate that merely waste time, beyond rescue even by all *that classy staging and dances. Tues thru Sat at 8;* Wed & Sat mat at 2; Sun at 2:30. Thru 10/30. ANTA, 245 W 52nd (246-6270).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Dracula–Frank Langella stars as the bloodthirsty count in a play by Deane and Balderson adapted from the Bram Stoker novel and directed by Dennis Rosa. Edward Gorey designed the settings and costumes. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/ When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid, and so is the cast. Mon-Sat at 8; Mat Wed & Sat at 2. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols, and acted to individual and joint near-perfection by Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about highschool shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well *preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo* turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

Hair–For this second-go-round, Tom O'Horgan has assembled a graceless looking group of no-talents, only one or two of them worth remembering. The staging is overdone and offensive; Jules Fisher's lighting is threadbare, and the music is actually painful. Ten years after its first appearance at Joe Papp's Anspacher Theater, it is not yet a nostalgia-ridden antique, but a period piece too academic to startle anyone but the most backward and benighted. Biltmore, 261 W 47th (JU 2-5340).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8. Mats Sat & Wed at 2. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I–The Rodgers-Hammerstein classic of 1951, in a fuzzy, slovenly revival with Yul Brynner repeating his stint as the King, Constance Towers as the "I" and a gaggle of oriental-looking moppets. Tues thru Sat at 8; Mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mat Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. On Sun 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Man of La Mancha–What we have here is the unparalleled impudence of Dale Wasserman's book, the tuneless tunes of Mitch Leigh, and the rather tasteless dances of the late Jack Cole. Despite the virtues of the beautiful Emily Yancy, who can act and dance, and one or two others, this play is an equal insult to Cervantes, the American musical theater, and humanity. Palace, 1564 Broadway (PL 7-2626).

Miss Margarida's Way–Estelle Parsons has moved from off-Broadway to play her solo role as a demented schoolteacher. The audience is her classroom. Ambassador, 219 W 49th (CO 5-1855).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. & Wed at 2 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Now that it is being performed (by Betsy Palmer and Don Murray) more for jokes than for wit, the play has become ritualized, about as titilating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

The Shadow Box–Michael Cristofer's haunting play, which won a 1977 Pulitzer prize and a best-play Tony Award, is set amoung terminal patients in a California hospital, and poses some daring questions about hopelessness and self-delusion. An altogether moving work, it even manages to be funny when circumstances permit. Gordon Davidson's direction of a superb nine-member cast ap*proaches perfection; a superior evening all told.* Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555)

A NEW SIDE

Hermione Gingold now co-stars with Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, and George Brown in **Side by Side by Sondheim**—a generous sampling of songs for which Stephen Sondheim wrote words, music, or both. Monday through Saturday at 8 p.m. Matinees Wenesdays and Saturdays at 2 p.m. At the Music Box, 239 W 45th Street (246-4636).

Sly Fox–Ben Jonson's *Volpone* updated to 19th-century San Francisco, with new gags stuck onto the original Jacobean plot-structure. Robert Preston, minus 76 trombones, plays the arch conniver. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (CI 6-6699).

Tartuffe–Moliere's masterpiece, directed by Stephen Porter, is a comedy of an extremely serious sort. John Wood, as the pious hypocrite, is a very funny fellow who properly acts with every part of his body. His vitality is boundless. The rest of the cast is very pleasant indeed. And then there is Richard Wilbur's translation, so marvelous that it makes Moliere into as great an English verse playwright as *he was a French one. Plays through 11/20. Circle* in the Square, 1633 Broadway (581-0720).

The Wiz–Oz in blackface, Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by Geroge Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

Your Arms Too Short To Box With God–The Book of Matthew's greatest hits, turned into a generally lively gospel musical by Vinnette Carroll, Micki Grant, and Alex Bradford. Sometimes the wooing of audience by cast becomes a little blatant, but there is some spellbinding singing (notably by Salome Bey and Delores Hall) to set matters right. Wed thru Sat at 8; mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2, Sun at 5. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Antigone–Sophocles's work, directed by Kirt Alexander. *Thur thru Sat, thru 11/12. $2.50.* New York City Repertory, 437 W 46th (JU 6-3700).

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas–Music and lyrics by Carol Hall, book by Larry L. King and Peter Masterson. 11/3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 11, 12, 13, Actors Studio, 432 W 44th (747-0870).

The Boys From Syracuse–Rodgers and Hart's 1938 musical hit revived with full orchestra; directed by Joe Sutherin. Thurs thru Sat, 11/4-19. St. Bart's Plyhse, Park & 50th (PL 1-1616).

Brontosaurus–Lanford Wilson's play, directed by Daniel Irvine, about an encounter of consequence between a searcher and a survivor. Thru 11/18. Tuesday thru Fri at 11 p.m. $3. Circle Repertory, 99 7th Ave So (924-7100).

The Cannibals–A play by Michael Warner concerning emotional gamesmanship played out by four people in a desolate beach house; Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. 11/3-20. Theater Matrix, 750 8th Ave, Room 607 (221-9495).

Carnival–Music and lyrics by Bob Merrill and book by Michael Stewart, based on material by Helen Deutsch, this 1961 musical plays 11/3-20. Directed by Susan Schulman, with choreography by Stephen Gelfer. Riverside Drive Playhouse, 103rd St & the Drive (663-2028).

Chez Nous–Sam Waterston stars in a new comedy by Peter (A Day in the Death of Joe Egg) Nichols, with Christina Pickles, Barbara Caruso, and John Tillinger. Wed thru Sun at 8:30; Sat & Sun at 2:30. Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd St (288-2500).

Close One Eye–Dulce Mann's play, directed by Joe Donovan, is about an attractive widow's struggle against the loneliness of single living. Thru 11/20, Fridays and Saturdays at 8; Sun at 4 p.m. $2.50 Dramatic Workshop, 333 Sixth Ave (877-9315).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villiany toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a goggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. As a final kicker, all the roles are played by women, and a perfectly splendid septet of transvestites they are. You probably have to see this for yourselves to understand why this show is as delightful as it is. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

The Cold Wind and the Warm–Robias Haller stars in S. N. Behrman's play about a young Jew growing up in Worcester, Mass., at the turn of the century who is searching for what he calls "the only mystery—the key to everything." Thurs and Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 2:30 p.m. Thru 11/20. Jewish Repertory Theater, 344 E 14th St (674-7200).

Double Bill–William Osborn's *Sim,* and Kafka's *A Report to the Academy,* both featuring Mary Bozeman and directed by William Osborn. *Sim* plays Wed thru Sat at 8; $4. The other, Fri & Sat at 10:30. $3. Venture Theater, 230½ 8th Ave at 22nd St (924-4791).

Double Bill–Fary Blake's *Punch Line,* and Ed Setrekian's *Mother Was Sober.* Wed, Thurs, Fri at 7:30, 11/3-5. Actors Group Theater, 314 W 54th (582-2691).

Double Bill–Tennessee Williams's *A Perfect Analysis Given By a Parrot,* and John Guare's *Something I'll Tell You on Tuesday.* 11/4, 5, at 10:30. $3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

Double Bill–J. M. Synge's *Riders to the Sea,* and James M. Barrie's *Twelve-Pound Look.* Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. thru 11/19. $2.50. New Media, 350 E 81st (249-9872).

Downfall of the Egotist Johann Fatzer–Bertolt Brecht's play is about four German soldiers who desert the battlefront physically but cannot psychologically. It consists of 13 scenes interspersed with German cabaret songs (sung by Agnes Bernelle). Wed thru Sun, 11/7-26. $2.50. Vandam Theater, 15 Vandam St (675-0498).

Drama Committee Repertory–G.B. Shaw's *Misalliance,* Thurs, Fri, Sat at 10:15, thru 12/17. Chekhov's *Ward Six,* Thurs, Fri, Sat at 7:30, thru 11/26. Aristophanes's *Lysistrata,* Tues & Wed, 8:45; Sat at 2:30, Sun at 2:30 & 5:30, thru 11/20. All shows $3. 17 W 20th St (929-8377).

An Evening in Three Acts–A.R. Gurney, Jr.'s *The Golden Fleece,* directed by Christopher Cade; John Guare's *The Loveliest Afternoon of the Year,* directed by Elizabeth Himelstein; *Ferryboat,* by Leonard Melfi, directed by Jane Ranallo. With Robin Brown, Peter Spellos, Myke Fiorentine, Ronni Stolzenberg, Dorothy Lissner, and Brian Zoldessy. Wed thru Sat at 7:30, 11/2-19. $2.50. 18th St Plyhse, 145 W 18th (541-7600).

Fashion–An early American satire by Anna Cora Mowatt, lampooning the nouveau riche of Victorian New York; directed by Allen Schoer. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Thru 11/5. Walden SRO Theater, 1 W 88th (874-7995).

Feedlot–Patrick Meyer's play about violent goings-on in a Texas feedlot is a bit underdone and overriching, but Meyer is clearly someone to watch. The play holds our interest and keeps growing in stature rather than just length. The performances are basically strong and intelligent. If you leave the theater wanting more, it is not because the portions were small, but because they were so tasty. Thru 11/19, Circle Repertory Theater, 99 7th Ave So (924-7100).

Fishing–Michael Weller's play, directed by Ronald Hunter, offers a postgraduate glimpse of the 60's generation. Thru 11/1. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. Westbeth Theater Center, 151 Bank St (691-2272).

Ghosts–Henrik Ibsen's play, directed by Neal Weaver. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3. 11/3-20. $2.50. Meat and Potatoes, 58 W 39th (391-2346).

The Great American Singing Commercial–A satire, by Clark Kee and Alpha Walker, dwelling on American television; directed by Rachel Hockett. 11/2-5, at 8 p.m. West-Park Theater, 165 W 86th (877-1671).

Housewife! Superstar!–Barry Humphries plays Dame Edna Everage, housewife, and Les Patterson, Australian cultural attache. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 p.m. $12 to $8. Theater Four, 424 W 55th (246-8545).

Inherit the Wind–Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee's play, based on the Scopes "monkey trial". Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. thru 11/12. $3. Little Church, 11 E 29th (579-7174).

The Initiate–Mixed media performance, conceived and performed by Joan Evans, with music by Matthew Greenbaum. Thurs thru Sat at 10 p.m. Sun at 5 p.m. 11/3-27. $4. The Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St (966-3651).

Kennedy's Children–Robert Patrick's play, directed by Norman Rene, focuses on the shattered illusions of five characters. 11/3-6, 10-13, 17-20. Curtain at 8, except Sundays at 3. Production Company, 249 W 18th (691-7359).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–11/4, 5, at 7:30, 11/6 at 3 p.m. T.S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party.* 11/5, at 10:30 p.m. *A New Way to Pay Old Debts,* Philip Massinger's Elizabethan work. 330 Bowery (667-0060).

Kiss Me Kate–Revival of Cole Porter's musical. 11/4, 5, 10, 11, 12, 17, 18, and 19, at 8 p.m. 11/12 at 2 p.m. $3.50. University Theater, 35 W 4th St (598-3067).

Lady Windemere's Fan–Oscar Wilde's drawing-room comedy directed by Andres Castro. Fri, Sat & Sun, at 8 p.m. Thru 12/18. $3. West Side Repertory, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

Landscape of the Body–The main trouble with John Guare's new play is that it seems to be written out of no inner compulsion except to write yet another play, and that, generally speaking, is not enough. John Pasquin has directed the play as if he knew what he was directing, and there are some good performances, especially from Shirley Knight. It is a work that comes across as a five-finger exercise of which fingers at least four are thumbs. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

A Life in the Theater–David Mamet is our current most-promising playwright. In this series of vignettes, showing us an older, proudly declining actor and a young and ambitiously climbing one in their on- and off-stage relationships, he gives away the show by the fact that every scene is a duologue. We keep waiting for a little verbal football, something more team-oriented and teeming with life. With Ellis Rabbb and Peter Evans; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

The Malcontent–John Marston's Elizabethan satirical comedy, directed by Richard Bruno and Maurice Edwards. Fri thru Sun, 11/4-20. $3. Classic Theater, 100 Park Ave (242-3900).

A Man and His Woman–Craig *(Outrageous!)* Russell stars in an evening of theater, music, and humor. Tues thru Thurs at 8 p.m. Fri & Sat at 7:30 & 10:30 p.m. Theater East, 211 E 60th (355-7025).

The Marriage of Mr. Mississippi–Friedrich Durrenmatt's study of four men—a revolutionary, a public prosecutor, a politician, and a count—fighting for the possession of one woman. Directed by Vasek Simek. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 11/13. $2.50. Perry St Theater, 31 Perry St (255-7190).

Matrix–An unlikely combination of misfits by Guthrie Nosanow. 11/3-6, 11/10-13; Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. $2.50. N.Y. Stageworks, 15 W 18th (243-8108).

The Misanthrope–A musical version of the Moliere comedy, with English verse translation by Richard Wilbur, and music by Margaret Pine; Directed by Leonardo Shapiro. Public/Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Naked–Luigi Pirandello's play, starring Fran Brill, directed by Gene Feist. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed, Sat & Sun at 2. Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W 26th (924-7160).

Night Shift–Rip Torn stars as Murphy, a metalworker who can cope with his job but can't handle his spare time. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Thru 11/27. $6 ($3 to union members). Playhouse, 359 W 48th (477-0993).

Nightsong–Ron Eliran stars in an evening of his own music—folk, folk rock, and contemporary—with Holly T. Lipton, Joy Kohner, Dian Sorel, and a 5-piece back-up group. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 5 & 7:30, from 11/1, Village Gate, 160 Bleecker (473-7270).

Nuestro Teatro Repertory–Trilogy of one-act plays: Tennessee Williams's *Esta Propiedad Esta Condenada;* Sebastian Salazar Bondy's *El De La Valija;* Carlos Solorzano's *Cruce de Vias.* Alejandro Casona's *La Dama Del Alba.* All play thru November. Nuestro Teatro, 277 Park Ave So (673-9430).

Only a Woman–An original musical play by Morna Murphy and Ralph Martell is a love story set in the 1850s about women's rights leader Lucy Stone. Wed thru Fri at 7:30, Thru 11/4. Foundation Theater, 1147 1st Ave at 63rd (755-6020).

Out of Our Fathers' House–Eve Merriam's work, drawing on the diaries, journals, and letters of six women in American history prominent in science, labor, medicine, and religion. 11/1-6, at 8 p.m. $3. Theater Riverside Church, 120th & Riverside Dr (864-2929).

The Passion of Dracula–A totally new version of the Count's adventures by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Christopher Bernau plays the toothy one. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

Play Strindberg–Friedrich Durrenmatt's play, which, set in a boxing ring, promises to be the marriage-match of the century. With Neil McKenzie, Tom Bade, Anita Kael, and Paull Rosson. Thru 11/4. $3. I.R.T., 120 W 28th (243-7494).

Playwrights Horizons–Three plays in repertory, Sam Shepard's *Angel City;* Len Jenkin's *Gogol,* and Lanie Robertson's *Back County Crimes.* $3. 416 W 42nd (LO 4-1235).

Reflections of a China Doll–Susan Merson's one-woman show telling of a talented girl growing up Jewish in the mid-West. Thurs thru Sun at 7:30. 11/3-6. Ensemble Studio, 549 W 52nd (247-4982).

Repertory Theater–Jean Paul Sartre's *No Exit,* Fri & Sat at 7:30. Chekov's *A Marriage Proposal* and *The Boor,* Sun at 7:30. Both directed by Rose Lynch. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

The Ritual–A musical to lift you up to a powerful experience of love. Saturdays at 8 p.m. and Sundays at 1:30 p.m. through National Black 9 E 125th St (534-9882).

Rum an Coca-Cola–Mustapha Matura's serious comedy for two charecters and a steel band, with Lou Ferguson and Leon Morenzie as an aging calypso king and his disciple who collaborate on a new song. Plus a three-member steel band. Directed by Donald Howarth. Presented by the Chelsea Theater Center, from 11/2, at Westside Theater, 407 W 43rd (541-8394).

Second Wind–A play of oppression and power, written and directed by Terry Gregory. Thru 11/6, at 8:30 321 E 73rd (741-1790).

The School for Wives–A romantic comedy by Moliere, written in 1662; directed by Marshall Anker. Thurs thru Sat at 7:30; Sun at 3 p.m. thru 11/27. $3. Nameless Theater, 125 W 22nd (JU 2-4240).

Soho Repertory–11/5 at 7:30; 11/6 at 4:30, *Peer Gynt.* 11/4 at 8:30; 11/5 at 10:30, *Mister T,* by Michael Zettler (dilemma of a professional athlete). Soho Theater, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

Spanish Theater Repertory: *Te Juro Juana, Que Tengo Ganas,* by Emilio Carballido; *La Celestina,* by de Rojas; *La Dama Duende*, by Calderon; *El Censo*, by Carballido; *Los Habladores*, by Cervantes; *La Difunta*, by Unamuno. All plays in rotating repertory. Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 E 27th. For dates call 889-2850.

The Spelling Bee–By Marsha Sheiness, directed by Ed Amor. Students compete with their mothers hovering over them. 11/3-20, Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. $2.50. Westbath Theater Center, 151 Bank St (691-2272).

Springtime for Mahler–Don Kvares's romantic comedy, directed by him, about a couple who meet and fall in love to Mahler's 5th. Thru 11/5, 8 p.m. White Mask Theater, 22 W 30th (868-3330).

Survival–Performed by four black South Africans who seem to have lived every syllable and phrase of it, this may not be much of a play, still less a musical, though the quartet sings slyly a capella, and dances with a fine, mocking grace. That the dung heap of white South African politics could produce the dignity and unflappable purposive laughter of these four gallent men—their agility of body and suppleness of mind and soul—should command our attention. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 6 & 9; Sun at 3 & 8 p.m. Astor Place, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

Swansongs–New plays of whimsy and allegory by Constance Wilkinson and Allan Havis, directed by John Fisher. Thurs thru Sat at 9 p.m. Cloudchamber, 45 E 20th St 12th floor (475-9623).

Ten Little Indians–Agatha Christie's thriller directed by David McNitt. 11/3-5, at 7:30. $4. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

Thunderstorm–The Pan-Asian Repertory Theater, directed by Tisa Chang, presents this Tsao Yu drama, the first play by a mainland Chinese author to premiere in this country. Thurs thru Sun, thru 11/13. $2.50. La Mama, 74A E 4th St (475-7710).

Trial–Franz Kafka's work, directed by Andrew Loucka. Thru 11/6, Thurs thru Sun at 8:30. $2.50. Little Theater, 5 W 30th (564-0692).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.)*, but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galloway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

The Worlds at War adaptation of H.G. novel. Thurs thru Sun, thru 11/6. $3. Nat Horne Theater, 440 W 42nd (736-7128).

Ward Six–Arthur Reel's dramatization of an Anton Chekhov short story probes the thin line between sanity and insanity. Thurs thru Sat at 7:30. Drama Committee, 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Wayside Motor Inn–A.R. Gurney Jr.'s comedy which takes place in a suburban motor lodge outside of Boston and what occurs for five people at crossroads in their lives. Directed by Tony Giordono. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m., from 11/2. $3. Manhattan Theater Club Upstage, 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

The West Street Gang–Environmental gay theater piece by Doric Wilson, Thurs thru Sat at 8:30; Sun at 6 p.m. $4. Spike Bar, 11th Ave & W 20th (289-6740).

Wonderful Lives–Musical about a gay man and straight woman and the men they love, written and directed by James Ferguson. Wed, Thurs, Sun at 8:30; Fri & Sat at 7 & 10:30 $6. Glines, 260 W Bdway at 6th Ave (925-2619).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (Cl 7-7000).

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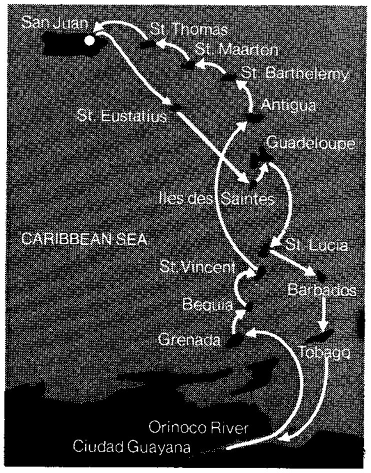

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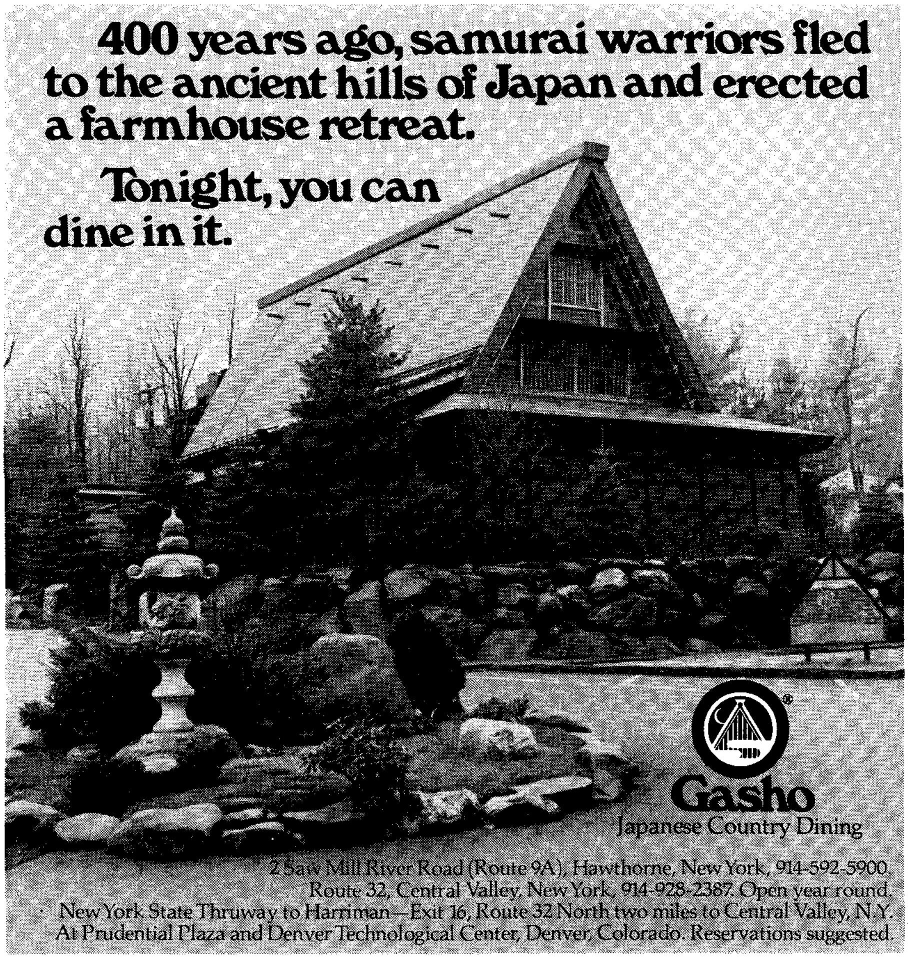

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Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas, and singer Joyce Silveira with dancing to the Helcio Milito nine-piece band, who play popular Brazilian music, every night from 10 to 4 a.m. (688-8501).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

La Chansonette–890 2nd Ave. French boite with Rita Dimitri singing the songs of Piaf, Aznavour, and Jacques Brel. Dancing, Tues thru Sat. Dardanelle at the piano Mondays (PL 2-7320).

MUSIC-MAKER

Irving Fields and his trio play nightly for dancing at the **Copacabana,** 10 East 60th Street, which, as you no doubt know, is a restaurant-discotheque with entertainment. November 4th and 5th singer Mercedes Hall entertains. The downstairs disco is open Friday and Saturday. Closed Sundays (PL 5-6010).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. Hot Sugar, a revue starring 21 singers, dancers, and musicians, plays thru 11/15. Juan Salazar and his orchestra play for the show and dancing. Shows 9:30 & midnight Tues thru Fri, 3 shows on Saturday. Closed Monday (PL 2-8080).

Cleo's–Bdway at 63rd St opposite Lincoln Center. Mabel Mercer, nonpareil cafe singer and living legend, is here and doing well (724-6301).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtimes 9:30 & 12:30. Closed Sunday (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Dangerfield's–1118 First Ave. Thru 11/5, singer Tony Darrow and comedian Adam Keefe, at 9:30 and 11:30 (593-1656).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. The Jackie Paris and Anne Marie Moss Quintet appear nightly except Sundays at 10 p.m., midnight, and 2 a.m. thru 12/3, with the Tommy Furtado Trio Tues thru Sat and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

Lone Star Cafe–13th St & 5th Ave. 11/9, 10, Mickey Gilley, the scourge of the country star music-makers, with Chuck McDermott and Wheat Straw (242-1664).

Lorelei–233 E 86th. Viennese cuisine, a large dance floor, and the Hof Brau Revue every night at 8 p.m. (722-9897).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Avenue. Restaurant-cum-antique shop. Caberet '77, a 90-minute songfest with a five-member cast, Tues thru Sat at 9, with an added 11 p.m. showing Thurs, Fri & Sat (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. In the Playroom: Mon thru Thurs, 8:45 & 11:30; Fri & Sat 8:30, 10:30 & 12:45;

Sun, 8:45 & 11 p.m. Thru 11/1, Minsky's Burlesque (PL 2-3100).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, in the sky, with Picasso weavings on the wall, and for entertainment, Sammy Cahn and Company in "Words and Music," featuring Martha Danielle, Paul Eichel, Jerree Palmer, thru 11/5. 11/7-26, singer Mimi Hines (PL 7-9090).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Here, for an extended engagement, Sy Oliver and his orchestra (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Wed, Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Roma di Notte–137 E 55th Italian cabaret with hideaway caves for private dining. Dancing to the Roma 88 orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland Dance City–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wednesday thru Sunday from 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thursdays and weekend. American orchestras alternate with Latin bands (CI 7-0200).

Shepheard's–At the Drake, 440 Park Ave. Thru 11/5, Sunny Days perform nightly at 9:30, 11:30 & 1:15 a.m. Closed Sundays (421-0900).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub, with dining, dancing and a revue headlined by Aris San and Vicky Michail, one of Greece's leading singers (683-9409).

Starship Discovery #1–350 W 42nd, betw 8th & 9th. Futuristic discotheque in a three-floor entertainment complex. 11/11-13, Double Exposure. 11/18-20, Crown Heights Affair. 9 p.m. to 7 a.m. Wed thru Sun (695-1114).

Touches–190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

La Vie En Rose–227 E 56th. *Pouff,* a musical revue with a cast of twenty-five. Mon thru Sat at 9:30; and at 11:30. Disco dancing and dining before and after show (755-1820).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, 43rd St & Madison (678-7000). **Under the Clock:** The Phillips Brothers, Al on piano and organ and Perry, the drummer, Mon thru Fri, 8 p.m. thru 1 a.m. **The Guard Room:** pianist Theresa Kelly, 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Mon thru Fri.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** Bucky Pizzarelli, who, plays a seven string guitar and needs no accompaniment, has exemplary support nonetheless in pianist Tony Monte and bassist Ron Napso, Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 12:30. Sun & Mon, Steve Weltner, on piano.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30 except Sun, Thru 11/13, Head Over Heels. 11/14-12/17, Melody Stewart. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Yvette Souviron, 6:30 to 11:30, Mon thru Fri.

Sherry Netherlands, 5th Ave at 59th St (759-9020). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Pianist Cyril Haynes plays Mon & Tues and pianist Earl Rose plays pop, classical tunes, Wed thru Fri, 8 to 1 a.m.

St. Regis-Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Maisonette:** The Peter Duchin Quartet, directed by Mark Shane, 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. nightly except Sunday. Ray Hartley at the piano, from 5 to 9, Mon thru Fri. Dining and dancing 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. nightly except Sunday.

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Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mabel Godwin at the piano Tues thru Sat, 9 to 3 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

OUT OF "GREASE"

Singer-comedienne **Ellen March** played Frenchie in *Grease* for over three years. Now she's busy (Nov. 1st thru 19th), Tuesday through Thursday at 8:30 and 10:30 p.m., and on Friday and Saturday at 9:30 and 11:30 p.m. Where? At **The Ballroom,** 458 West Broadway. For reservations, call 473-9367.

Barbarann–349 W 46th. Marcia Lewis is singing away here. Singer Brian Gari and Robin Kaiser on Wednesdays (11/2, 9, 16,) at 8 p.m. (541-6150).

Barbara's–78 W 3rd St. 11/4, 5, The Danny Mixon Quartet; 11/11, 12, 25, 26, Japan's leading trumpet star Teramusa Hino and Quintet. 11/18, 19, French tenor saxist Gerard Badini, and the Swing Machine (663-8697).

Bar None–167 E 33rd. Dardenelle, a feather-fingered pianist and engaging singer, seems to have established a permanent residency in this restaurant (684-3223).

Beefsteak Charlie's–12th St & Fifth. 11/2-5, Nina Sheldon and George Coleman Trio, at 9 p.m. Wed, Thurs. 10 p.m. Fri & Sat. (675-4720).

Bondini's–62 W 9th. A Mediterranean dining grotto, with pianist Norman Rollins doing Porter, Romberg, Rodgers, and other masters, from 7 p.m. on (777-0670).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Alberta Hunter, a bewitching singer of blues, ballads, and optimistic standards of another era, is one of the most exciting finds of the decade. After a 20-year retirement, she proves to be fresh, energetic, utterly authoritative, and charming. Accompanied by Jimmy Rowles and Al Hall, she is simply not to be missed & is here thru 11/19. Sundays, Rose Murphy, the big lady with the tiny voice, sings from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. accompanied by Morris Edwards on bass (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy–45th & Vanderbilt. Doc Cheatham, a marvelously clean and lyrical trumpeter who has been perfecting the same style for half a century, is leading a trio Mondays thru Fridays (889-8331).

Daly's Daffodil–59th St & First. Pianist-arranger-composer Ellis Larkins plays Tues thru Sat from 9 p.m. until forever (688-0018).

David's Harp–131 W 3rd St. Singer-guitarist Shlomo Haviv has returned to this Israeli hotspot. He performs every night but Monday from 9 (982-0328).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. Red Balaban and his Cats. 11/1, trumpeter Ed Pulcer, tenor saxist Scott Hamilton Quintet with trumpeter Warren Vaché. (265-8277).

Gaslight Club–124 E 56th. Based in three converted townhouses, there's dining; there's pianist-singer Karen Springer; there's pianist-singer George Mahoney; there's Sam Ulano's Speakeasy Four, with Dixieland jazz—all on different floors (752-2500).

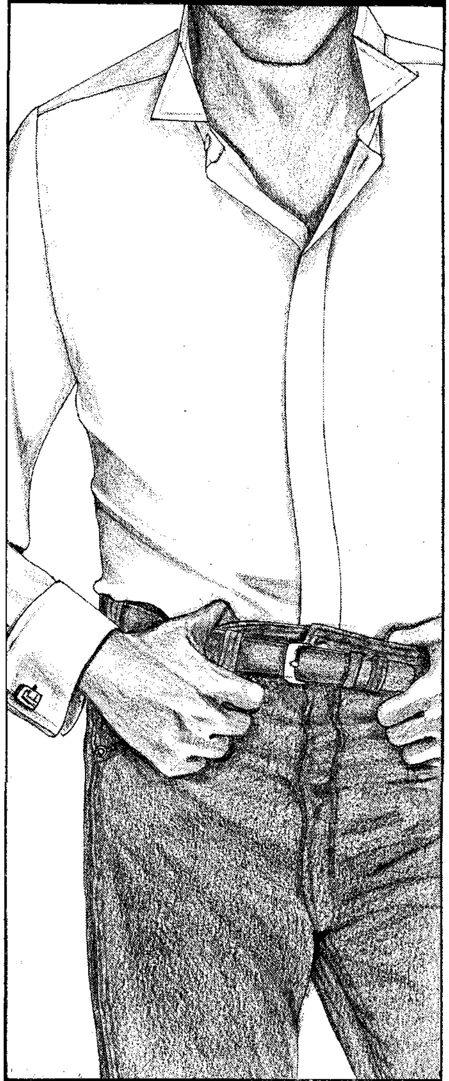
Grand Finale–210 W 70th. Gotham (three handsome men) here thru 11/5. Showtimes are at 9 p.m. and 11:45 (595-4206).

Great Aunt Fanny's–340 W 46th. A cozy, reasonable theater-district restaurant, with singer-pianist Gladys Easter entertaining Wed thru Sat, from 9:30 Tuesdays, Fay Reed entertains (765-7374).

Greenstreets–566 Seventh Avenue. A Times Square area restaurant with continuous jazz from 9 to 1 a.m. Thurs thru Sat. (354-0239).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Wed thru Sun, 10 p.m. to 3 a.m., Hod O'Brien Trio. Mon & Tues, 10 to 3, Al Haig Trio. Mon thru Sat, 5 to 10, Gene Roland Trio (371-2220).

The wing's the thing.



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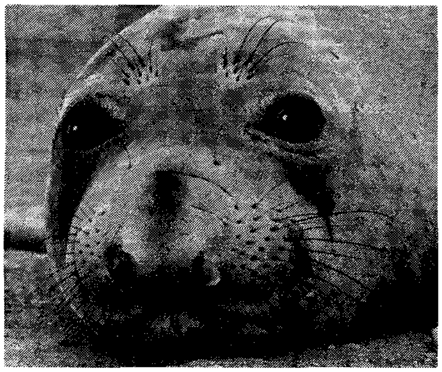

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VOICE OF THE NAME BANDS

Helen Forrest launches a month-long salute to the 1940s thru 11/5. 11/7-12, Warren Covington and the Pied Pipers pine in, 11/14-20, it's Al Hibler, and 11/21-26, Margaret Whiting's here. **Hopper's,** 425 Sixth Avenue, at 11th Street, and the telephone number is 260-0250.

Jacques'–210 E 58th. Hungarian cuisine here, and composer-pianist Jorge Rios plays nightly from 5 to 9 p.m. followed by pianists Lynn Richards and Marc Marique for the late night crowd (PL 3-5513).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. The electrifying Roy Eldridge is here, with the excellent rhythm section of Eddie Locke and Ted Sturgis, and the music is everything but complacent. On Mondays, another crackling veteran, Max Kaminsky holds forth (664-9700).

Larson's–1160 Third Ave. Brooks Kerr, a gifted disciple of lyric stride piano, a natural singer, and a walking file cabinet of pop and jazz tunes no one else plays, is in deft command of a quartet (with reedman Russell Procope, bassist Aaron Bell and drummer Shelton Gary) Thursdays thru Sundays. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays he duets with Bell, an irristably authoritative musician with lovely touch and perfect time (744-2540).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. A musical look at the treatment of women in the music and lyrics of our time called *The Ms. in Music,* is here nightly from 9:15 p.m. thru 11/5. Mary Mayo heads the revue (PL 8-2272).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with piano music from 2 p.m. thru closing. Pianist Steve Marks, Mon thru Fri thru 11 p.m. Singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Mon, Wed, Fri & Sat; singer-pianist Pat Holley on Tues & Thurs (753-9180).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass. (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E 48th St. A new split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. New Dawn, a vocal-instrumental quartet in the main room. The illustrious pianist-singer Bill Russell in the lounge (752-0200).

Penguin–21 W 9th. A romantic dining spot that features jazz pianist Ted Kocielek at the keyboard nightly (777-2670).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St, two blocks below Canal. Italian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

Ramayana–123 W 52nd. New York's only authentic Indonesian restaurant, with plenty of rijsttafel, and a show with dancers, musicians, and singers. Fri & Sat, and music for dancing (581-1170).

Red Blazer Too–1576 Third Ave, nr 88th. Mon & Fri, Danny Stiles and his Nostalgia Quiz; Thursdays, the Sol Yaged Quartet; Fridays, Betty Comora, with John Bucher's Speakeasy Jazz Babies (876-0440).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. 11/1-6, Novella Nelson sings at 9 & midnight (692-0900).

Storyville–41 E 58th. Trumpeter Ted Curson has trimmed his septet down to a tight-fisted, explosive quintet. It remains one of the most satisfying jazz bands of the '70s, and is here 11/2-5. 11/8-12, Anthony Braxton (744-1640).

Stryker's–103 W 86. Mondays, Dave Matthews Big Band. Tuesdays & Wednesdays, Lee Konitz band, Thurs thru Sat, Chet Baker Quartet (874-8754).

Trude Heller's–W 9th St & 6th Ave. Thru 11/13, a rock 'n' roll septet named Pure Energy performs here nightly at 9:30, (254-8346).

Village Gate–160 Bleecker. 11/4, 5, 11, 12, Charlie Byrd Guitar Trio (473-7270).

Village Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. 11/7, Thad Jones & Mel Lewis Big Band. 11/1-6, the Louis Hayes Quartet (AL 5-4037).

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway (245-4878); Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 7 & 10, Sun at 3 & 7:30.

Craig Russell, Theater East, 211 E 60th St. (355-7025), Tues-Thurs & Sun at 8, Fri & Sat at 7:30 & 10:30.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

National Horse Show, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); 11/1-6, at 9, 2 & 7:30.

Concerts

Tuesday, November 1

Eubie Blake, Town Hall, at 2.

Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Carol Rosenberger, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, 7:30.

Ella Fitzgerald, Westbury Music Fair. With Count Basie and his orchestra, Oscar Peterson, and Dizzy Gillespie; 11/1-4 at 8:30, 11/5 at 7 & 10:30, 11/6 at 3 & 7:30.

The Music Project, Town Hall, at 7:30.

Elsa Charlston, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

American String Quartet, Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700), at 8.

Early Music Concerts, 92nd St. Y, at 7:30 & 9.

Wednesday, November 2

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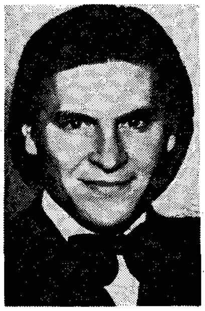


The multitalented **Alan Price** is probably best known here as a former member of the Animals and as the composer for the film *O Lucky Man* (for which he received a number of distinguished awards). He has since become a successful solo artist and is now making only his second American tour. Catch him at Avery Fisher Hall on November 2 at 8 (874-2424).

Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Kelly Garrett, Town Hall, at 5:45.

Municipal Chamber Orchestra, Shuldiner Center, Boardwalk at W 29th St., Bklyn (682-6567), 1:30.

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.

Evenings for New Music, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Bach Aria Group, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Thursday, November 3

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.

Claude Savard, piano, Town Hall, at 8.

Shirley Verrett, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Oxana, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Newband, NYU Loeb Center, 566 La Guardia Pl. (598-3757), at 8.

Eugen Prokop, violin, Carnegie Recital Hall, 8.

Friday, November 4

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, 8:30.

Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 2.

Viola Da Gamba Trio of Basel, Mannes College of Music, at 8.

Twentieth Century Ensemble, Cooper Union Great Hall, Third Ave. at 7th St. (254-6300), at 8.

Eugenia Zukerman, Jack Kahn Pianos, 158 W 55th St. (265-1489), at 8.

League/ISCM Concert, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Phoebe Snow, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.

Marion Brown Quartet, Axis in SoHo, 463 W Bdwy (228-0882), at 9 & 11:30.

Saturday, November 5

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Ivan Rebroff, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Marion Brown Quartet, Axis in SoHo, at 9 & 11:30.
Leo Smit, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2.
Suk Soon Kim, soprano, Town Hall, at 8.
Earl Wild, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Esther Fuerte Wajman, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Mary Freeman Blankstein, violin/**Gena Raps,** piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
Beaux Arts Trio, Washington Irving High School, 16th St. at Irving Pl. (586-4680), at 8.
Michael Boriskin, piano, Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E 20th St. (865-3571), at 2.
Kathleen Bride, harp, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Sunday, November 6

American Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 3.
Marisa Galvany/Harry Theyard/Samuel Ramey, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Municipal Chamber Orchestra, Kew Gardens Hills Jewish Center, 72nd Ave. at Main St. (682-6567), 2.
Aaron Shapinsky & Ian Shapinsky, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2.
Michael Finckel, cello, Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St. (865-3571), at 2.
Seymour Bernstein & Owen Lewis, 92nd St. Y, at 5:30.
Tibor Szasz, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, 5:45.
Argentine Concert, Town Hall, at 4.
17th Century German Music for Strings, Corpus Christi Church, Bdwy at 121st St., at 3.
Cremona String Quartet, New-York Historical Society, at 2:30.
Boehm Quintette, Queens Museum, at 2:30.
Ars Viva, Community Church, 40 E 35th St. (683-4988), at 3.
Brooklyn College Symphony Orchestra, Brooklyn College Whitman Hall, at 3.
Mario Buzoianu & Aspasia Brussaly, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Monday, November 7

Music From Marlboro, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
International Folk Music, New Community Cinema Club, 423 Park Ave. (549-5000), at 8.
Bernadette Zirkuli, bassoon, Carnegie Recital Hall, 8.

Tuesday, November 8

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.
Evgenya Baumel, soprano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Steven De Groote, piano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Karen Buranskas, cello, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Brooklyn College, Whitman Hall & Gershwin Theater, Campus Rd & Hillel Pl (859-1180).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
Jazz Museum, 236 W 54th (765-2150).
The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway (362-1911). Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (874-2424). Library-Museum, 111 Amsterdam Avenue (799-2200). Metropolitan Opera House (799-3100). New York State Theater (877-4727).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).
Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Sixth Ave. (246-4600).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Opera

METROPOLITAN OPERA
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

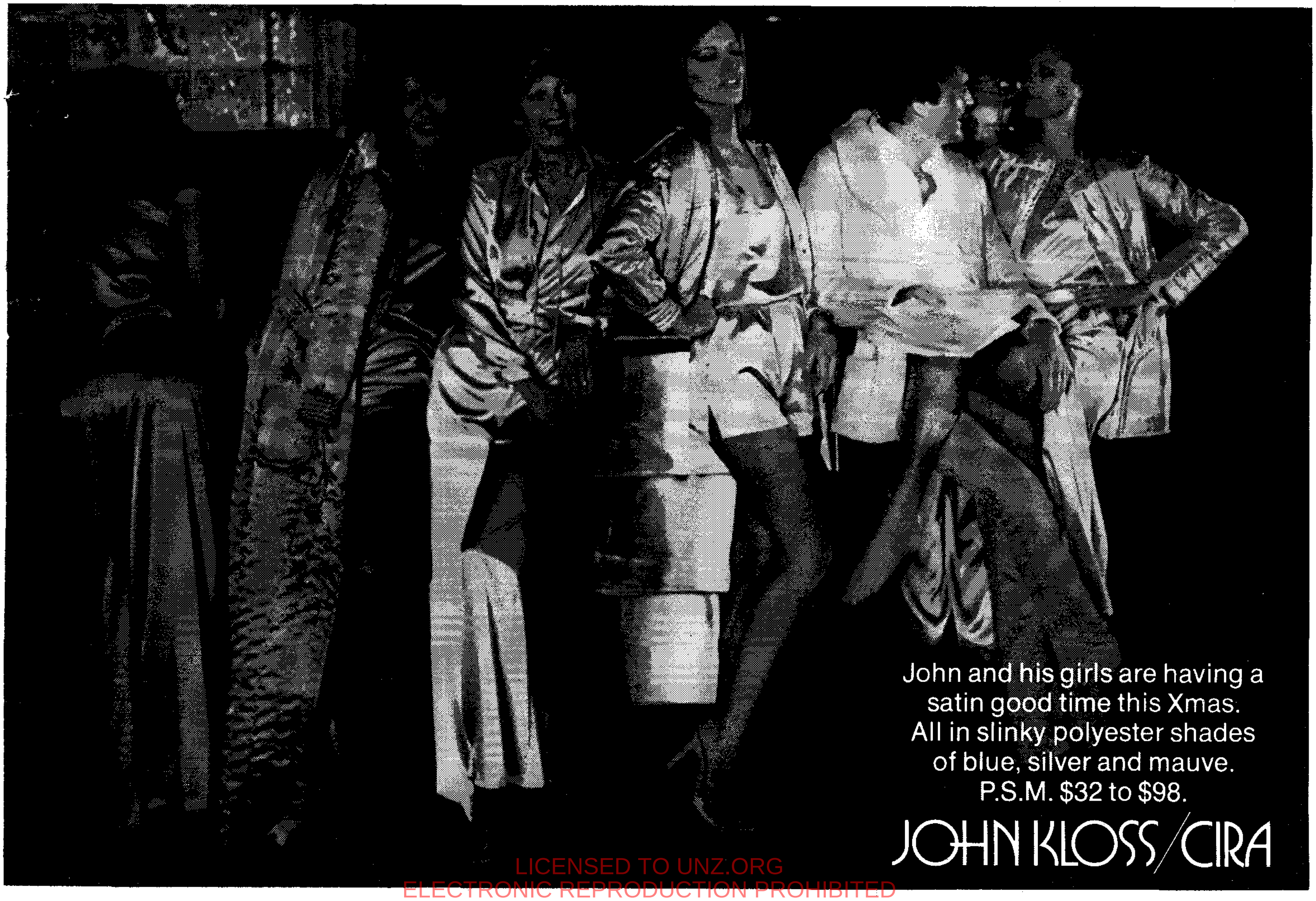
Tues, 11/1 at 8: **Boris Godunov** with Talvela, Ochman, Nagy, Raitzin. Conductor: Kord; director: Everding; designers: Lee & Hall. Wed, 11/2 at 8: **La Bohème** with Scotto, Cossa, Aragall, Walker. Conductor: Conlon; director: Melano; designer: Pizzi. Thurs, 11/3 at 8: **Eugene Onegin** with Zylis-Gara, Quivar, Milnes, Gedda. Conductor: Levine; director: Igesz; designers: Gérard & Diffen. Fri, 11/4 at 8: **Rigoletto** with Cotrubas, Quivar, Domingo, MacNeil. Conductor: Levine; director: Dexter; designer: Moiseiwitsch. Sat, 11/5 at 2: **Madama Butterfly** with Scotto, Quivar, Luchetti, Sereni. Conductor: Patane; director: Aoyama; designers: Nagasaka, Elson & Lee. Sat, 11/5 at 8: **La Bohème** (same cast as 11/2). Mon, 11/7 at 8: **Rigoletto** (same cast as 11/4. Jones for Quivar). Tues, 11/8 at 8: **Madama Butterfly** (same cast as 11/5).

NEW YORK CITY OPERA
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

TWICE UPON A MATTRESS

Paul Ukena and Eileen Schauler star in *Ashmedai*, Josef Tal's work which had its American premiere last Spring with the New York City Opera. *Ashmedai* will have two performances this week: 11/4 at 8 and 11/6 at 7. The cast also includes Patricia Craig and Gianna Rolandi. Gary Bertini conducts (877-4700).

Tues, 11/1 at 8: **Die Fledermaus** with Armstrong, Rolandi, Price, Hensel. Conductor: Pallo; director: Freedman; designers: Evans & Aldredge. Wed, 11/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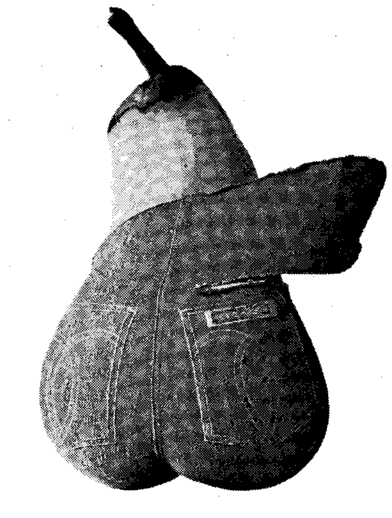

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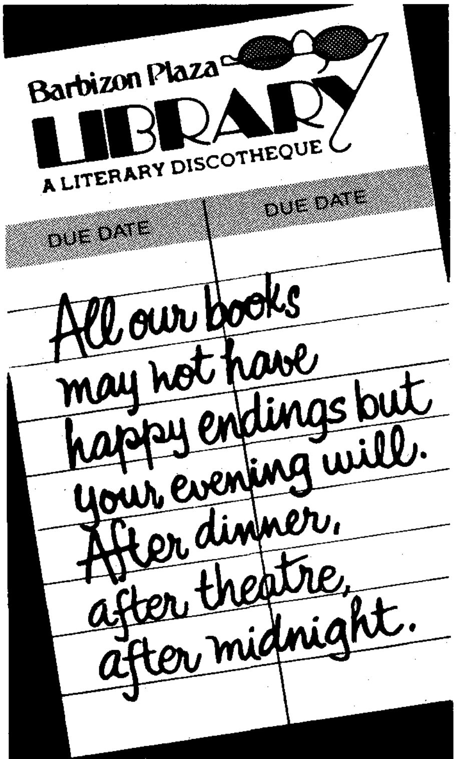
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2 at 8: **La Bohème** with Carron, Daniels, Bartolini, Holloway. Conductor: Pallo; director: Freedman; designers: Evans & Aldredge. Thurs, 11/3 at 8: **Cavalleria Rusticana** with Freni, Di Giuseppe, Long. **I Pagliacci** with Zannoth, Malamood, Fredricks. Conductor: Effron; director: Corsaro; designer: Evans. Fri, 11/4 at 8: **Ashmedai** with Schauler, Craig, Rolandi, Ukena. Conductor: Bertini; director: Prince; designer: Lee. Sat, 11/5 at 2: **L'Incoronazione di Poppea** with Wyner, Bible, Roe, Holloway. Conductor: Mauceri; director: Freedman; designers: Evans & Varona. Sat, 11/5 at 8: **Carmen** with Arrauzau, Fowles, Malamood, Fredricks. Conductor: Domingo; director: Auerbach; designer: Varona. Sun, 11/6 at 1: **The Pirates of Penzance** with Haley, Costa-Greenspon, Prince, Chapman. Conductor: Somogi; director: Eddleman; designer: Evans. Sun, 11/6 at 7: **Ashmedai** (same cast as 11/4). Tues, 11/8 at 8: **La Fanciulla del West** with Niska, Mauro, Chapman. Conductor: Comissiona; director: Corsaro; designers: O'Hearn & Mess.

OTHER

Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (228-8200). *Cosi Fan Tutte,* 11/5 at 7:30, 11/6 at 2:30.

Bel Canto Opera, 30 E 31st St. (889-6366). *Zazà,* 11/5 at 7:30, 11/6 at 3.

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *The Pirates of Penzance,* 11/2 at 2 & 8:30, 11/3-4 at 8:30, 11/5 at 4 & 8:30, 11/6 at 4.

Opera Theater, B'nai Jeshurun Community Center, 270 W 89th St. (595-1161). *Rigoletto,* 11/5 at 8, 11/6 at 3.

Portable Opera Players, St. Peter's Church, 346 W 20th St. (929-2390). *Oberon,* 11/2 & 5 at 7:30.

Dance

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Tues, 11/1 at 8: *Kettentanz;* Pas de deux; *Monotones; Cakewalk.* Wed, 11/2 at 8: *Les Patineurs; The Moor's Pavane;* Pas de deux; *Trinity.* Thurs, 11/3 at 8: *Kettentanz; Touch Me; Weewis; Facade.* Fri, 11/4 at 8: *Viva Vivaldi; La Vivandière; Cacklin' Hen; Jazz Calendar. Sat, 11/5 at 8: The Dream; Monotones; Les Patineurs.* Sun, 11/6 at 2: *Viva Vivaldi;* Pas de deux; *As Time Goes By; Jazz Calendar.* Sun, 11/6 at 7:30: *The Dream; Touch Me; La Vivandière; Trinity.* Tues, 11/8 at 8: *Deuce Coupe II; Weewis; Sacred Grove on Mt. Tamalpais.*

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction.
Send listings to Holly Pinto, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., NYC 10017, one month before show's opening. Do not phone.*

SOLOS

57th STREET

Baj/Jeff Hoare–Multiples, including 3D objects/Water abstractions on paper, thru 11/4. Arras, 29 W 57th (421-1177).

Lee Batterman–Abstract landscapes and collages, thru 11/19. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

***Lovis Corinth**(1858-1925)–Works after 1912 including Walchensee landscape, still lifes, and the 1922 Goeritz portrait, thru 11/11. Frumkin, 50 W 57th (757-6655).

Susan Crowder/Bilge Friedlaender–Stone sculpture/Paper works, thru 11/17. Kornblee, 20 W 57th (586-1178).

Yrjö Edelmann–Trompe l'oeil from Finland, thru 12/3. Heidenberg, 50 W 57th (586-3808).

Peter Ellenshaw–Ireland and California, thru 11/5. Hammer, 51 E 57th (644-4400).

Perle Fine–Recent paintings, 11/8-26. Zarre, 41 E 57th (752-0498).

***Marcel Gromaire/Georges Rouault**(1871-1958)–Etchings for *Macbeth/*Graphics for *'Les Fleurs du Mal,* thru 11/19. Sumers, 50 W 57th (541-8334).

Tony Hepburn–Explorations in clay by this Britisher, thru 11/19. Portnoy, 56 W 57th (757-0461).

David Hockney–New paintings, drawings, and prints, thru 11/16. Emmerich, 41 E 57th (PL2-0124).

***Howard Hodgkin**–Abstract color paintings from England, thru 11/16. Emmerich, 41 E 57th (PL2-0124).

***Ian Hornak**–Real-surreal landscapes, thru 11/10. Fischbach, 29 W 57th (PL9-2345).

Richard Hunt–Recent sculpture, thru 11/19. Dorsky, 4 W 57th (489-1020).

***Jasper Johns**–Prints, thru 11/19. Getler/Pall, 50 W 57th (581-2724).

***Ed Kerns**–Layers of cloth, fabric, and paint stitched together, thru 11/5. Esman, 29 W 57th (421-9490).

Tadaaki Kuwayama–Flat geometrical canvases joined together, thru 11/12. René, 6 W 57th (765-1330).

***Ibram Lassaw**–Welded brass, bronze, and copper sculpture, thru 11/12. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).

***George McNeil**–Recent Abstract-Expressionist images and impacts thru 11/18. Berman, 50 W 57th (757-7630).

***Rene Magritte**–Paintings and gouaches on loan from private collections, 11/3-12/3. Janis, 6 W 57th (586-0110).

Georgette Pascotto–Color-filled landscapes, still lifes, and portraits, thru 11/12. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

Henry Pearson–Silkscreens using a dark rectangle, and master works, thru 11/5. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

Waldo Peirce(1884-1970)–American impressionism, thru 11/26. Midtown, 11 E 57th (PL8-1900).

Cristina Rubalcava–Satires on marriage, 11/3-24. Findlay, 17 E 57th (HA1-5390).

***Eugene Rukhin**(1943-1976)–Paintings from the last three years by this contemporary Russian, 11/5-12/2. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

Albert Sharp–The Hamptons, thru 11/26. Eric, 61 E 57th (371-9270).

Theo Stavropoulos–Paintings and drawings, thru 11/23. Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).

Janet Stayton–Worksheets and paintings, thru 11/12. Hamilton, 20 W 57th (765-5915).

Helen Thomas–Hard-edged eclipse, thru 11/3. Phoenix, 30 W 57th (245-5095).

Bob Timberlake–Watercolors, temperas, and drawings, 11/8-19. Hammer, 51 E 57th (644-4400). Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat 10-5.

Mario Toral–The human landscape, thru 11/4. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Pierre Alechinsky–Works, thru 12/10. Lefebre, 47 E 77th (744-3384).

Jane B. Armstrong–Stone animals, thru 11/4. Rehn, 655 Mad Ave (753-4694).

Peter Arno–Three decades of cartoons, 1929-1959, thru 11/5. Nicholls, 1014 Mad at 78th (472-0211).

Tadashi Asoma–Ornamental landscapes, thru 11/12. Findlay. 984 Mad Ave (249-2909).

***Pierre Bonnard**(1867-1947)–Paintings and drawings, including *Nude in Tub,* 1918, and *Self-Portrait With Open Collar,* 1933, thru 11/12. Acquavella, 18 E 79th (RE4-6300). Mon-Sat 10-5.

***Joseph Cornell**–Boxes and collages, thru 11/12. ACA, 25 E 73rd (628-2440).

Salvador Dali–Etchings of the 60s, thru 11/12. Rolly-Michaux, 943 Mad Ave (535-1460).

Willem De Kooning–12 oils on canvas, 1977, thru 12/19. Fourcade, 36 E 75th (535-3980).

Susan Deutscher/Marian E. Held–Large watercolors of Long Island/Sculpture of clay with lusterous overglazes, thru 11/5. Gallery 84, 1046 Mad at 80th (628-4920). Tues-Sat 12-5.

***Stuart Diamond**–Assemblages, thru 11/18. McKee, 140 E 63rd (688-5951).

Frank Faulkner–Heavy collage and paint abstractions, thru 11/5. Knowlton, 19 E 71st (794-9700).

J.C. Rodriguez Grodona/Daphne Sola–Oils, lithos, and engravings by this Argentinian/The terrain and people of Peru, 11/3-12/3. Galerias Paco, 26 E 63rd (935-8790). Mon-Fri 12-6, Sat 12-5.

Joellen Hall–Bird drawings and chickens in wax and bronze, thru 11/19. Poindexter, 24 E 84th (628-2844).

Walker Hancock–Basketball players in metal, thru 11/5. Findlay, 984 Mad at 77th (249-2909).

John Hartell–Abstracted architectural interiors and ruins, thru 11/5. Kraushaar, 1055 Mad at 80th (535-9888).

J.L. Hendershot–Drawings and prints, thru 11/7. Uptown, 1194 Mad Ave (722-3677). Mon-Sat 10-6.

***Hannah Hoech**–Collages and watercolors from 1919-1967 by this Dadaist pioneer, thru 11/5. Carus, 1044 Mad Ave (879-4660).

Hans Hokanson–Recent wood sculpture, thru 11/23. Borgenicht. 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).

***Douglas James Johnson**–Large figurative drawings in pencil and pastel, thru 11/26. Carlton, 127 E 69th (249-9880).

Ynez Johnston–A retrospective, thru 11/21. Wiener, 963 Mad Ave (249-2100).

***Paul Klee**–(1879-1940) Drawings and watercolors from 1930 to 1940, thru 11/12. Sabarsky, 987 Mad Ave (628-6281).

Moshe Kupferman–Abstractions of vertical planes of paint and drawings, thru 11/12. Urdang, 23 E 74th (BU8-7004).

***Landes Lewitin**–Clear chromatic abstractions with ideograms and alphabets, thru 11/9. Ingber, 3 E 78th (744-3158).

Leo Lionni–Botanical subjects in wood and bronze, thru 11/5. Staempfli, 47 E 77th (LE5-1919).

***Hans H. Luttgen**(1896-1976)–Architectural drawings and photos from Germany, 1924-38, sketches from Brazil, 1941-3, and paintings in the USA, 1955-76, thru 11/26. Spaced, 165 W 72nd (787-6350).

Don Mulligan–Works, thru 11/6. O'Rourke, 820 Mad Ave (288-9864).

Howard Newman–Bronze sculptures and drawings, thru 11/5. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

Larry Rivers–Paintings and drawings from the 50s and 60s, thru 11/5. Bodley, 1063 Mad Ave (AG9-2155).

Lee Savage–Recent paintings, thru 11/12. Krasner, 1043 Mad Ave (RE4-6110).

Charlotte Showmaker–Wire, fiberglass and resin wall and floor pieces, 11/5-12/3. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).

Susan Smyly–Sculpture, 11/5-30. Forum, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080).

Oswaldo Vigas–Female figures, thru 11/25. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). M-F 9-4.

Victoria Weill–Landscapes and portraits, thru 11/13. Clay, 1162 Mad Ave (861-4372).

***William Wilkins**–Pointillistic scenes with psychological overtones, thru 11/5. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).

Albert York–Paintings, thru 11/5. Davis & Long, 746 Mad Ave (861-2811).

SoHo

Nicholas Africano–Alienation and pain in paint, thru 11/5. Solomon, 392 E Bdway (925-1900).

John Alexander–Large abstracted swamps and bayous, thru 11/5. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

***William Allan**–Cloud formations, thru 11/10. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).

John Altoon–His estate, 1961-1966, thru 11/12. Braustein/Quay, 139 Spring (925-1200).

***Jennifer Bartlett**–Recent paintings, thru 11/9. Cooper, 155 Wooster (677-4390).

Karen Bokert–Abstractions, thru 11/30. Key, 130 Greene (966-3597). Wed-Sat 11-6.

***Eugene Brodsky**–Large shaped collages on canvas, thru 11/17. Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince (966-0455).

Roger Brown–Constructions, thru 11/15. Kind, 139 Spring (925-1200).

Louisa Chase–A circus of spheres, thru 11/19. Thorp, 139 Spring (925-1200).

Andrew Chin/John R. Murray–Wall structures that look industrially mass-produced/Brushes, rags, paint tubes inserted into the canvases, thru 11/5. Soho Center, 114 Prince (226-1995). Tues-Fri 12-5, Sat 11-5.

Tony DeBlasi/Steven Linden–Large color-fields/Linoleum constructions, thru 11/9. Razor, 464 W Bdwy (533-3427).

Walter De Maria–Two large works, thru 11/5. Friedrich, 141 Wooster (473-8072) and 19 Waverly Pl. Tues-Sat 12-6.

Gail Cohen Edelman–Etchings of parks USA, 11/8-27. Pleiades, 152 Wooster (475-9658).

***Marilyn Fox/Gerald Samuels**–Clay sculpture of seed* pods/Eerie outer space creations in paint, thru 11/3. Landmark, Clay, 1162 Mad Ave (861-4372).

Suellen Glashausser–Mounds of woven sculpture, thru 11/10. Eno, 101 Wooster (226-5342). Tues-Sat 12-6.

J. Jaxson–Oil sculptures on canvas, thru 11/15. Condon, 413 W Bdwy (925-4024). Sat, Sun 11-6.

Katinka Mann/Bill Wiman–Space sites on 3D canvases/*Texas realism, 11/8-12/9. Hansen,* 70 Wooster (431-5904).

John Matt–Scientific instruments that have no function, thru 11/3. Milliken, 141 Prince (674-3131).

Vernita Nemec–Collages using drawing, fabric, photos, and diary fragments, thru 11/2. Soho 20, 99 Spring (226-4167).

Robert Pittenger–An enigma within imaginary landscapes, thru 11/12. Green Mountain, 135 Greene (674-2390).

***Elsbeth Ramos**–Soft sculpture reliefs, thru 11/13.* Vorpal, 465 W Bdwy (777-3939).

Marion Ranyak–Patterns from nature painted in flat color areas, 11/5-30. Soho 20, 99 Spring (226-4167).

***Eileen Raucher-Sutton**–Energy-filled abstracted nature in watercolors, 11/5-24. Ward-Nasse, 131 Prince (925-6951).

Sur Rodney–A construction using calling cards, thru 11/14. Viewing Room, 72 Wooster (431-5904).

***Edwin Ruda**–Dark-hued vertically layered paint, 11/8-12/3, Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

***Elfi Schuselka**–Large and small wall structures of jute twine, plaster, and paint, thru 11/5. 55 Mercer (226-8513). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Elissa Van Rosen–Painted figure sculpture, thru 11/6. Pleiades, 152 Wooster (475-9658).

Dennis Wheeler–Paintings, collages, and xerographics from 1971 to 1977, thru 11/6. Hansen, 72 Wooster (431-5904).

OTHER

Gesner Armand–Drawings by this Haitian, 11/8-12/3. Carrefour, 300 W 17th (255-0387). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Colo/Robert Llimos–Contradictions in violent abstractions by both, thru 11/22. Spanish Institute, 684 Park at 68th (628-0420). Mon-Sat 10-6.

Ben Dienes–Forms emerging from nightmarish backdrops, thru 11/4. Gallery 36, 200 Park Ave (973-7000). Mon-Fri 9-5.

Fritz Eichenberg–Wood engravings, thru 11/23. Associated American Artists, 663 5th Ave (PL5-4211).

***George Grosz**(1893-1959)–Drawings, watercolors, collages, photos, and illustrated postcards, thru 11/5. *Goethe House, 1014 5th Ave (744-8310) Tues-*Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-5.

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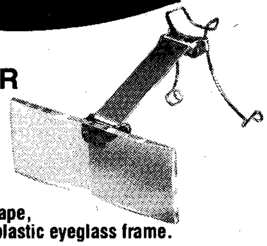

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J. Gary Kornmayer/Bob Perrault–Photomontages/Abstractions, thru 11/6. Noho, 542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619).

*__Reginald Marsh__(1898-1954)–80 paintings, drawings, and prints of popular entertainments in the 20s, 30s and 40s, thru 11/19. Astor, Lincoln Center, Bdwy at 65th (790-6551). Mon-Sat 12-6.

*__Jeanette Pasin Sloan__–Metallic still lifes dealing with reflection, thru 11/19. Einstein, 243 E 82nd (628-8782).

Mary Stoppert–Sculpture and drawings, thru 11/15. Women's Interart, 549 W 52nd (246-6570).

John Torreano–Heavily painted surfaces embedded with glass jewels, thru 11/12. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

*__Alexander__–20 W 57th (757-3721). Selected prints by leading American artists since 1960, thru 11/8.

Findlay–17 E 57th (HA1-5390). French impressionists and post-impressionists, thru 11/5.

Kennedy–40 W 57th (541-9600). Portraits, landscapes, by Chase, Cassatt, Prendergast, others, thru 11/19.

Spectrum–30 W 57th (246-2525). Football works, including Thomas Hart Benton's *Forward Pass,* thru 11/30.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Deutsch–43 E 80th (861-4429). Burchfield, Lawson, Marsh, Porter and other well-knowns, thru 11/2.

Griffin–850 Mad Ave (737-6116). 19th and 20th century paintings and sculpture by Matta, Masson, Riopelle, others, thru 11/1.

Hirschl & Adler–21 E 70th (535-8810). 18th, 19th, and 20th century masterworks, thru 11/19.

*__Julie__–687 Mad Ave (688-2345). Fantastic faces in masks by many, thru 11/1.

Kottler–3 E 65th (RE4-3491). Mon-Fri 12-6, Sat 12-4. Bartlemay, Fischer and Mark, 11/5-18.

Lerner-Heller–956 Mad Ave (861-9010). American painting (1910-77), including Avery, Bluemner, Dove, O'Keeffe, Stella, others, thru 11/30.

*__L'Ibis__–667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Coptic textiles and relief carvings, vessels, amulets from Ancient Egypt, thru 3/6.

*__Wildenstein__–19 E 64th (TR9-0500). The artistic relations between Paris and NYC from the neo-classical period to impressionism, including Boucher's *Toilet of Venus,* 11/3-12/17.

SoHo

Bromm–90 W Bdwy (431-3927). Tues-Sat 1-6. Gallery artists, thru 11/26.

*__Castelli__–420 W Bdwy (431-5160). Architectural drawings by Meier and Venturi of America, Rossi of Italy, Abraham and Pichler of Austria, Ambasz of Argentina, and Stirling of England, thru 11/12.

*__Drawing Center__–137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6, Wed til 9. Drawings for a more modern architecture by Allen, Mitchell/Girugola, Stern, Venturi, others, thru 11/6.

OK Harris–383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Sculpture by Capps, paintings by Horn and Kacere, Roman and Iron Age pottery, thru 11/5.

*__SculptureNow__–142 Greene (966-3066). Sculpture yesterday and today by di Suvero, Doyle, Forakis, and Ginnever, thru 12/3.

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (925-6951). Landscapes by Cerese, abstractions by Conklin, figurative works by Scanzoni, and abstractions by Zakin, thru 11/3.

Women in the Arts–435 Broome (966-5894). Tues-Sat 2-5. Furth, Shainswit, Tango, and Vacha, 11/5-26.

OTHER

African-American Institute–833 United Nations Pl (949-5711). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sat 11-5. 80 sculptures, paintings, and graphics by 20 contemporary African artists living in America, thru 1/14.

Center for Inter-American Relations–680 Park Ave (249-8950). Tues-Sun 12-6. Warp-patterned weaves of the Andes, thru 11/13.

*__China Institute__–125 E 65th (744-8181). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 11-5, Sun 2-5. Ceramics, paintings and calligraphy from I-Hsing, China, thru 1/29.

*__Contemporary Arts__–Loeb Center, NYU 566 LaGuardia Pl (873-0216). Mon-Sat 9-9. 14 Paintings and poems by Bishop, Delaunay, Neel, Von Weigand, others, 11/3-29.

Educational Alliance–197 E Bdwy (877-1367). Sun-Fri 9-9. Works by women at work, 11/6-27.

Elliott–349 2nd at 20th (533-4949). Mon-Sat 10-6. Pinball, the best of the Penny Arcade from 1930 to 1977, thru 11/19.

Glass–315 Central Park W (SU7-4704). Wed-Sat 1-6. Landscapes by Feinberg, Goff, Licht, Marcus, and others, thru 11/5.

Greenwich House–27 Barrow (242-4140). Daily 1-10. Antiques/Stoneware and porcelain forms by Friedlander, 11/3-6.

*__New York Public Library__–Fifth Ave at 42nd (790-6551). Tues 10-9, Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat 10-6. Sacco and Vanzetti case, including posters, letters, newspapers, thru 12/31.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

Photography

Pierre Cordier/Margo Davis–Chemigrams/Dimensional sculpture, thru 11/12. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (228-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

Mark Flomenbaum–Color abstractions of human cells, thru 11/14. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 1-6.

*__Arnold Newman/Garry Winogrand__–50 new portraits, including Brassai, Wyeth, others/Rodeos and other to-dos in the west, 11/2-26. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

John Phillips–The surrender of the old Jewish Quarter in Jerusalem, 1948, and those sites today, thru 12/30. American-Israel Cultural Foundation, 4 E 54th (751-2700). Mon-Fri 10-4.

*__Jacob Riis__–The slums of NYC from 1887-1897, thru 11/26. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

Sy Rubin–Candid portraits of city people in public places, thru 11/6. Double Exposure, 340 6th Ave (260-6051).

Steven Scher–Firefighting in NYC, thru 11/30. Image, 565 5th Ave (TN7-4747). Mon-Fri 9-5.

*__Soho/Steiglitz__–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9 pm. Dancing in NJ by Fetter, erotic temples of Khajuraho by Goldsmith, others, plus portraits of women by George Alpert, thru 11/29.

*__Alfred Stieglitz__(1864-1946)–70 vintage prints covering his whole career, thru 12/3. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).

*__Doris Ulmann__(1884-1934)–Soft focus images of Appalachian craftsmen and southern blacks, thru 12/23. Pfeifer, 825 Mad Ave (737-2055).

James P. Valentine–Georgia's wilderness in color, thru 12/5. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).

*__Witkin__–41 E 57th (355-1461). Julien Levy Collection, including Amero, Cartier-Bresson, Kertesz, Man Ray, Nadar, Umbo, others, thru 11/12.

*__Becky Young__–Female nudes, 11/5-23. Graham, 1014 Mad Ave (535-5566).

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Peru's Golden Treasures:* Spanning a 2,000 year period and representing the pre-Inca cultures; thru December. **Hayden Planetarium:** *The Cosmic Laser Concert:* Laser light and recorded music; Fri & Sat at 7, 8:30, 10 & 11:30 Sun at 7, 8:30 & 10:30.

Asia House–112 E 64th (PL1-4210). Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. The flora and fauna of Japan on hand-scrolls, ceramics, lacquer boxes, other, from the 12th to the 19th century, thru 12/4.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Wed till 7:30, Sun 12-5.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Women Artists, 1550-1950,* thru 11/27.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Drawing Toward a More Modern Architecture;* thru 11/6.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. *Battles of the Revolution;* thru 1/31.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Lucio Fontana 1899-1968:* A retrospective; thru 12/8.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Collages by Romare Bearden; thru 11/6.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5, Tues til 8. *Weegee the Famous; The Russian War:* The Russian side of World War II. Thru 11/6.

Japan House–333 E 47th (832-1155). Daily 11-5, Fri til 7:30.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1888). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Seurat As Draughtsman:* Fifty drawings and oil sketches; thru 11/27. *Treasures of Early Irish Art: 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D.;* thru 1/15. *Rococo Fountains in Prints:* About 40 etchings and several books by Watteau, Boucher, and others; thru 11/27. *Highlights of the Irwin Untermyer Collection:* About 400 works of English and continental decorative arts; thru 6/78. *Blue and White:* Japanese export porcelain of the 17th century; thru 1/31. Louis XVI period-rooms, including the newly-acquired J.L. David portrait of the Lavoisiers. *Signac: Paintings, Watercolors, Drawings, and Prints:* 32 works by the Neo-Impressionist master (1863-1935); thru 11/27.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *American Literary Autographs:* From Washington Irving to Henry James; thru 11/27. *Medieval Musical Manuscripts;* thru 12/4. *Rembrandt Etchings:* About 40 of his landscape and portrait etchings; thru 12/4.

El Museo del Barrio, 1945 Third Ave. (831-7272). Mon-Fri 10-4, Sun 12-5.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53rd St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *Young Americans:* Works in fiber, wood, plastic, and leather; thru 12/31.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Holodeon:* Innovative holographic movies, thru 12/31.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Cézanne:* More than 100 paintings and watercolors focusing on the ten years preceeding Cézanne's death in 1906; thru 1/3. *Universal Pictures:* thru 1/31.

National Art Museum of Sport, Madison Square Garden Center, Penn Plaza (244-4127). Tues-Sat 10-6.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri, Sun 1-5; Sat 10-5. *Jenny Lind in New York:* thru 11/30. *Moving in the City:* Three centuries of transportation in New York.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Masked Rituals:* Masks, dance costumes, and photo enlargements of African, Oceanic, and North American cultures; thru 11/13.

South Street Seaport Museum, 16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 11-6. Etchings by Aida Whedon, thru 11/14.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Wed 10-9, Tues-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 1-6. Works by Ghanian artist Andrews Ofori Danso. Works by Andrienne W. Hoard. Thru 11/6.

Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Ave. (228-0110). Wed, Sat & Sun 1-5; Fri 3-7. Also by appt.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues 11-10, Weekdays 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Jasper Johns:* A retrospective spanning 22 years; thru 1/22. *Foirades/Fizzles:* Etchings by Jasper Johns and texts by Samuel Beckett; thru 11/20. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3.

Sports

Jets, Shea Stadium (421-6600); vs. Miami Dolphins, 11/6 at 1.

Giants, Giants Stadium (201-935-8222); vs. Dallas Cowboys, 11/6 at 1.

Islanders, Nassau Coliseum (516-694-5522); vs. Atlanta Flames, 11/1; vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, 11/5. At 8:05.

Knicks, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. San Antonio Spurs, 11/8 at 7:30.

Nets, Rutgers Athletic Center (201-935-8888). vs. Los Angeles Lakers, 11/2; vs. Philadelphia 76ers, 11/4. At 8:05.

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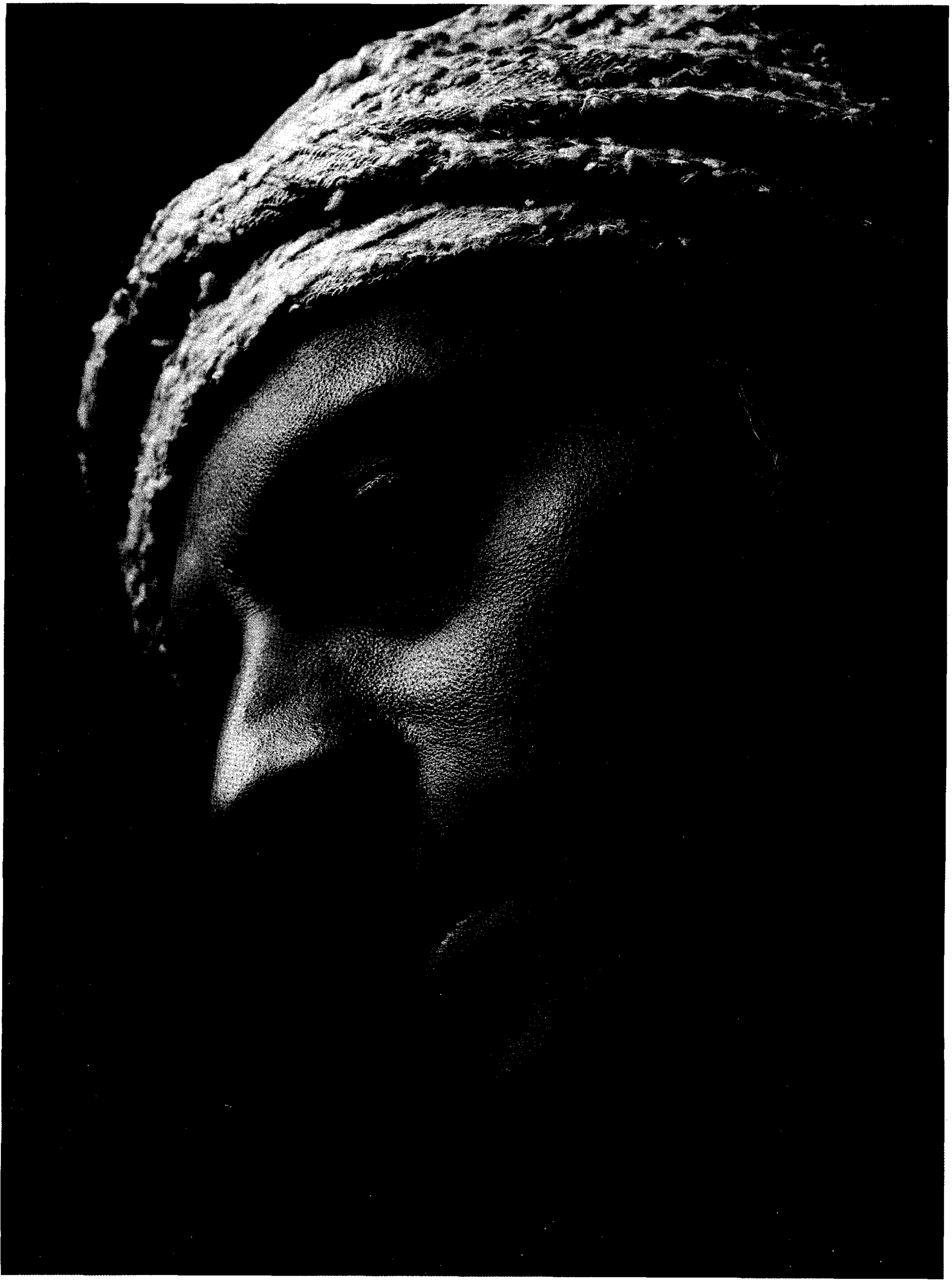

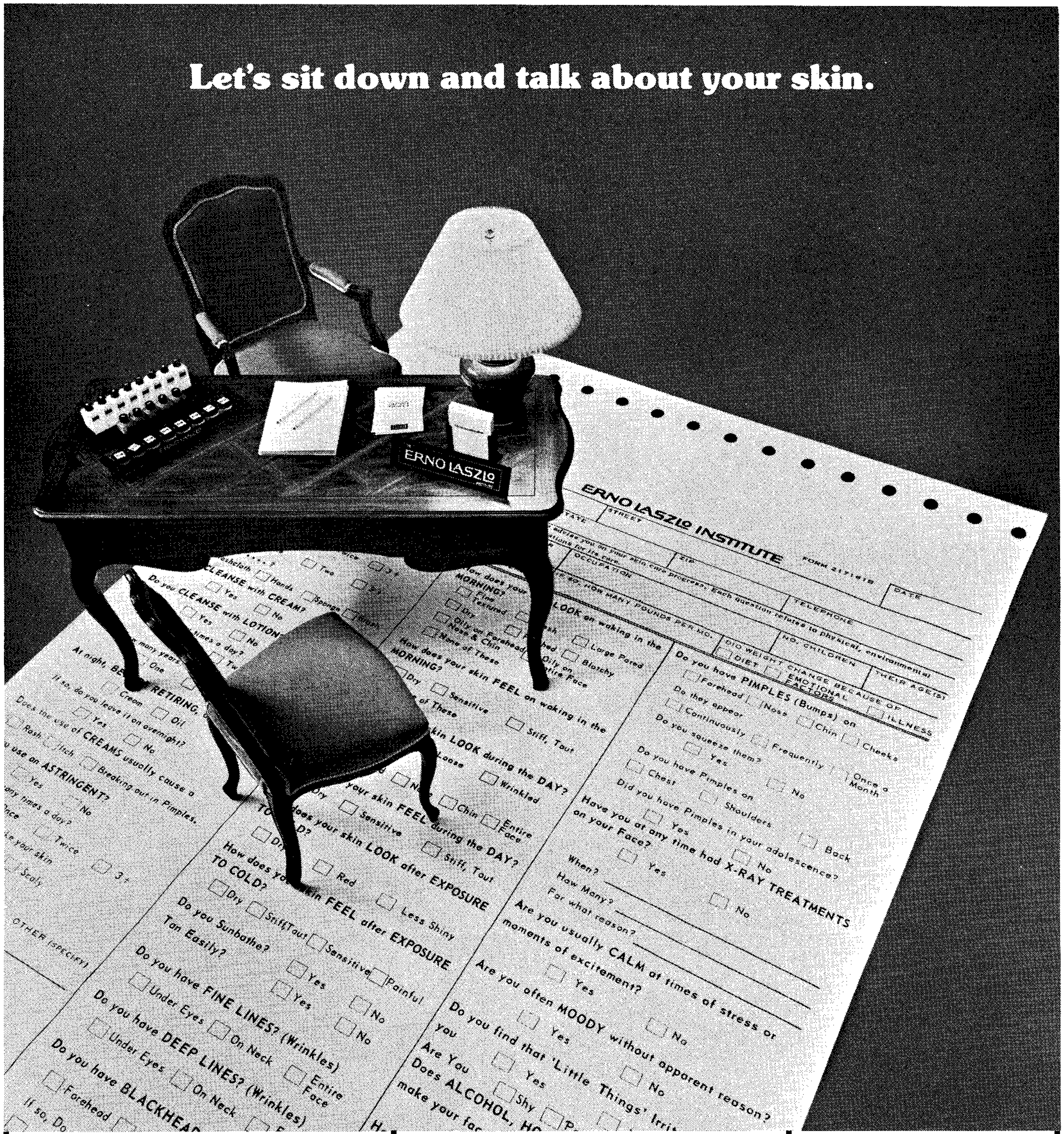

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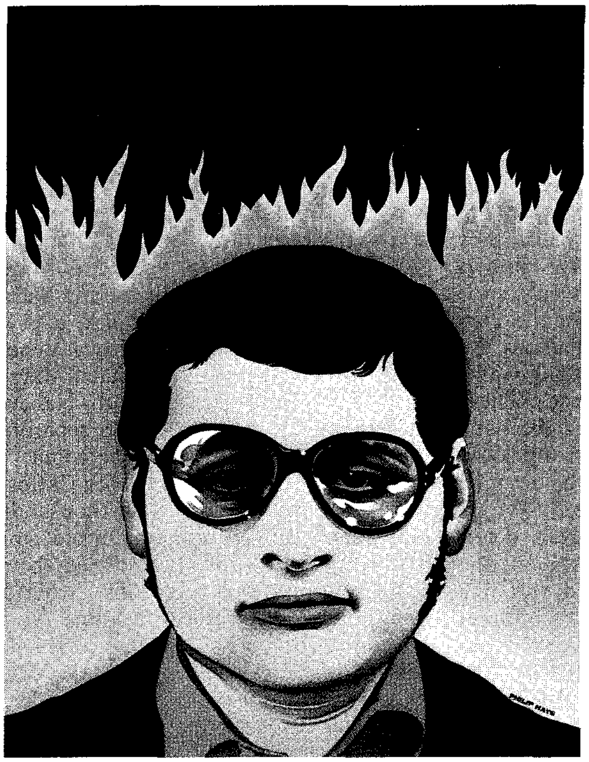


New York

Carlos: The Most Dangerous Man In the World

By Ovid Demaris

"...Late last year, a Cairo newspaper reported that Carlos was back in Western Europe and that he had a small nuclear bomb..."

His name is Ilich Ramírez Sánchez, but he is universally known as Carlos. At the moment he is the most famous—and most wanted—terrorist in the world.

He masterminded: the Lod Airport massacre in May of 1972; the firing of two rockets at an El Al airliner at Orly Airport in January of 1975; the bombing of Le Drugstore in Paris in September of 1974; the murder of two French intelligence officers and a Lebanese informer in Paris in June of 1975; the kidnapping of eleven OPEC ministers in Vienna in December of 1975.

No one more fully epitomizes the interlocking, transnational nature of worldwide terrorism than this mysterious 28-year-old Venezuelan with his polyglot gang of Arabs, Germans, and Japanese. What will be their next mission? Late last year, a Cairo newspaper, *Al-Akhbar*, ominously reported that Carlos was back in Western Europe, hiding in an Arab embassy, and that he had a small nuclear bomb in his possession. This chilling allegation was generally ignored by the press.

In fact, the recent hijackings of Japanese and West German airliners are believed by some intelligence experts to be the handiwork of Carlos and his mentor, Dr. Wadi Haddad, the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP) chief of operations.

The ransom demands of $6 million for the Japanese plane, paid in full, and the $15.5 million for the German 737 back up intelligence reports that the PFLP is gearing up for a massive offensive.

The French, not the Germans, were the first to piece together the Carlos jigsaw puzzle. They were shocked. The discovery of Carlos's Paris apartment in the summer of 1975, according to Interior Minister Michel Poniatowski, opened "one of the most important cases of international terrorism to come to the attention of any Western police force in recent years."

Carlos received his early political education at Camp Mantanzas in Havana, Cuba, which was then under the supervision of a Soviet colonel, Victor Simonov, who became the operational boss of Cuba's secret police. The instructor in charge of guerrilla training was Antonio Dages Bouvier—the only terrorist to escape from the Israeli commandos' punishing attack at Entebbe. For finishing school, Carlos attended Patrice Lumumba University in Moscow, in which the KGB operates a training center for young revolutionaries from Third World nations. Along with political indoctrination, promising students receive training in terrorism, sabotage, and guerrilla-war techniques at camps in Odessa, Baku, Simferopol, and Tashkent. In 1970, after two years of study, Carlos was expelled for "disreputable morals" and "provocative activities." Expulsion is an old trick used by the KGB to whitewash agents they plan on using in foreign countries.

For survival, Soviet tacticians would encourage the students: "Get girls as helpers. Make friends with these seemingly harmless creatures, for they are useful in providing refuge and in avoiding suspicion." This was one lesson that Carlos would take to heart as he floated from city to city in Europe and the Middle East.

Few people who have had contact with Carlos in the past seven years have been willing to talk about him. Barry Woodhams, then a research technician in biochemistry with the Chemical Warfare Defense Establishment in London, met Carlos in 1974. Woodhams was introduced by Angela Otaola, a waitress in a restaurant in the Bayswater district of London. Barry and Angela were both socialists; she was Basque and had left Spain because she didn't like Franco's politics.

Author Ovid Demaris will publish Brothers in Blood, *a book about the international terrorist network, this fall.*

Illustrated by Philip Hays

"…'Get girls as helpers. These seemingly harmless creatures are useful in providing refuge and avoiding suspicion'…"

She had been seriously involved with Carlos, whom she knew for two years, but because of his traveling, her ardor cooled. Woodhams moved in with her.

Nevertheless, Carlos was welcome; Barry liked having him around. "He was overwhelming in some ways," Barry recalled during the fall of 1975 in London. "He was intensely intelligent and could speak on a wide variety of topics. All conversations with him would sooner or later turn into a kind of debate. He was hardheaded about getting his way. And there was this aura of affluence around him, that he was slightly more high-class, better situated than the rest of us."

Barry became suspicious of Carlos long before his deeds became public. "For a rich boy brought up in the city, he knew too much about guns. I used to shoot game in Zambia from a kneeling position, with my elbow resting on my knee. Carlos said that this was dangerous when shooting people. I was presenting too much of a target. 'But I wasn't shooting people,' I said. He smiled. 'You should learn to shoot from a prone position, it's safer.'

"Carlos favored the death penalty in certain circumstances. Two criminals had just been guillotined in France for murder. 'Men who kill for money and not for political reasons,' Carlos said, 'deserve to die.'

"He said he was a Peruvian economist representing a Peruvian company in Europe. He was always talking about business and contacts and traveling all over the place. Every time he came back from a trip to Europe, he brought us a couple hundred duty-free Marlboro cigarettes and a great big bottle of Bacardi rum. He always dropped in unannounced; if we had others for dinner, he wouldn't stay.

"He was a very relaxed guy. He'd walk in, take off his jacket, sit back in one of the chairs, and start talking about anything under the sun. He loved to talk and argue, all very friendly, but he had to get the best of you. He had a fantastic command of the English language, but he spoke very fast, clipping off his words in such a way that it sounded like they were all joined together. He didn't have an American or British accent; it was all his own. It was the same when he spoke Spanish. He talked so fast even Angela couldn't follow him at times.

"One night we got going on security systems at airports. I told him about seeing a television program on how they had increased security precautions at airports; Carlos shrugged it off. 'They're a waste of time because they won't work for someone who knows what he's doing.' Then he went on to tell me about Charles de Gaulle Airport in Paris. He explained about the all-glass tunnels with the moving walks that took people to their planes. There were two security guards at the head of the tunnel and one up on top looking down. 'If you have three or four people who are well organized,' Carlos said, 'and who are absolutely determined, all you have to do is shoot the two guards on the gate and run like hell down the tunnel. You can forget about the guard on top. The tunnel is crowded with people, and with the distortion in the glass, we'll be on the plane before he gets a shot off. We might lose one man, but no more.' "

The next day Barry opened a hold-all that Carlos had left with Angela and found a small arsenal containing three automatic pistols, silencers, ammunition, hand grenades, blackjacks, gelignite, and plastic explosives. The bag also held forged passports, rubber stamps for forging British entry visas and an assassination list of some 500 prominent people involved in the Zionist cause.

What Barry didn't learn until later was that Carlos's intimate acquaintance with Charles de Gaulle Airport extended to the rest of Paris. In fact, he was using the French capital—where he maintained two safe apartments and several faithful mistresses—as the base for most of his terrorist activities.

Another Angela, Angela Armstrong, met Carlos in Paris during the winter of 1974. She was a secretary at the Collège de France. During her lunch hour, Angela would walk the three blocks to 9, rue Toullier and there join with some students who brought their lunch in a paper bag. This informal group would sit around, play the guitar, and sing Spanish songs.

The small second-story flat on rue Toullier belonged to Angela's friend Nancy Sanchez, a Venezuelan who was one of Carlos's mistresses. Nancy was a rather plain-looking girl, with dark Indian features and black hair styled in a bushy Afro. She was a sociology student, and her flat was near the Sorbonne. The building was typical of the area—a little run-down but kind of colorful: standard Left Bank architecture, a square structure with a square courtyard, an outdoor winding staircase, and a narrow flying bridge across the courtyard.

Nancy shared her flat, one large room with a small kitchenette and bathroom, with Maria Teresa Lara, a psychology student who was also a Venezuelan journalist and a dedicated Marxist. When Carlos stayed with Nancy, they would hang a curtain to separate their bed from the rest of the room.

It was the perfect address for Carlos. The area was populated by thousands of students, a multilingual hippie ambience, where landlords collected their rents and asked no questions. Around one corner was the Sorbonne and around the other was the post office, with its banks of telephone booths from which he made international calls.

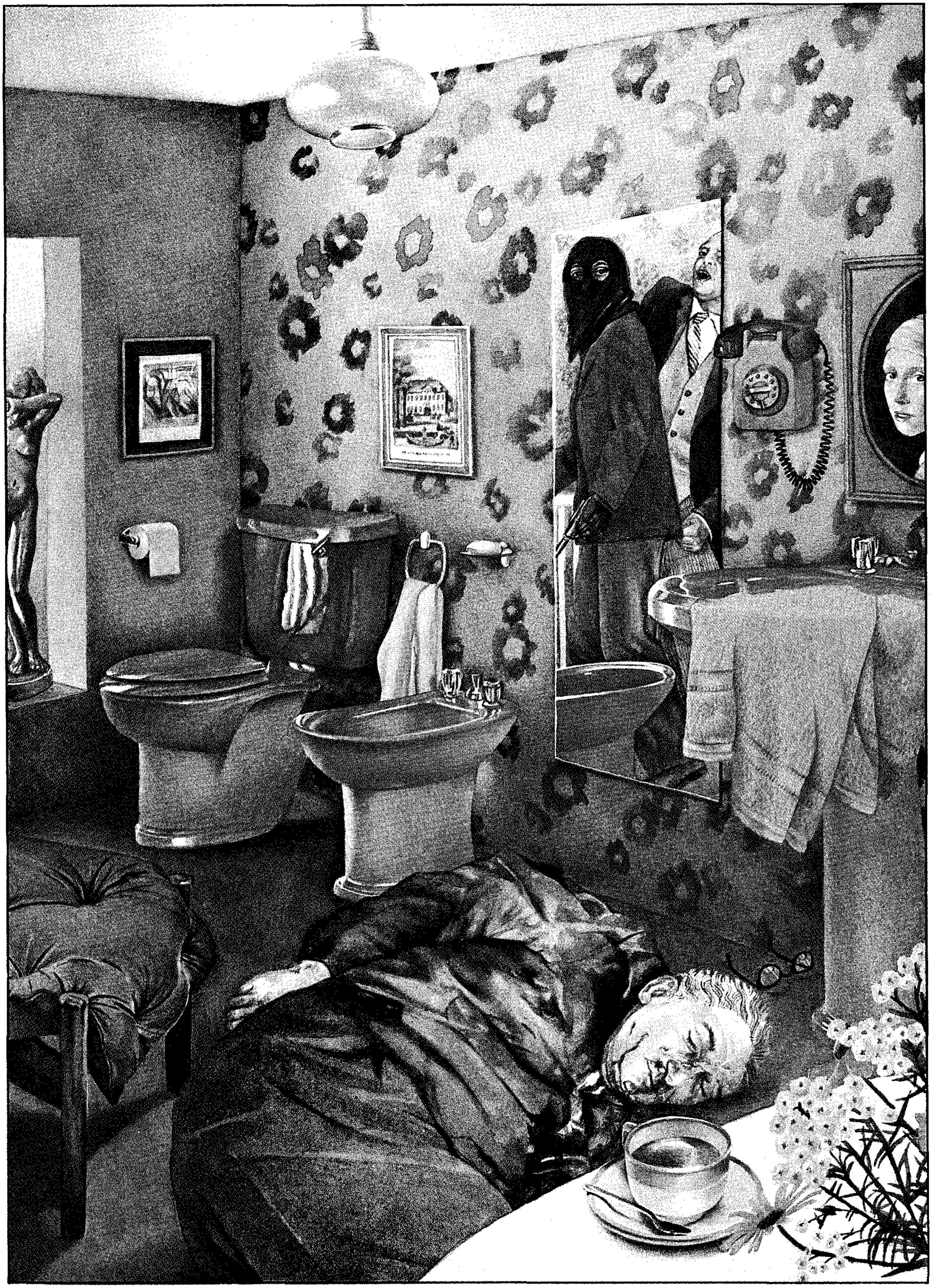
"The first time I met Carlos was at Nancy's place in late December of 1974," Angela recalled in an interview in Paris. "I came into the room and he was sitting in Nancy's big chair. He's fairly well built and he sort of filled it. He seemed very much at home, very sure of himself. He was better dressed than most of the students, more classic clothes—not blue jeans, T-shirt, or long hair. Just neatly dressed, and well groomed.

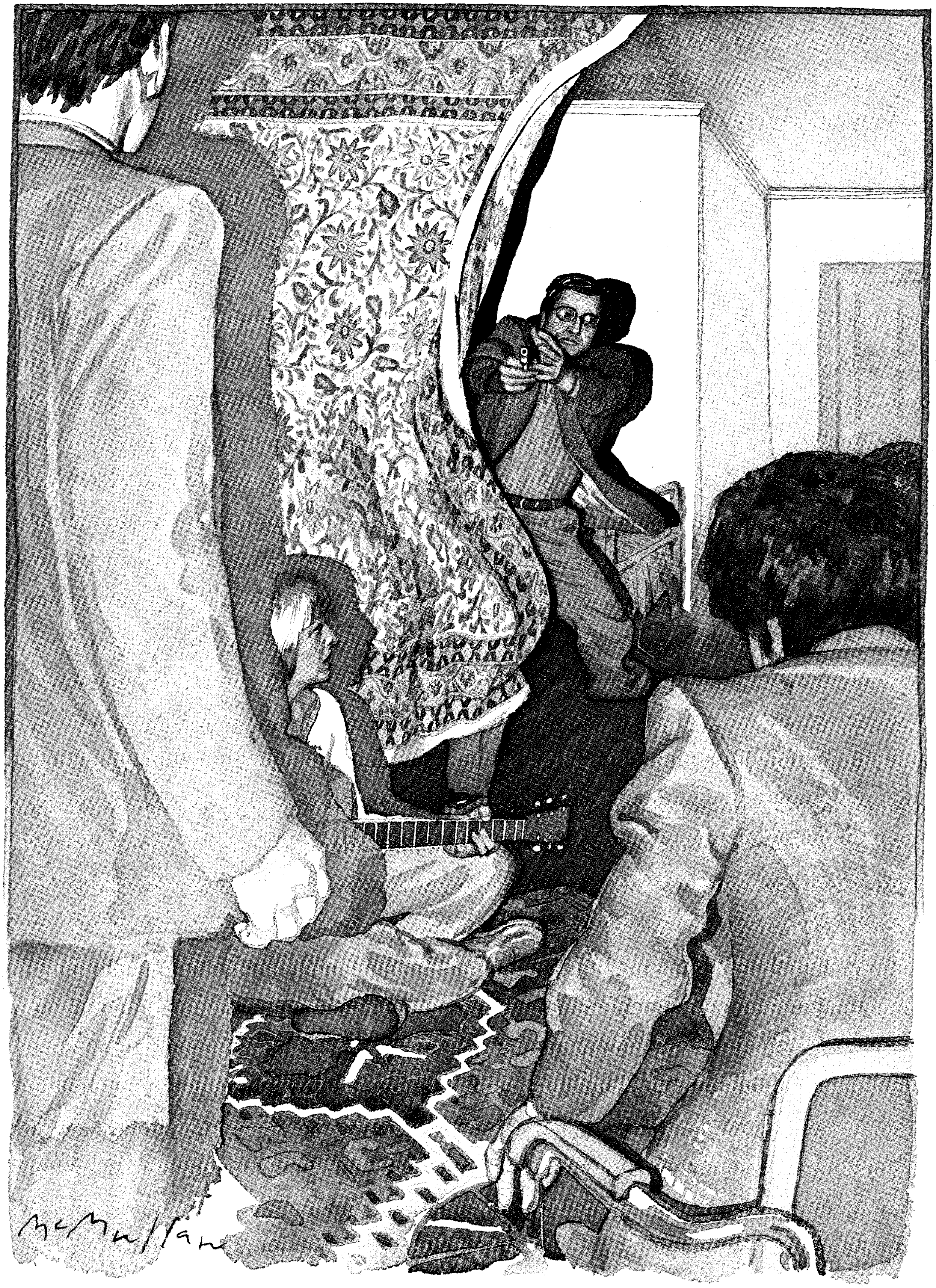
"He spoke to everybody as if this was his flat. Nancy seemed very taken with him. She said that he was Peruvian and that he worked for some international company as a commercial correspondent traveling a lot and making a great deal of money.

"I remember Nancy telling me that Carlos didn't speak French but spoke very good English, and he, just to show that he did, said something to me in English." (Either Carlos was more comfortable in languages in which he was fluent or he wanted to eavesdrop on people, because he speaks fluent Spanish, English, and Russian and passable French, Arabic, and German.)

"There was also the problem of Maria Teresa Lara, who fell for Carlos," continued Angela. "I came in there one day, and the two women weren't speaking to each other, and it was because of Carlos. Nancy explained to me that when you have a bed on either side of a curtain, it's awkward. But this didn't seem to bother Carlos.

London assault: *A butler leads a hooded Carlos into the home of J. Edward Sieff in December, 1973, where the terrorist shoots the British Zionist from a distance of four feet. Miraculously, Sieff survives.*




McMullan

"...He went on to tell about Charles de Gaulle Airport: 'All you have to do is shoot the guards and run like hell down the tunnel'..."

"The last time I saw Nancy with Carlos was on the afternoon of June 27, 1975, just a few hours before the murders," Angela said. "I was at the post office, waiting for a call to be put through to my mother in London, when he came and sat beside me.

"He said, 'Oh, what a nuisance. I can't get England on the phone.' He was trying to get it direct himself. Nancy was leaving for Venezuela that evening, going home for the summer holiday, and she had gone to the Sorbonne to arrange for her fall classes.

"He said he didn't like the university, that being a student was a waste of time, that it annoyed and bored him, and that he didn't like that kind of scene. I sat there on this bench in front of the telephone booth, and I didn't have anything to say to him. I saw his reflection in the glass, and I wondered what Nancy saw in him.

"Then I took my call, and when I finished, Nancy was back from the Sorbonne. She was completely demoralized. Her face was chalk-white and she looked awful. I wanted to say something, but Carlos was right there, and I disliked him even more then. His attitude toward her was so superior. Later, when I learned the kind of man he was, I wondered if Nancy had found out about him. Perhaps that was why she was so downhearted.

"At one point he pinched her cheek and said, 'Hey, Negrita, cheer up, everything is all right.' I didn't like that at all. It was very demeaning, and I was surprised she accepted that kind of treatment.

"She seemed to pull herself together then. She told me that she was leaving for Caracas that evening, and I said, 'Bon voyage, see you in September,' and she said, 'We're having a few drinks about five or six, and we'd love to have you come.' I thanked her and said I had to go home to look after my daughter. If I had gone I might not be here today."

There was more on Carlos's mind that day than a farewell party for a girl friend. There was the problem of Michel Moukarbel, a Lebanese courier whom Carlos hadn't heard from in seven days. He had called for Moukarbel at a safe house in London only to learn from Antonio Bouvier that the Lebanese had not passed through as scheduled.

Paris shoot-out: *Cornered on June 27, 1975, in a Left Bank apartment, Carlos whips out an automatic pistol and kills an informer and two unarmed French agents. A moment later he vanishes into the Paris night.*

Carlos first became aware of a problem when he met with Moukarbel on June 13 at a prearranged rendezvous near the Seine. Moukarbel was carrying coded instructions from George Habash, the head of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, and 10,000 French francs, which he handed to Carlos in a sealed envelope. With their business concluded, Moukarbel gave him the bad news. Lebanese police, he said, picked him up in Beirut on June 9 and interrogated him for 24 hours. They roughed him up some, but he swore he told the police nothing but lies. A foreigner, who Moukarbel suspected was a CIA agent, had quietly sat through the interrogation.

Carlos was furious. Why had Moukarbel kept his rendezvous with him? Didn't he realize that the CIA and the Lebanese police collaborated with the Israelis and the French Direction de la Surveillance du Territoire (DST), who were probably watching him at this very moment in the hope that he would lead them to other members of the group? Moukarbel must cut all contacts and lead the police on a wild-goose chase for one week. Then he should fly to London, where he would receive further instructions from Bouvier.

Assuming that he was himself under surveillance, Carlos returned to 9, rue Toullier by a circuitous route that involved the Métro, taxis, and buses that no surveillance could follow. But there was something Moukarbel had not had the heart to tell Carlos: Lebanese police had confiscated a notebook with code names and code addresses.

Once they had allowed the "bird" to fly to Paris, the DST—alerted by the Lebanese government—monitored Moukarbel's telephone conversations with Beirut, during which the name of Carlos came up several times. This was the first time French intelligence became aware of the man who has since become the world's foremost terrorist. Upon Moukarbel's arrival at Charles de Gaulle Airport, a surveillance detail followed him to the banks of the Seine and took pictures of both men and of the envelope being exchanged. They lost Carlos in the Métro, and surveillance of Moukarbel proved extremely difficult. He seemed to run around Paris without rhyme or reason.

On June 20, 1975, the communications center of the French secret service sent a coded message to all police agencies and services of West European countries. The topic: counterintelligence. The subject: Moukarbel, Michel, Wahab. Born June 13, 1941, in Askele. Lebanese citizen, decorator, living in Beirut. Works in the service of the PFLP. His mission: to establish preoperative relationships with people who will undertake terrorist activities at the request of the PFLP.

Moukarbel, the report said, had left Paris on a flight to London. The danger existed that he would travel via the British airport into another country and elude surveillance. British police acted at once. They arrested Moukarbel during the passport check at Heathrow and deported him to France on the next flight out. This time the DST awaited him in an official capacity.

At five o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, June 22, the DST began its interrogation. The agent in charge of the investigation was Commissaire Principal Jean Herranz. Assisting him were Raymond Dous and Jean Donatini. At first Moukarbel refused to answer any questions.

On June 24, surveillance of an address found on Moukarbel paid off. When Wilfrid Boese, a member of the Baader-Meinhof gang, knocked at the door of Moukarbel's Latin Quarter flat, he was greeted by armed DST agents, who immediately took him to Herranz at the Ministry of the Interior. Boese first identified himself as Axel Klaudius, resident of Winnenden, near Stuttgart. When the passport was exposed as a forgery, Boese decided to tell a part of what he knew.

The man who gave him the passport, he said, had appeared at his Frankfurt apartment one day without notification. All Boese knew about him was that he called himself Carlos and that he was a South American. The stranger presented his "plans" in a few words: He was concerned about Spain. That country was a "powder keg." Boese was to travel to Spain to collect information about the political situation, above all about arrests and trials in Madrid, Barcelona, and Seville.

Boese admitted he had met with this Carlos at the Café Hôtel de Ville just prior to going to Moukarbel's flat. At that meeting, Carlos had given him money and the false Klaudius passport. That, said Boese, was the full story.

After two days of interrogation Boese was delivered to West German authori-

Illustrated by James McMullan

"...Carlos favored the death penalty in certain circumstances. 'Men who kill for money, not for political reasons, deserve to die'..."

ties at Sarreguemines and later released on bail by an unsuspecting judge. An unfortunate mistake. A year later Boese would surface as a leader of the group that skyjacked an Air France jetliner to Entebbe, Uganda, and would be killed by the Israeli commandos.

Confronted with Boese's statement and with pictures taken of him with Carlos, it was Moukarbel's turn to waver. By now he was exhausted to the point of collapse. The interrogation had been going on for five days. So when Herranz finally promised Moukarbel exoneration in exchange for "co-operation and information," he agreed to take his captors to another Latin Quarter apartment where they might receive information on the whereabouts of this Carlos they seemed so interested in.

Herranz and his two assistants, Dous and Donatini, had absolutely no intention of arresting anyone or taking anyone into custody—even of a preventive type—when they climbed the winding iron staircase and crossed the little bridge to Nancy Sanchez's apartment. They had come for a little chat, to see what this Carlos had to say for himself. They felt they were still nibbling at the edges of a network. They came unarmed because they were in complete ignorance of the nature of the situation they were about to face.

The door and the drapes were closed, but they could hear music and singing coming from the flat. Concealing Moukarbel outside with Dous, Commissaire Principal Herranz knocked at the door several times before it was opened by Carlos, who was wearing tinted glasses and held a bottle in his hand. After Herranz and Donatini had identified themselves as police, they were invited inside and introduced to the three students there with Carlos.

Herranz accepted a drink, and the two men sat down at Carlos's invitation. Gradually, Herranz began questioning Carlos about his activities and relationships, and Carlos, sitting in Nancy's big chair, talked at great length about his business career. When Herranz brought up the name of Wilfrid Boese, Carlos blandly denied knowing him. After a half hour of pleasant but unproductive conversation, Herranz motioned to Donatini, who excused himself to fetch Moukarbel and Dous.

Carlos remained seated, but his eyes behind the tinted glasses hardened when Moukarbel came into the room. Moukarbel tried to say something in Arabic, but Herranz silenced him. Carlos looked directly at Moukarbel and denied knowing him. Herranz then played his trump, handing Carlos a photograph of the two men and asking for his passport. Carlos went behind the curtain to get it, and when he came out again, there was a 7.65mm. Russian automatic in his hand. Before anyone knew what was happening, he squeezed off five shots that instantly killed Moukarbel, Dous, and Donatini and critically wounded Herranz. All four men were on the floor as Carlos quickly stepped toward Moukarbel, leaned forward, and fired another bullet into his head. He straightened up, looked at the students, who were screaming hysterically, and then ran out the door. It had taken less than ten seconds. A neighbor saw Carlos dash across the bridge and take the stairs four at a time. A moment later he had vanished into the Paris night.

The next morning, Saturday, while the police were combing Paris for Carlos, Angela Armstrong, unaware of the commotion over Nancy's boyfriend, went to Les Invalides air terminal to buy her daughter a ticket to London.

"We were waiting in this line when I turned around and saw Carlos in the doorway," Angela recalled. "I called to him, and he very casually sauntered over and put his arm on my shoulder in a friendly way and walked me toward the exit. I said, 'This is my daughter, Nina.' He nodded and said, 'No problem.' I didn't understand, so I said, 'Oh, really.' I didn't know what to say. He said, 'I'm not from Peru. No, no, no—sorry, I'm not Peruvian.' I thought, well, that's strange. Then he said, 'Did you hear about me in the news?' I told him I didn't know what news he was talking about, and then he started speaking Spanish very fast, and I said, 'Look, it's no good. I can't understand you. It's too fast.' He nodded again and said, 'I've killed three men. It's not my habit to kill, but that dirty Arab betrayed me. I kill all who betray me.'

"I was dumbfounded. I couldn't say anything. 'Oh, listen,' he said. 'Write to Nancy and tell her to stay in Venezuela.' In the same breath he mentioned something about three students having witnessed the shooting, naming them, and said, 'No problem, they're okay. Now I'm off to the Middle East.' His last words were about having to redo papers and what a nuisance it was. He said good-bye and sauntered out." ▬

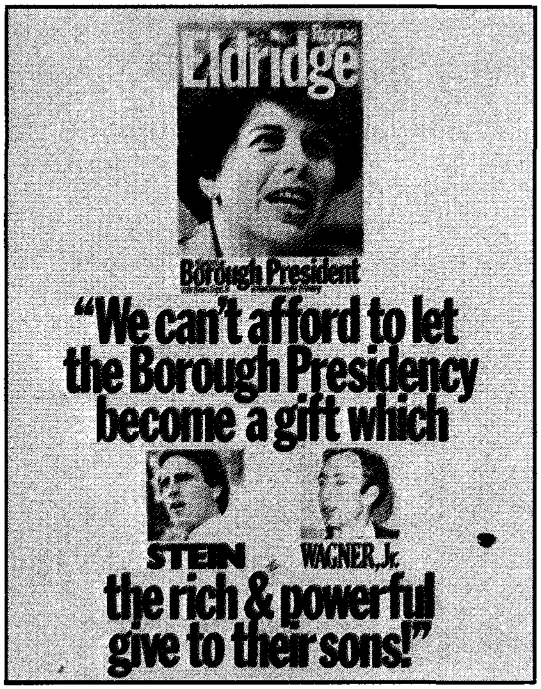
Atomic Blackmail: The Ultimate Terrorism

Does Carlos have the bomb? After years of controversy between maverick scientists and the AEC, it is now the conclusion of most nuclear experts that, given a sufficient amount of special nuclear material, terrorists could make a simple, but devastating, atomic device. West German authorities have already documented one contact made by a terrorist associate of Carlos's, Hans-Joachim Klein, with a brilliant, left-wing nuclear physicist.

International terrorists, of course, wouldn't have to build a bomb; they could buy one. The Japanese Red Army scored $6 million in ransom last month from the Japanese government after skyjacking a JAL airliner. And there are reports that Colonel Muammar el-Qaddafi of Libya is offering a lavish bounty to any terrorist who delivers a nuclear weapon to him. Carlos often uses Tripoli, Qaddafi's capital, as a stop-off point. When he's there—usually following one of his terrorist escapades—he occupies a villa protected by Libyan security forces.

Both nuclear-fuel and nuclear-weapon stockpiles are vulnerable to raids by dedicated and disciplined groups. Impatient, unskilled, or lazy terrorists could decide to bypass the civilian safeguard systems and go directly to the military for their weapons. Why construct a crude bomb when the government has such sophisticated bombs scattered at home, at sea, in Europe, and in Asia?

City officials in New York could do very little in the face of nuclear terrorism. Police bomb-squad members have rarely had to deal with a scare that required the evacuation of more than one building. The police would need to call in the FBI and the army to help establish the terrorists' credibility. An evacuation plan for the city does exist, one police official concedes, but it would take days, if not weeks, to implement. Added to the complex task of moving New York's 8 million residents is the problem of protecting a deserted city from looters while we sweat out the negotiations. **—O. D.**


Eldridge
Borough President
"We can't afford to let the Borough Presidency become a gift which
STEIN
WAGNER, Jr.
the rich & powerful give to their sons!"

Daddy's war bucks: *There were two other candidates in the race for borough president—but their fathers lacked a little something.*

Son of Bob vs. Son of Jerry

By Michael Kramer

> "...Neither Bobby Wagner nor Andy Stein would be in this race if his father wasn't wealthy, powerful, pushy, and ambitious..."

The year was 1949 and Frank Costello was worried. A lifetime in the rackets had left him wealthy and powerful. He was top boss in the New York Mafia. He had a penthouse in Manhattan, an estate in Sands Point, and an uninterrupted positive cash flow from his gambling interests in Louisiana and Nevada.

Costello's main worry was his close friend Bill O'Dwyer, mayor of the city of New York. Bill O's prospects for reelection were dim—precisely because he was a close friend of Frank Costello's. Too close.

The obvious solution was divorce—or at least its appearance. So Bill O set out to attack the mob's influence in his own administration. First to fall was the most visible symbol of mob power in the city's politics—Tammany boss Hugo Rogers, who also served as Manhattan borough president. Ever the faithful soldier, Rogers went gracefully enough, his only legacy a wonderful mixed metaphor: "I have been a sacrificial lamb in a game of political chess."

To replace Rogers as Tammany chief, O'Dwyer chose a bright young party underboss named Carmine DeSapio.

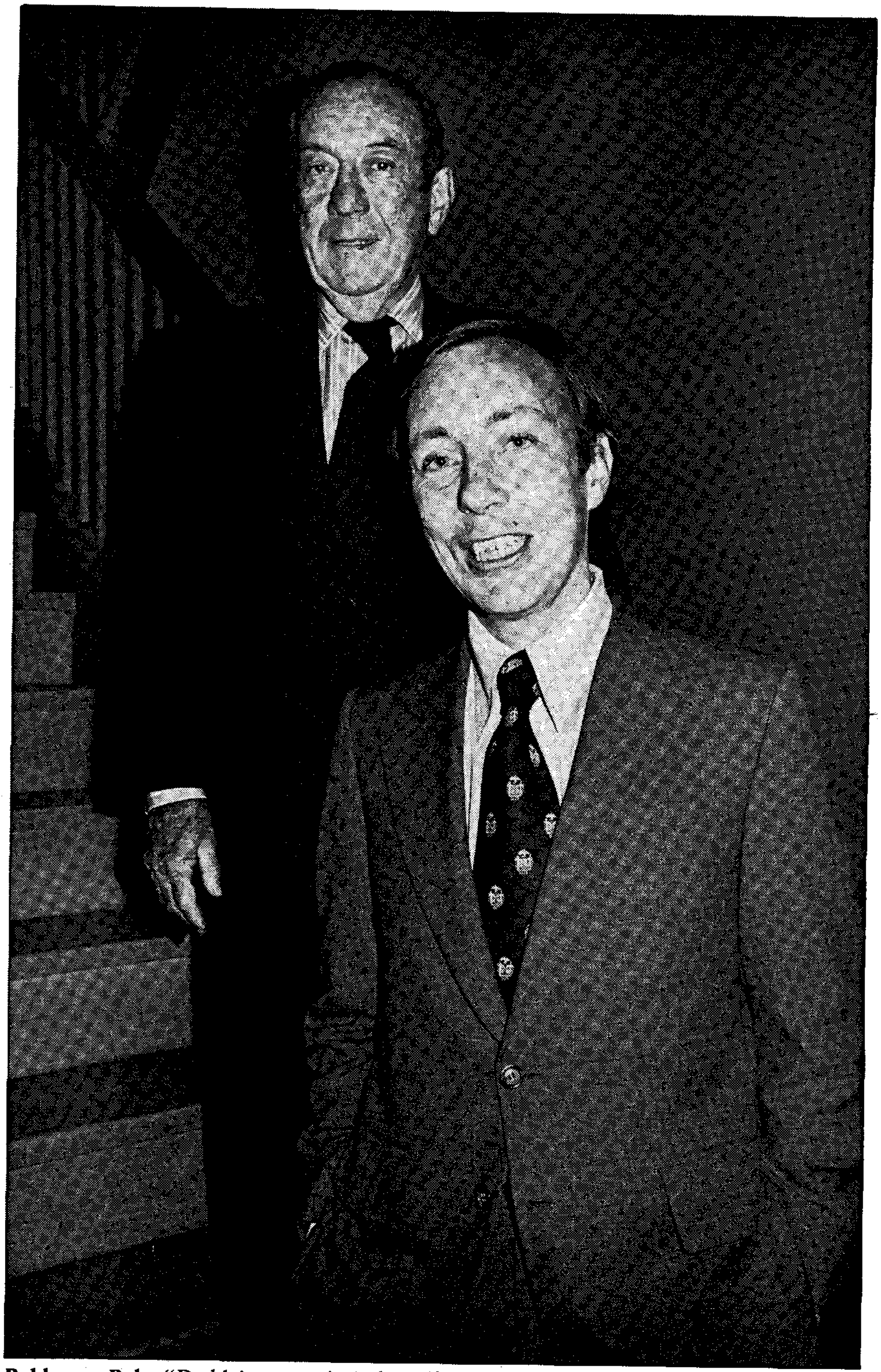
To replace Rogers as borough president, DeSapio in turn cast about for the most respectable name available. Within days, the new boss had his first candidate, the son of the state's distinguished U.S. Senator Robert F. Wagner. A quiet deal with the Liberal party was quickly fashioned, and Wagner, with two lines on the November ballot, was assured of victory. Four years later, he was mayor.

Wagner's selection as the Democratic candidate for Manhattan borough president in 1949 came as a blow to a young New York publisher who thought he had a real shot at the nomination before possession of a "name" became the principal qualification for candidacy. The man was Jerry Finkelstein, and Jerry Finkelstein has waited 27 years for revenge. He may get it November 8. For, today, Jerry Finkelstein's son, Andy Stein, is running against Bobby Wagner Jr.—the son of the man who edged out Jerry back in 1949.

What we have here is a first-class family feud. For the record, the fathers are now fast friends. Off the record, behind the scenes, Jerry Finkelstein reminds anyone who'll listen that Mayor Wagner isn't all that clean, that a federal judge once blasted Wagner and some of his associates for their participation in a real-estate stock deal. Said the judge: "I can assure you . . . they all had their feet in the gravy." The mayor—everyone calls him that except Bobby, who calls him "Daddy"—is more reserved. For an indication of how he really feels about Jerry Finkelstein, one must recall the mayor's comment when Jerry was appointed to the Port Authority by Nelson Rockefeller in 1972. Said the mayor to a breakfast companion: "If I were Nelson Rockefeller, I'd count the bridges and tunnels each morning when I woke up to make sure they were all still there."

Reserved about Jerry or not, Wagner is anything but reserved in his attempts to corral support for Bobby. When the mayor tried to get Teamsters support for his son, he was rebuffed by union chief Barry Feinstein, who said, "Your son is no friend of public employees." Said Wagner, in a less than veiled threat, "I'm not without influence, and I'll remember this." (Wagner denies it.)

As far as the sons are concerned, the fundamental fact is simple: Neither Bobby Wagner nor Andy Stein would be in this race, or even in politics at all, if his father wasn't wealthy, powerful, pushy, and as ambitious for his son as Joe Kennedy was for his. Bobby, shy and retiring, would probably be a professor at a small midwestern college, and plastic Andy, wearing enough gold jewelry to require bodyguards, would probably be hawking garments on Seventh Avenue.



Bobby on Bob: *"Daddy's great, isn't he? If I were half the man my father is..."*

Photographed by James Hamilton

Bobby is frank enough to admit it. Andy, who has a hard time being frank about anything except his longtime ambition to be president of the United States, will only say that Jerry, as he calls his father in public, or Lupo (Italian for "wolf"), as he calls him in private, is a "pain in the ass." "Listen," said Andrew Stein in a recent interview, "you've been finding out about my father. You must know what I went through growing up as his son. You know what I had to overcome. But now I'm the number-one politician in the family. Now he's my father; I'm not his son . . . Jerry raises the money for my campaigns. Then I have to fight like hell to keep him away."

"It kills Andy," says one of his closest friends, "but he still takes money from Jerry because he needs it. Yet every time he gets anything from Jerry, I think he just hates him that much more."

Jerry Finkelstein is a promoter. He reminds you of that old George Lois ad for Braniff Airlines: "When you've got it, flaunt it." Jerry's got it: His estimated net worth is $25 million. And Jerry flaunts it: a spectacular Park Avenue triplex where the art and furniture in the living room alone have been appraised at $980,000; a Southampton "cottage" that rivals any in Newport; and, of course, an unlimited campaign war chest for his son.

Most of Jerry's *money* comes from his manufacturing conglomerate, Struthers Wells Corporation. Jerry promotes the company by peddling get-rich-quick gimmicks, like the magic hair grower Jerry said Struthers Wells was developing in Mexico. Only a matter of time, according to Jerry, before the Food and Drug Administration will permit marketing it here. "I'm telling you," says

Andy on Jerry: *"He raises the money. Then I have to fight like hell to keep him away."*

Jerry, it really works." Why, then, is Jerry still bald? "Well," says Jerry, "it works and it doesn't work."

Most of Jerry's *power* comes from his two publishing ventures: the *Civil Service Leader,* which each week reaches 229,000 civil servants (a politician's dream audience), and the New York *Law Journal,* the official reporter of legal news and the best showcase for a judge's brilliance outside the courtroom. "I've been with Jerry when he's gotten calls from judges begging to have their opinions printed on the front page," says Jimmy Breslin. "It's like a fight manager calling *Ring* magazine and asking them to write up his boy of the month. And because the judges will then be into Jerry for a favor, none of the lawyers wants to offend him either. He has it made."

Still, politics is Jerry Finkelstein's passion, and self-promotion his strongest suit. Patiently, methodically, he has carved out a unique role for himself —and an image for his son. Jerry Finkelstein is every man's middleman.

Often, in politics, when two public figures need to make a deal, a third party acts as an intermediary. No one is better at it than Jerry Finkelstein. "I'm a conciliator," he says. "I bring people together—Republicans and Democrats, regulars and reformers—for the common good, because I'm not identified with any one group or faction." Another way of putting it is that Jerry Finkelstein lacks a cohesive ideology. For years, he was one of the few people in New York who was friendly with both Lyndon Johnson and Bobby Kennedy at the same time.

As he perfects his middleman role, Finkelstein's courtship of politicians is unabashed. Just ask John Lindsay. When Lindsay first met Finkelstein at a party at Jerry's palatial pad, he complimented Finkelstein on the beautiful place. By ten the next morning, Lindsay had received an engraved sterling-silver key to the apartment with an invitation to use it anytime he wished.

When Jerry's assiduous courtships fail to produce the desired results, he is not above a bit of fakery. One reporter remembers being on the phone with Jerry one day when he was suddenly put on hold. Five minutes later, Finkelstein was back on the line with an apology: "That was Governor Carey calling to get my advice on something." The reporter was suspicious. He checked with Carey's office and was told that the governor had not spoken to Finkelstein that day.

Nothing in his repertoire rivals Jerry's "friendship" with Nelson Rockefeller. Actually, there was a time when the governor did use Jerry as a middleman—in 1971, when Rocky needed Democratic votes for his tax package. "It was a marriage of convenience," says Rockefeller. "Nothing more." But Jerry had plenty more in mind. Rockefeller soon discovered that Jerry wasn't all that easy to shake. By 1973, there were often two people in the lobby of Rockefeller's Manhattan apartment building waiting for the governor to come down for the short ride to work. One was the doorman. The other was Jerry Finkelstein. "That's how he'd get to me in those days," says Rockefeller. And that's how Jerry Finkelstein was able to begin conversations with his luncheon companions at "21" by saying: "As I was telling the governor this morning . . ."

While Jerry's personal stock was on the rise, Andy's career in the State Assembly was going nowhere fast. Andy had gotten there in the first place by dint of a $300,000 campaign fund, raised by his father. That and a few tricks. Since he had just graduated from college (it took him four universities to do it), Andy was a bit short on experience. "Elect Andrew Stein, recent college graduate" just wouldn't do. So Jerry went to work. First he made his son an instant vice-president of the *Law Journal,* then he hired a researcher to

"...Sometimes when Bobby didn't feel like campaigning, he would disappear. Now he has a 'body man' in constant attendance..."

co-write a series of articles with Andy, "State Finances and Taxes." "Vote for Andrew Stein, publisher and tax critic." It sounded a whole lot better.

But one problem remained. Andy hated Albany and he hated the work. Worse, like his father, he had no compelling ideology. One reporter saw a startling example of his vacillation. "In 1972, the legislature was considering the reinstatement of the death penalty. Besides the obvious problems of personal conscience, each member's relationship with his constituency hung in the balance. Andy literally ran back and forth across the Assembly chamber, grabbing the sleeves of his colleagues, seeking advice, more worried about the politics than the problems of conscience."

It was obvious to anyone that Andy was floundering in Albany. The White House seemed farther away than ever. So Andy's father asked Nelson Rockefeller for one more favor—a forum from which Andy could generate some headlines. Nelson extracted a favor in return (Andy's vote for a Rockefeller bill), and the deal was done. And that's how Andy Stein came to head the Temporary State Commission on Living Costs and the Economy.

Miraculously, it worked. Andy's commission was his finest hour. His nursing-home investigations exposed a pattern of payoffs and political protection that had for years exploited our society's most defenseless citizens. In the process, and to his credit, Andy went after one of his father's closest friends, Assembly Speaker Stanley Steingut. Andy accused Steingut of having asked him to "lay off" nursing-home czar Bernard Bergman, a charge Steingut emotionally denied. But Andy kept on shouting, attacking Steingut with such vehemence that he seemed to be trying to jab at his father as well—a thesis Andy doesn't dismiss when he says that "there may be something to that in terms of how I reacted subconsciously."

Another heavyweight Andy attacked during the nursing-home probe was none other than Bobby Wagner's father, the mayor. Andy charged that Wagner had failed to follow up allegations of nursing-home corruption made in 1960. A special commission headed by Judge Louis Kaplan, then the city's commissioner of investigation, had spent a year uncovering some of the same abuses Andy would find fifteen years later. Andy charged that the mayor hadn't turned over the Kaplan report to District Attorney Frank Hogan for prosecution. Wagner cried foul, and the Moreland Commission (a blue-ribbon panel set up in 1975 by Hugh Carey to clean up the nursing-home industry) backed him up. The Moreland Commission said the mayor had turned over the report after all.

Which is something Andy just doesn't buy. In fact, Andy believes that Hugh Carey established the Moreland Commission in the first place just to take the limelight away from Andy's own work. Besides, says Andy, the Moreland Commission was an "old boy" network incapable of uncovering anything.

Andy reserves special contempt for Morris Abram, the commission's chairman and one of New York's most respected lawyers. "If Morris Abram, instead of me, had been in charge of investigating nursing homes from the start," says Andy, "it would have been bullshit. None of the political leaders would have been attacked; there wouldn't have been a special prosecutor; there wouldn't have been an atmosphere for reform; there wouldn't have been any bills in the Assembly. It would have been a whitewash with Abram and there wouldn't have been any headlines."

"That's the problem," says Morris Abram, who's too diplomatic to say anything else. "Stein was only interested in headlines, not in reform."

The other complaint about Andy's grandstanding during the nursing-home investigations concerns those very legislative bills for which Andy claims credit. It's difficult, if not impossible, to find anyone besides Andy willing to say that he was responsible for any of the legislation that followed the scandals—the important reforms calling for stiffer penalties for Medicaid fraud, nursing-home inspections, an office of an advocate for the aging, and, above all, a law permitting nursing-home residents to sue on their behalf as a class. This last, claim Andy's critics, is a classic example of his failure as a lawmaker. One specific incident makes their case.

In 1976, Andy announced that he was filing a class-action suit against the federal government on behalf of nursing-home residents. Andy made his announcement before a throng of reporters while standing on the steps of the federal courthouse in lower Manhattan. Problem was, the suit was without merit—and was eventually thrown out of court—because there was yet to be a law on the books that permitted class actions in the kind of case Andy was filing. Later on, when just such a law was finally passed, Andy was nowhere to be found—he never reintroduced his suit.

Whatever the love-hate relationship Andy has with his father, he did lay off Jerry's other close friend, Nelson Rockefeller. When a commission colleague, Assemblyman Alan Hevesi, called a press conference to complain that Andy was avoiding a probe of the governor's own ties to the nursing-home industry, Andy fumed. "I'm going to wreck you," he screamed at Hevesi. "You're a young guy who had a good career, and you've wrecked it."

Finally, Andy was forced to blast the incompetence of Rockefeller's own health department, labeling the governor "ultimately responsible." Today, in retrospect, Andy concedes that he could have been tougher on the governor, who appointed his commission. Nevertheless, Andy is still so high on his own performance during the nursing-home investigations that he says confidently, "Nothing you can write on this can hurt me."

Even Bobby Wagner grudgingly admits that Andy Stein did a good job with the nursing-home investigations. But that's as far as he'll go. "Andy's a hit-and-run artist," says Bobby, echoing a *Daily News* editorial opposing Andy's candidacy. "He's a no-show assemblyman who seems to be running to be Geraldo Rivera."

And that's about as excited and witty as Bobby Wagner ever gets. A slight, sad-faced young man with see-through blue eyes, Bobby Wagner carries his name heavily. After all, how many other week-old infants receive congratulatory telegrams from the president of the United States, as Bobby did when Franklin Roosevelt wired his hope that baby Bobby would exhibit the same "dedication to public ideals" as had his grandfather and father? And how many other politicians, when sworn in, collect fifteen pennies from well-wishers to pay the clerk's fee because that's how grandfather did it?

"It's not a handicap," says Bobby Wagner of the name. "But you must think of your father's position and his feelings when considering making a political move." One wonders if Bobby has ever asked why?

Like his father, Bobby Wagner is invariably late, unfailingly polite, and

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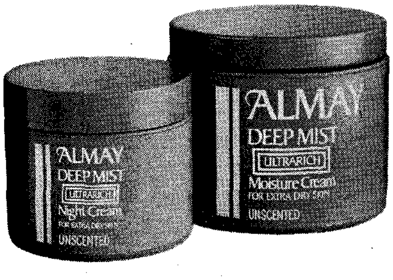

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"...'A cabal is out to get my son,' says Andy Stein's father. 'A cabal of Wagner, Steingut, Bergman, and their friends'..."

given to answering questions with gracious circumlocution. Unlike his father, Bobby Wagner couldn't be more ill at ease in his chosen profession. "The first time I ran for office," he says, "when I had to make fund-raising calls, I'd let the phone ring once and then hang up . . . I used to bring a book along to read between campaign stops, but it irritated my staff."

Still, Bobby's loss to Andy in the Democratic primary last September stunned both the candidate and his father. Bobby, they reasoned, had everything going for him: brains, money, a good record in the City Council, and, of course, the name. But Bobby lost. He lost because he was arrogant and he lost because he wasn't his father's son on the stump. He was like a fire hydrant. People had to be steered over to him. Sometimes, when he didn't feel like campaigning, he would simply disappear. Now a "body man" is in constant attendance. The "body man" picks Bobby up in the morning and drops him off at night, and in between he delivers him to where he's supposed to be—on time.

Like Andy Stein, but for different reasons, Bobby Wagner's secret weapon is his father. Where Finkelstein is invisible, Wagner is omnipresent. Everywhere the mayor goes, people smile and say, "Hiya, Mayor." When they see him they remember simpler times, the times when procrastination—a manner of governing Wagner Sr. raised to an art form—was just the right formula for a city where everything seemed possible.

Today, the mayor looks the way he has always looked in hindsight: the decent man who tried his best, and occasionally didn't succeed.

The mayor's secret weapon is the people's faulty memory. We forget his inaction, his vacillation, his eyes closed to the corruption about him. We forget, for example, what the City Club remembered in 1960, when it assessed his first two terms in office: "Scandals, involving theft, collusion in the sale of city-owned property, excessive rentals paid by the city to favorite real-estate concerns, relocation frauds and bill padding in connection with the maintenance and repair of city property, shook what used to be the Department of Real Estate." And we forget just how cozy the mayor was with the bosses until a contrived falling out suited his political purposes—just as it had suited Frank Costello and Bill O'Dwyer a decade before. About the only thing we do remember is Murray Kempton's summation: "Bob Wagner ran against his own record, and won."

So the mayor, color-blind and deaf in one ear, shares the platform with his son, a living reminder of the better days he never lets us forget. Only occasionally, as in Harlem one day last week, will someone wonder aloud who it is, after all, that's running for borough president, the father or the son. Usually, the mayor receives thunderous applause when he's introduced as "the son of an illustrious father and the father of an illustrious son." Thereafter, what he says really doesn't matter—some old-timer or former hanger-on can always be counted on to say: "The mayor's in rare form today. I can tell you that."

"Daddy's great, isn't he," says Bobby. "If I'm half the man my father is . . ."

So we have this campaign, not a race between Tweedledum and Tweedledumber (Wagner is really quite bright), but rather, as one *Daily News* reporter says, between Dopey and Sleepy. Few if any issues divide the candidates. Charges and countercharges have taken their place.

Andy seems incapable of answering even the simplest question without appending a charge to his reply.

Question: "Why are the newspapers and especially the *News* so opposed to your candidacy?"

Answer: "The newspapers are all part of the eastern establishment, and besides, the *News* is under a heavy contract from Hugh Carey."

Question: "Isn't it true that all your personal finances are handled by Struthers's accountant, Jerry Sussman, and that you sometimes use your father's company credit card?"

Answer: "Why isn't Bobby's father being injected into the campaign like mine is? Bobby isn't an orphan, you know. Okay, it's true, but Sussman works for me on his own time, for an hour on Fridays. Hey, look, I don't do anything the Kennedys don't do."

Ah, the Kennedy gambit, Andy's favorite ploy: When cornered, scream "Kennedy." During the course of one two-hour interview last week, Andy favorably compared himself to the Kennedys more than 30 times. The only question left is whether Jerry thought he was Joe Kennedy before or after Andy decided he was Jack. (Andy's father shares his son's paranoia as well as his dynastic delusions: "A cabal is out to get my son. A cabal of Wagner, Steingut, Bergman, and their friends.")

Even on those rare occasions when he can't use a countercharge as a crutch for an answer, Andy will continue to flail away. Last week, for example, he called a press conference to denounce "the eleven lies of Robert Wagner Jr." Heavy stuff, like "Bobby says I only beat him by one point in the primary. It was really two."

Meanwhile, Bobby's supporters—but, carefully, not Bobby himself—are whispering Andyisms. "Andy beats women, and he beats his father too. Andy's a deadbeat with a string of unpaid bills stretching from here to Albany."

(Whether propelled by cynicism or curiosity, reporters from the *Times*, the *News*, and *New York* have spent countless unsuccessful hours trying to confirm all this nonsense. No kidding. No results.)

Absurd? Of course. But still, they run. Andy and Bobby will each spend about $500,000 to occupy an office with an annual budget of about $1.8-million—a ridiculous ratio at first blush, but actually a good investment. Although the borough presidency is one of the most superfluous posts ever conceived by job-hungry politicians (it has nothing to do with city services or administration), it is a coveted political plum and a gadfly's delight. Forget the $45,000-a-year salary and the chauffeured limousine. If properly used, the beepship offers its occupant almost limitless exposure and a nice addition to his résumé on the way to higher office. And there's this bonus: Since no one expects you to do anything consequential with so inconsequential an office, losing a race for it sets your career back hardly at all.

"I'd like to be senator," says Bobby.

"I'd like to be president," says Andy.

These are two peculiar men. Given time, and some speech lessons, Andy could become a lowbrow Ted Kennedy. Bobby, on the other hand, remains an enigma. Unquestionably knowledgeable, he could blossom into a strong, effective leader. But his introspection could prove disastrous—and haven't we learned by now to be wary of politicians who disdain the process that gives them power? ■

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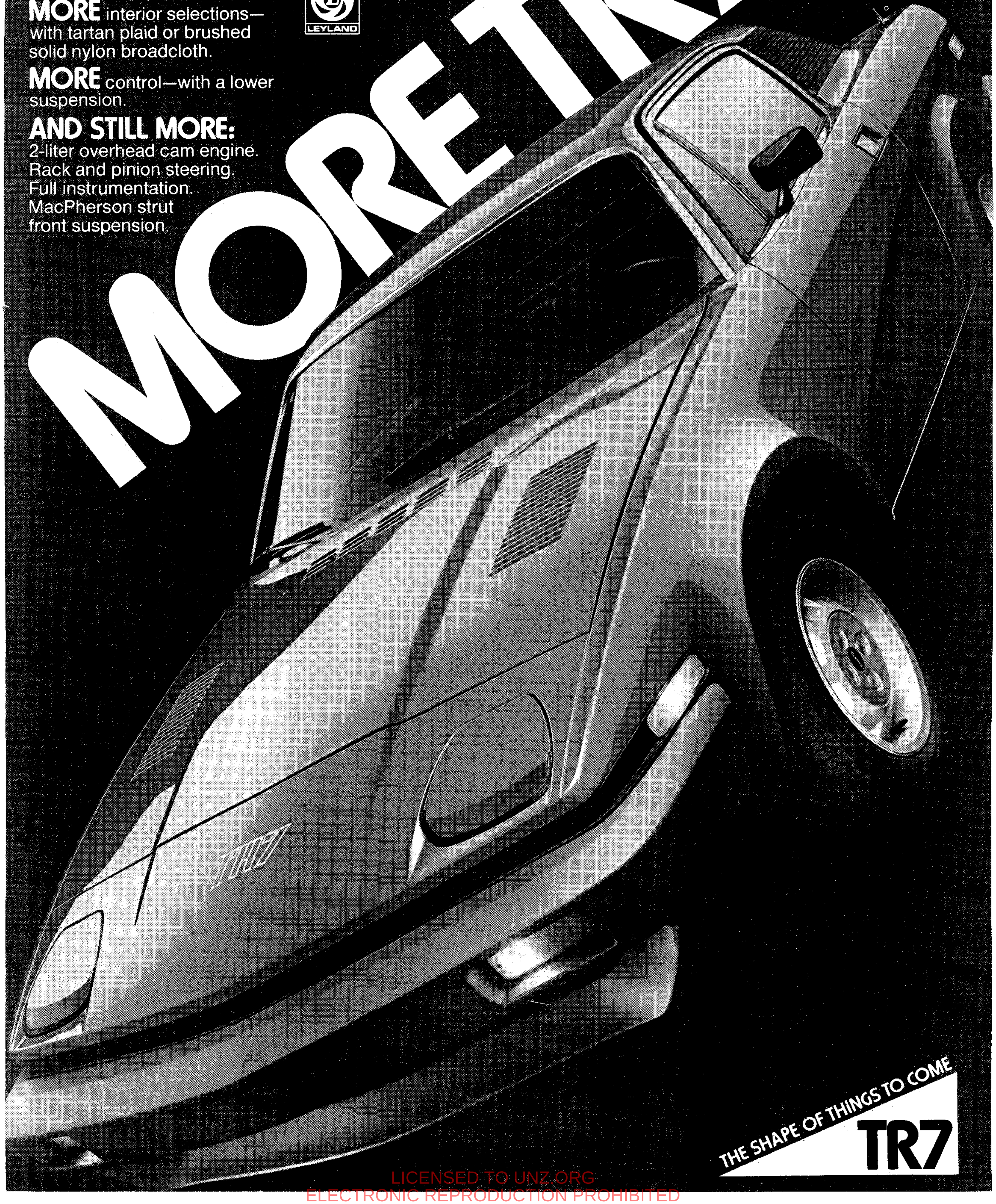


THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME
TR7

An Encounter With 'Close Encounters'

By William Flanagan

> "...I can understand Columbia's anxiety about *Close Encounters.* In my humble opinion, the picture will be a colossal flop..."

Sneaking into out-of-town movie theaters is not the way the press usually gets to see new films. But *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* is not your typical picture. The film, which is about UFO's, has cost Columbia Pictures and EMI, Ltd., an extraterrestrial $22 million to make, and the debt-ridden studio can ill afford for it to crash, especially since its expected success has already swollen the price of the stock.

When word of the movie's imminence first leaked out last spring, the company's stock was trading at about $8 per share. By September it had shot up to over $17, in anticipation of those juicy earnings that sci-fi-crazed moviegoers would create. "It's another *Star Wars,* only better," touted Wall Street. One highly respected analyst who has yet to see a frame of the film confidently predicts: "It's a winner. I estimate it will gross $120 million to $130 million."

Since Columbia's stock has already gone through the skies, *Close Encounters* had better be that big a box-office winner. "We'll keep a close eye on it for the first five weeks after it opens," says Charles M. ("for movies") Lewis, managing director of Balfour Securities Corporation and a veteran film-industry analyst. "If it doesn't do business, the stock will definitely bomb."

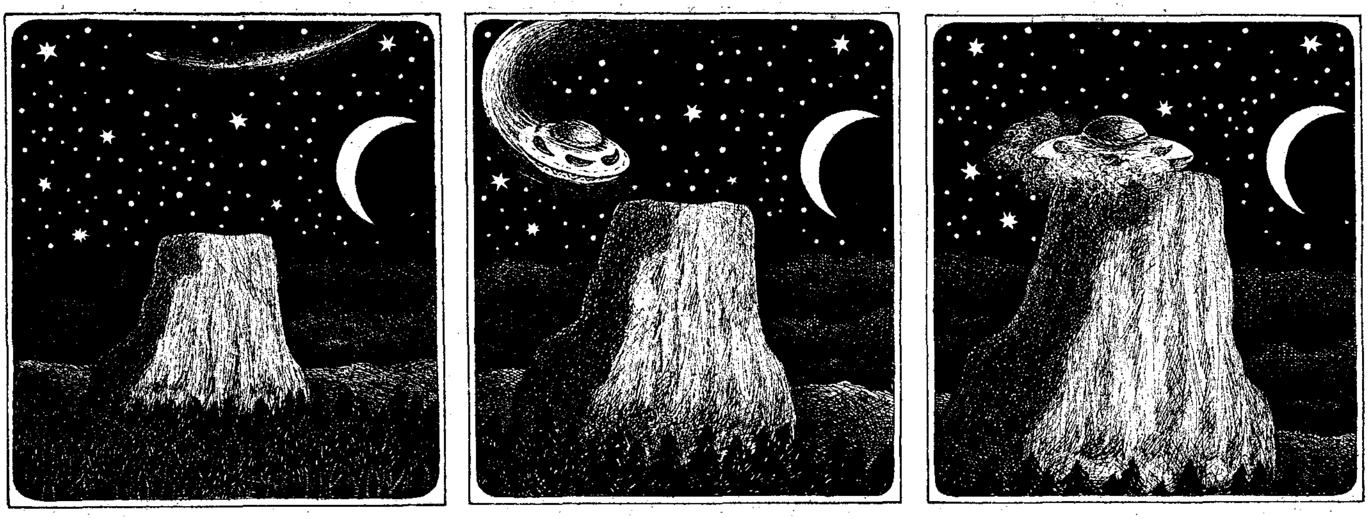
Understandably skittish about initial reactions to the film, which is scheduled for selective release around Thanksgiving, Columbia has taken some extraordinary steps to make sure it gets the best possible send-off. Special screenings for the press—including superjunkets to California for planeloads of reviewers—were scheduled, then canceled. Not even major exhibitors—the movie-house owners who have had to shell out the big bucks to show the film—have seen it yet. The press will only get to see it November 6. I can understand all the apprehension. In my humble opinion, the picture will be a colossal flop. It lacks the dazzle, charm, wit, imagination, and broad audience appeal of *Star Wars*—the film Wall Street insists it measure up to, despite author/director Steven Spielberg's artistic protestations.

Two weeks ago, I flew down to Dallas, and, after getting lost circling Texas Stadium for 30 minutes, finally found my way to the Medallion Shopping Center. The Medallion Theater, we'd learned, had been chosen to test audience reaction to the film. Preselected movie fans were invited, by phone, to view a "new" film free of charge and to fill out questionnaires in exchange. There was to be no press, of course. Those screenings, on October 19 and 20, were for potential consumers, not high-minded critics, or bargaining exhibitors, thank you.

Security was impressive—three armed guards at the door. Driver's licenses (with pictures) were the required identification, checked against the master list of invitees. The audience was overwhelmingly white, mostly in the 20-to-35 bracket, and, judging from those I spoke to, avid moviegoers.

After scouring the various lines for a while—invitees lined up alphabetically, A–G, H–L, etc.—I found someone who remotely resembled me, and asked him if he would like to make $25 by sitting in a bar across the street, instead of going to the movies. We swapped driver's licenses; I became Mr. Jones and got in the H–L line.

The film is, of course, about UFO's, and the time is now. It opens in a blinding sandstorm in the Sonoran desert, where a baffled group of scientists scurry around in the maelstrom inspecting several WW II fighter planes that have popped up suddenly in the desert. They are all in perfect working order, everything there except the pi-



Illustrated by Dirk Zimmer

lots. Thirty years after their sudden disappearance. Very strange, you see.

Next, we eavesdrop on a conversation between a flight controller in Indianapolis and the pilot of a TWA liner that is coming in for a landing. A strange object—very bright, moving very fast—is spotted by several pilots and tracked on the controller's scope. It's an encounter of the first kind—sighting! (Are you starting to get the picture?)

Next, to Muncie, where a small child awakens suddenly to find all his electric toys going wild. An eerie light lures the child outside and he wanders away. Then the electric power fails all over the region. A utility crewman sent to repair a transmission line has an encounter of the second kind—physical evidence! His truck is shaken. Its electrical system goes haywire. The ground trembles. Mailboxes flap open and shut wildly. He drives off in panic, coming to a stop only after narrowly missing the child who had wandered off, the toddler's mother managing to rescue him in the nick of time.

Huddled together with a few other onlookers, they watch a trio of spaceships zip over the highway, inches above their heads, police in hot pursuit. Why are these space cars following the route of an Indiana back road? "They've got us on space vehicles, but we're years ahead on the roads," observes one onlooker. Laugh. (That is the funniest line in the movie, folks.)

That scientific team, meanwhile, is listening to messages from space, and figures out that there is a higher intelligence trying to set up a meeting somewhere.

The kid, his mother, and the ex-lineman (his company has canned him), who have all been in the presence of the whatever, are now all strung out on the symbol of a sawed-off pyramid. Aha, the plot thickens.

After a slapstick scene during which the crazed ex-lineman uproots his garden and destroys a neighbor's duck pen to get enough materials to make a huge sculpture of the trapezoid in his living room, he discovers, via a television news program, that the shape he is lusting for is remarkably similar to the shape of Devils Tower in Wyoming. Yes, folks, you guessed it. The encounter of the third kind—contact! Atop the rock tower, the scientific team has set up its meeting with the men, or things, from beyond. A phony story about a spill of nerve gas is fed to the locals to get them to clear out. That's about the most credible thing in the whole movie.

Finally, after eluding the army and clawing their way to the mountaintop, our hero ex-lineman and the little boy's mom get to watch the outer-space light show. And this is where the special-effects guys get to show their stuff. Until this point, the movie is a standard UFO-genre film of 1950s vintage. Anyone expecting *Star Wars*–type special effects after two hours of viewing time will be sorely disappointed. Enter the pyrotechnics.

I could almost hear the director talking to the special-effects team like a coach in the locker room at halftime: "Look, guys, this is it. The whole studio is counting on you. We didn't come this far to be turned back now."

Okay, let's set the stage. On our side —the human side—taking up a football field or so are computers, sound-detection devices, elaborate cameras, and other fairly conventional scientific hardware. The only zippy thing is what has to be the world's largest Moog, hooked up to a scoreboard-size light box. Hit middle C, you light up a big blue rectangle in the scoreboard, see?

Now it's their—the visitors'—turn. A couple of their smaller craft buzz the field a few times, and finally the big mother saucer descends—a psychedelic, floating superdome rimmed with multicolored light portals. The scientists ooh and aah and whip out their Instamatics.

There is Moog talk from our side. Stereophonic flatulence—with color—from theirs. After a lot of belching and Mooging, a staircase drops out of the blinding light from the belly of the ship, and creatures emerge. They look like *us!* Whoops, they *are* us. Remember those lost pilots from WW II? They stroll by like the stunned aviators in *The Purple Heart.* After them comes the kid—the one whose electric toys went crazy. Seems he managed to get himself kidspaced along the line.

Finally, *they* actually show themselves, all the time in blinding light. The creature in charge has a neck right out of a Modigliani print, eyes like a fawn, head like a muskmelon, skin like a prune. All the earthlings moon over him, er, Martian over it, him, er, or whatever. It gets attention.

A squadron of our troops—including our ex-lineman—don flashing red jumpsuits, sunglasses, and disappear into the ship. Why? We're not given a clue. (The visitors are wise enough not to leave any of their kind, however.)

Then the mother ship, looking like the chandelier in the lobby of the Waldorf, rockets off into space, to appropriate hymnlike music.

When the lights went on in the theater, the questionnaires were distributed. I especially liked two questions: "What was your reaction when the first creature came out of the ship?" (Mine was disappointment—I was ready to see some exotic-looking woman after two and a half hours of this.) The other: "Have you ever seen a UFO?"

Sitting as I was on the end of a row, I got to peruse a score or so of questionnaires before they were collected. Most rated the film as "very good" or "excellent." Ecstatic Columbia officials have been leaking the boffo results to gossip columnists all week.

Which leads me to conclude one of two things: When you give people free tickets to a movie, most of them are nice enough not to bitch. Or, Texans see a lot of UFO's.

R2-D2, where are you when we need you? ▬

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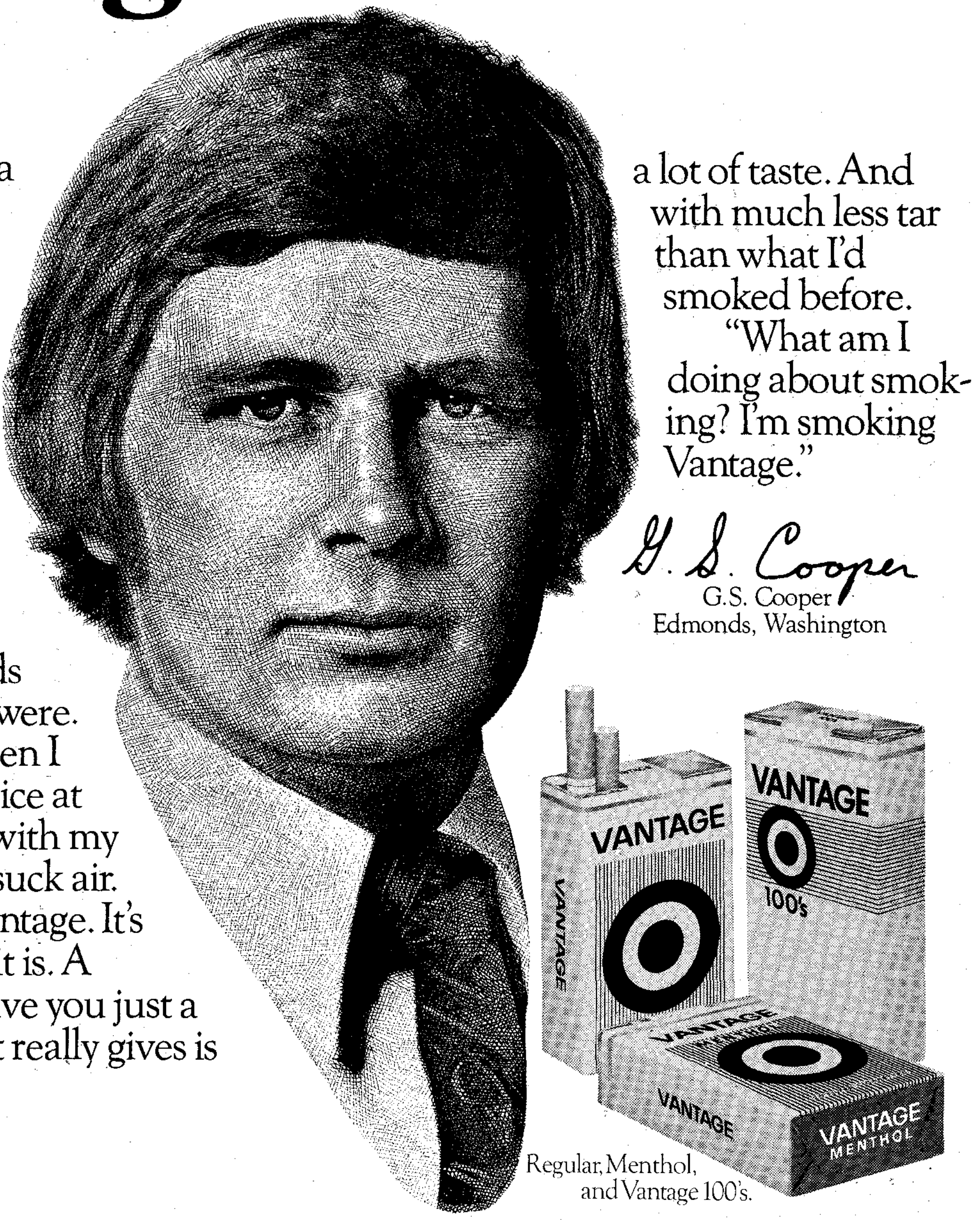
"Smoking. Here's what I'm doing about it."



"I like the taste of a good cigarette and I don't intend to settle for less. But like a lot of people I'm also aware of what's being said. And like a lot of people I began searching for a cigarette that could give me the taste I like with less tar.

"I thought there would be a lot of brands to choose from. There were. Until I tasted them. Then I knew there was no choice at all. I either had to stay with my high-tar cigarettes. Or suck air.

"Then I found Vantage. It's everything the ads say it is. A cigarette that doesn't give you just a lot of promises. What it really gives is a lot of taste. And with much less tar than what I'd smoked before.

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G. S. Cooper
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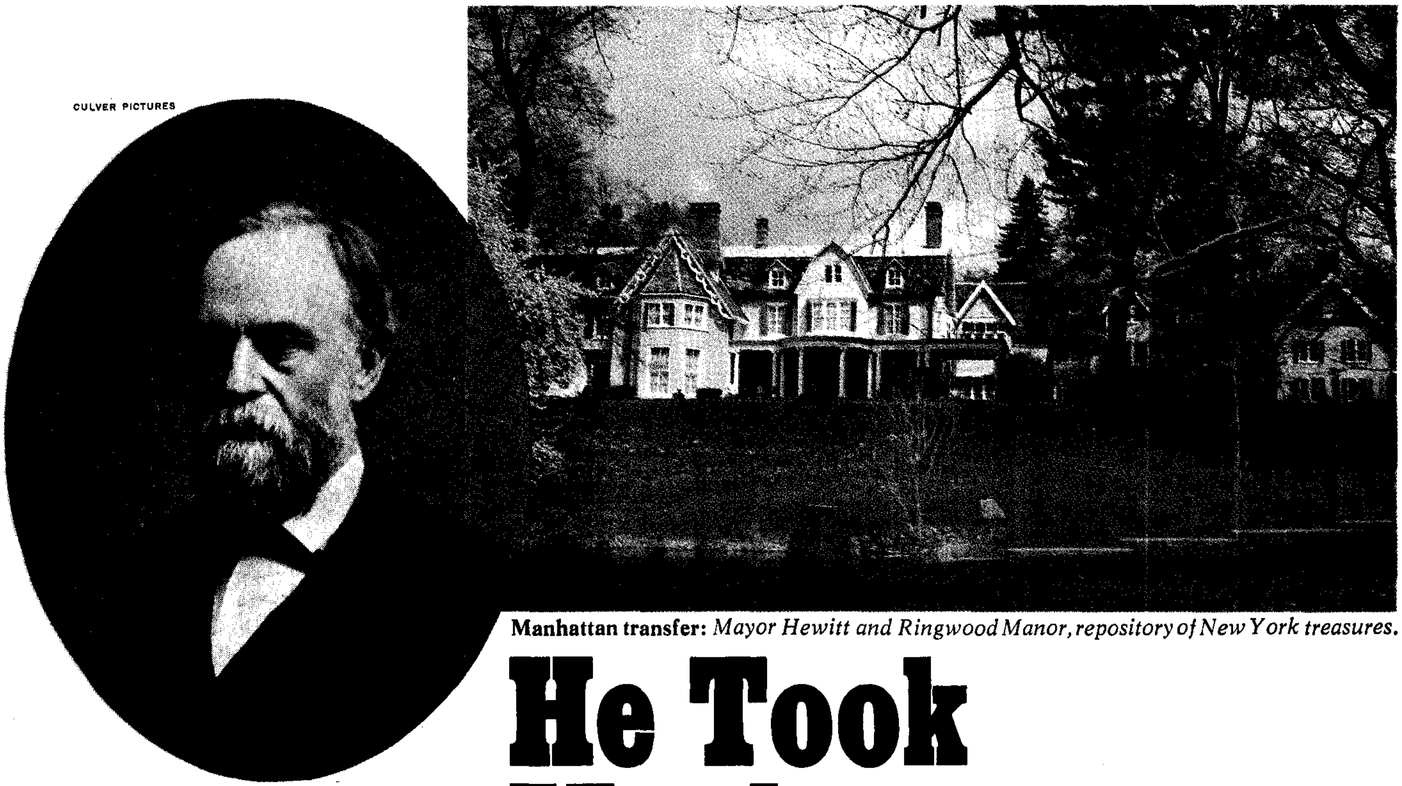

CULVER PICTURES

Manhattan transfer: *Mayor Hewitt and Ringwood Manor, repository of New York treasures.*

He Took Manhattan

By Ellen Stern

"... Abram S. Hewitt, mayor of New York from 1887 to 1888, ran off with some of our loveliest architectural ornaments ..."

There are a thousand ways New York can be raped and abused; we all have our favorites. No one's too small, too busy, or too blasé to hurl us an insult, scratch our subways, or loot our shops. But who would have guessed that a millionaire mayor of New York could have been such a louse?

Abram S. Hewitt, the Democrat who ran the city from 1887 to 1888, also ran off with some of its loveliest architectural ornaments; he simply removed nuggets of New York and spirited them off to his country place in New Jersey. And there they remain.

☐ The iron gates from Columbia College, which stood on Madison Avenue and 49th Street from 1857 to 1897.

☐ The iron gates from the Charles William Cooper house on 21st Street.

☐ The iron entrance gates (still affixed to their stone pillars) from the William Waldorf Astor mansion, on Fifth Avenue at 33rd Street.

☐ Twelve Ionic columns from the old New York Life Insurance Building on Broadway at Leonard Street.

☐ Two iron cartouches from Mrs. William Colford Schermerhorn's home on 23rd Street.

☐ Three lampposts which stood near the statue of King George III in Bowling Green.

☐ The seventeenth-century Adam-style gates from the English governor general's home at Bowling Green.

☐ Nine iron light fixtures (with modified-crown finials), also from the governor's home.

☐ Two iron ornaments from a home on Greenwich Street.

☐ Twelve iron torchères (still on their stone pedestals) from Colonnade Row on Lafayette Street.

Did Hewitt pay for these things—things long thought missing by most New York historians? Were they gifts? Bribes? From whom? Barbara Millstein is one who wants very much to know. And she wants them back.

"It's an issue that archivists, historians, and social economists have been bringing up for years," says this bright-eyed lady, full of salt and fury, who is an associate curator at the Brooklyn Museum and in charge of the superb sculpture garden, which displays pieces of buildings that have been destroyed in the five boroughs. She is a passionate New Yorker, married to Gilbert Millstein, who is another. They both write about New York; have been known to disrupt their own dinner parties over local historical controversies; collect New York books, lithographs, ephemera, and architectural ornaments—and, naturally, feel fervently that pieces of New York belong here.

"Municipal and state property should revert back to the city and state," she fairly shouts. "Why the hell should it sit at Ringwood Manor? As far as I'm concerned, this stuff isn't lost, it's just stowed there."

Ringwood Manor House, in Ringwood, New Jersey, was Dutch Colonial when it was built in 1765 by Peter Hasenclever, a German merchant who landed in New Jersey and developed five ironworks at once.

An assortment of ironmasters succeeded him—including Robert Erskine, who was more successful at drawing maps for the Continental army than at forging ahead. But George Washington was impressed, and on July 28, 1777, Erskine was appointed geographer to the Army of the United States.

Photographed by Mark Haven

"…'The guy liked good ironwork,' Millstein snarls. 'He took this from the *city streets*'…"

And then came Peter Cooper—rich from his New York glue factory, famous as the founder of the Cooper Union, and ironmaster nonpareil. In 1853, he bought the Ringwood Works for $100,000 and used the manor house for weekends. It was his daughter, Amelia, and son-in-law who took other buildings on the property and tacked them onto the main house. They added a sun parlor, a new roof, and an icing of white stucco. They had Stanford White design a porte cochere. And it was the son-in-law, Abram Hewitt, ironmaster and mayor (who was to set a precedent for mayoral sloth by staying bundled up in his Lexington Avenue home during the Blizzard of '88), who would succeed Cooper as country squire and embellish the place with New York plunder.

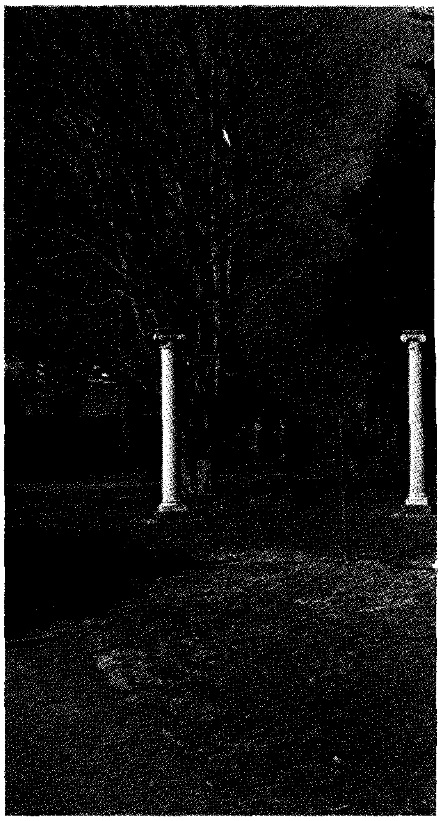
En route to this 64-room pastiche located in Ringwood State Park, Barbara Millstein relates her tale of discovery. "My Uncle Philip told me that he'd been there and seen—it was in four pieces, of course—a statue of 'Night' from the top of the old Penn Station. Apparently, 'Night' and 'Day' were *both* there. So I go see the curator, who tells me he got them after they'd been dumped in the Secaucus meadows. He doesn't know how the hell they got to the Secaucus meadows, but they did, and were found by a kid who was out butterflying—which requires belief I don't have. Then the pieces were hauled to Ringwood.

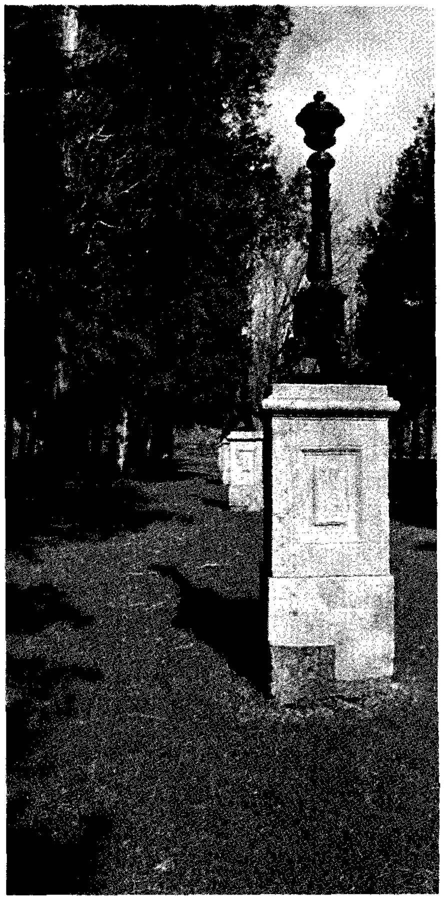
"I told the guy where they were from, and he was delighted. And then I started to look. As we walked around, my mouth fell open when it all dawned on me. This was Peter Cooper's property, Hewitt was his son-in-law, and when he left office he took this stuff from the *city streets*. I mean," she snarls, "what *excuse* could he have for taking the Columbia College gates? The guy liked good ironwork. But in the end, he was nothing but a demo thief."

We arrive and are met by one Elbertus Prol, an earnest chap of 33 who was born in Paterson, graduated from King's College in Briarcliff, and became curator of Ringwood Manor nine years ago. "I personally feel privileged to be working here," says Prol, sitting us down in the former butler's pantry. "I *love* Ringwood." He is, at present, working on a book about Robert Erskine, the landlord who was a mapmaker. And he is ferociously defensive of Abram Hewitt, the landlord who was a crook.

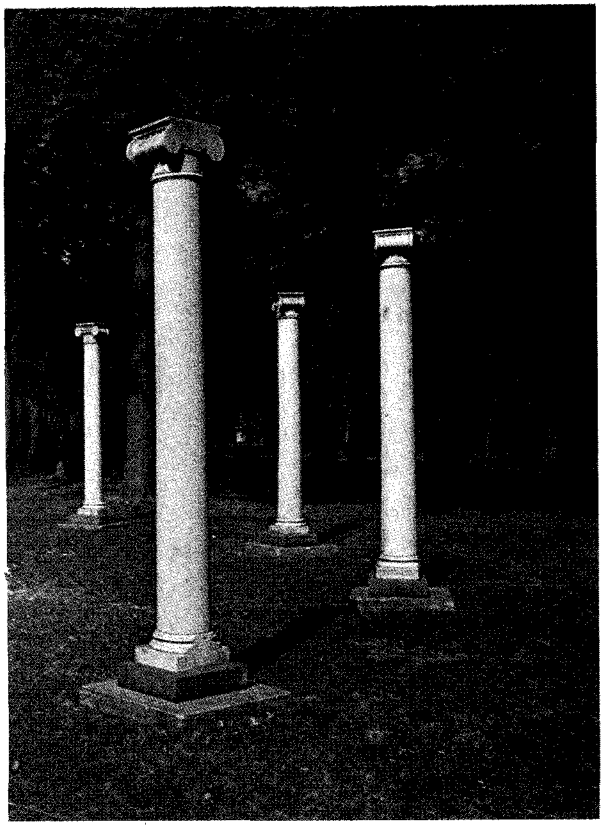
"I see something good in every personage at Ringwood," he says, firing the clichés like bullets. "Each ironmaster at Ringwood was worth his salt. You must realize that I'm looking at Ringwood with rose-colored glasses. I do know Hewitt was a shrewd businessman, foremost ironmaster in America during the nineteenth century, and last ironmaster to run Ringwood. Iron was his bread and butter, not his blood." Barbara Millstein looks with fascination at her shoes. Prol prattles on. "He had a keen regard for history. I have no evidence that he stole anything. I don't exactly know *how* he got it all. I conjecture that he bought it." Millstein glances casually at the walls that have been covered with thousands of pilfered subway tiles from the IRT station at City Hall. "Hewitt was tremendously honest," the defense continues. "He was straightforward. He had nothing to do with slouches. Tammany hated him because he was trying to clean up the city. The newspapers were down on him. They all bad-mouthed him. But I don't care." Prol closes his eyes; he is containing whatever flames roar within him. "At home, you're a different person."

All emotion aside, there is an important issue here. It is the issue of retrieval—retrieval of things sold as well as swiped. On July 28, Mayor Beame signed into law a bill establishing a new agency—the Department of Records and Information Services—to hold New York's historical records. It comprises the Municipal References Library, which serves city departments and has been serving the public at 23 Park Row, above a hamburger joint that's already had two fires. But while the new agency has the power of retrieval, it applies only to documents, not artifacts. Worse, according to New York statutes, is the fact that in order to retrieve any property—privately or publicly owned—an individual or the state must bring a lawsuit within three to twenty years of its removal. So when Elbertus Prol declares, "I'd be willing to let New York get those Pennsylvania Station statues back, but regarding the historic items—well, they were placed here to decorate the estate; maybe if we got back some Ringwood maps and some replacement columns, maybe we'd be able to let New York have a *couple* of things," he goes unchallenged. For now.


Ionic columns: *Six of the twelve remo*

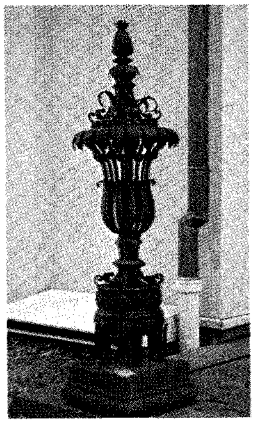

Torchère: *One of a dozen torn from Col*

The Loot

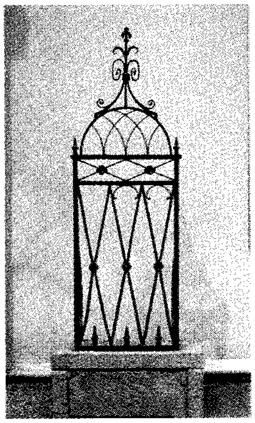


the old New York Life Insurance building on Broadway.

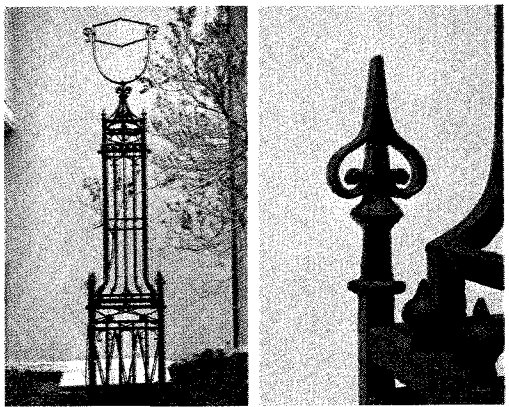
Row.



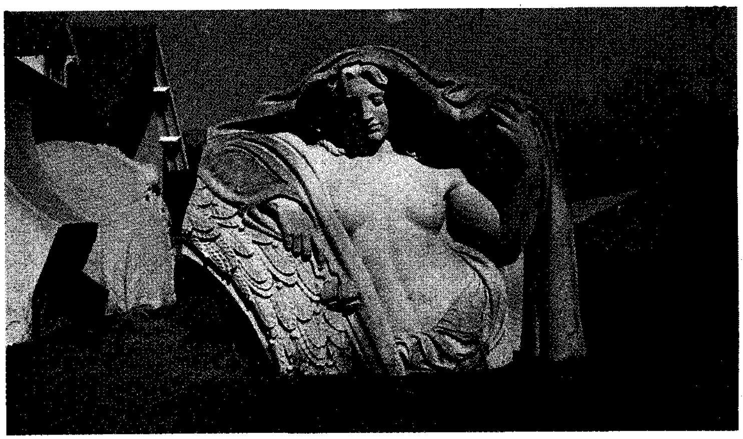
Ornament: *One of a pair from Greenwich Street.*



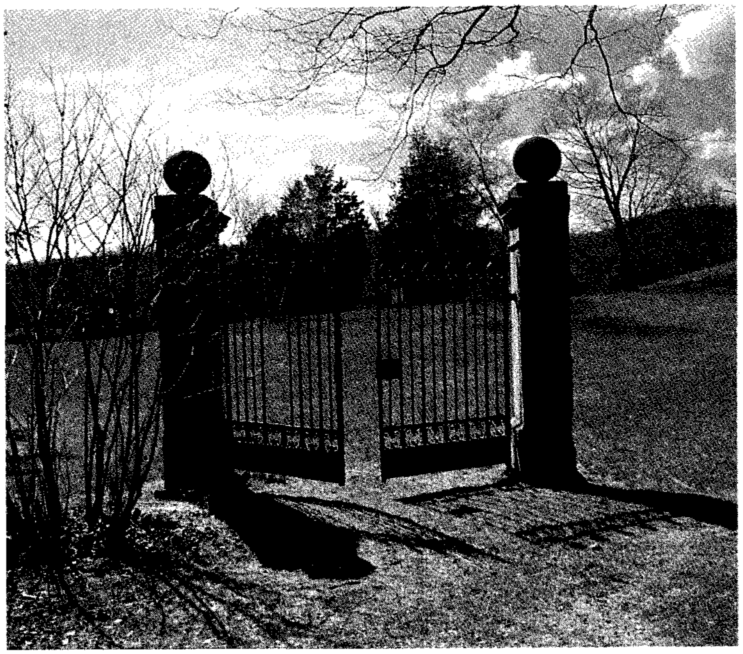
Governor's gate: *From his Bowling Green home.*



Lamppost (left) and detail (right): *It lit the statue of George III in Bowling Green 200 years ago.*



"Night": *A lost lady from Penn Station.*



Astor gates: *From Fifth and 33rd, where the Empire State is now.*

Columbia College gates: *From the pastoral Madison Avenue days.*

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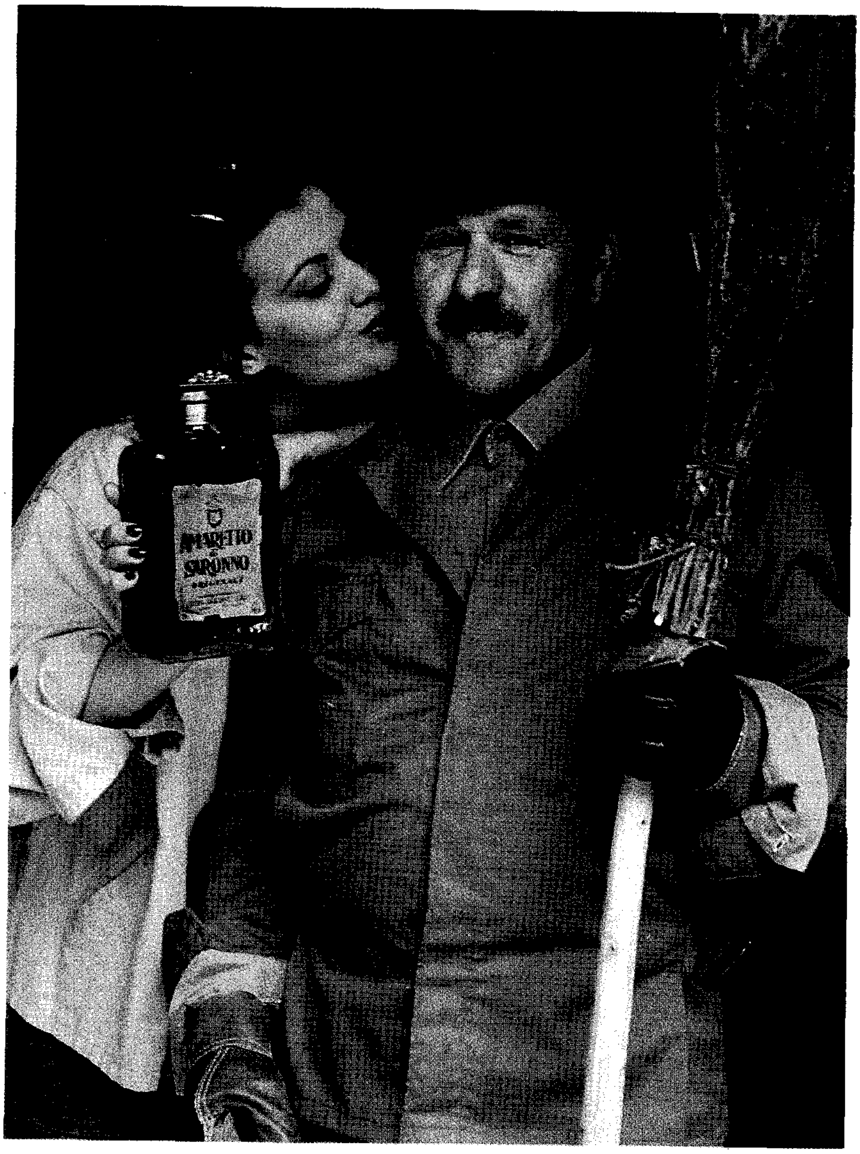

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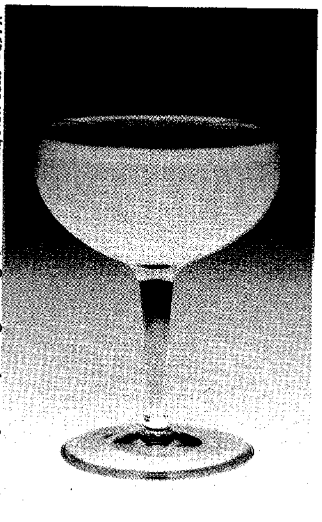

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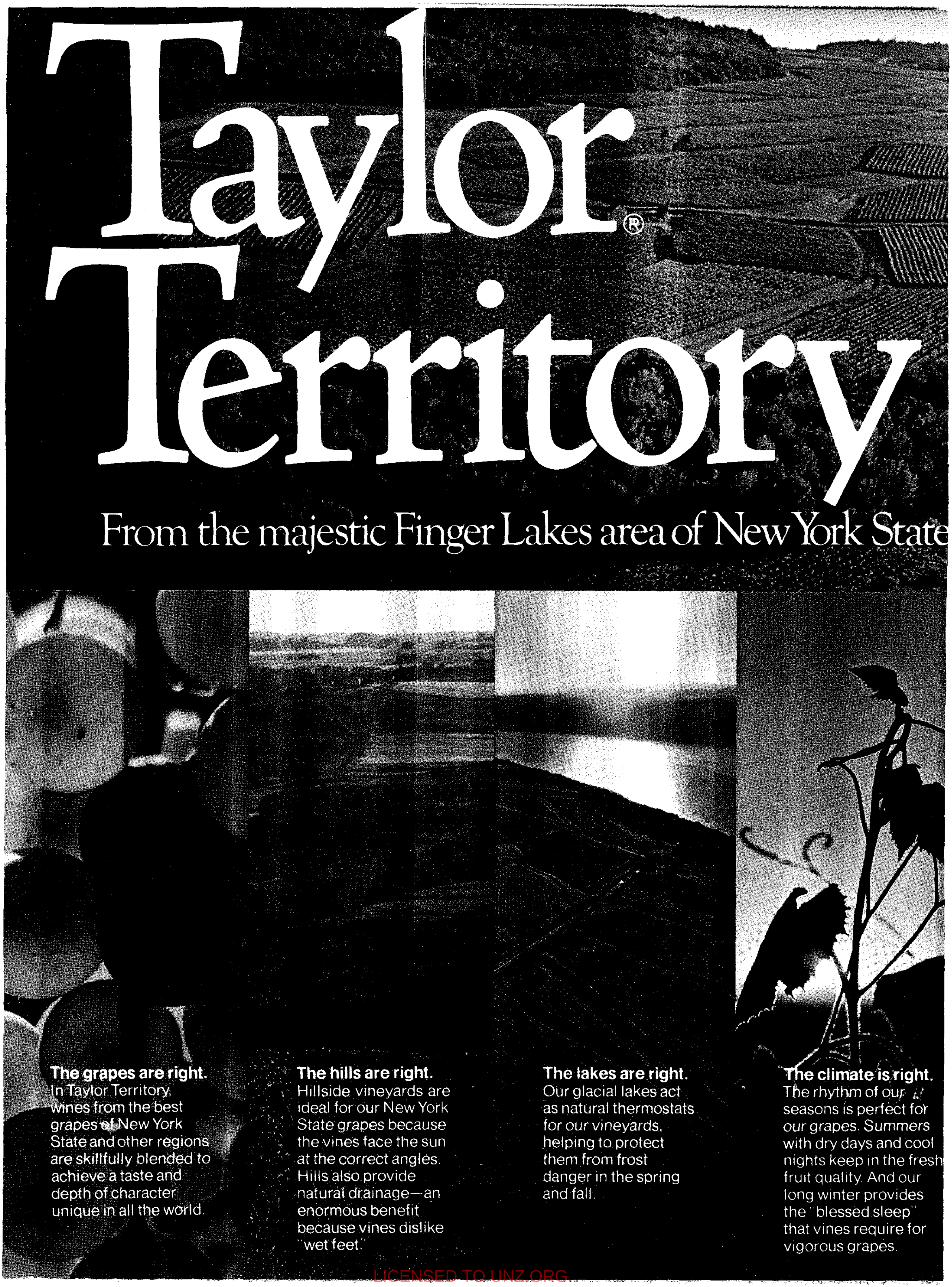

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20 **Elizabeth Swados,** who writes the sound effects for Andrei Serban's plays, also writes good, spicy theater songs on her own. She's the composer you can meet and listen to at 4 P.M. at the Bloomingdale House of Music (323 West 108th Street). Call 663-6021 for reservations; $3.

That tiny Spanish lady, **Alicia de Larrocha,** plays some big piano music by French, German, and, of course, Spanish composers in Lincoln Center's Great Performers series at Avery Fisher Hall at 3 P.M.

If you want a good laugh and also food for thought, Charlie Chaplin's **"City Lights"** and **"Limelight"** are at the Carnegie Hall Cinema.

27 Barry Gerson has an installation of **Para-Cinema Sculptures and Photo-Constructions.** It is on view from noon to 5:45 P.M. (Tuesday to 8:45 P.M.) through November 30 at the Whitney Museum. What Barry does is to use rear-screen projection and manipulate the enclosed space in front of the projected image. Get it? No? Then this is for you.

The St. Luke's Annual Christmas Fair (487 Hudson Street at Grove Street, 924-5960) will be held Friday, **November 18,** 5 to 10 P.M., and Saturday, **November 19,** noon to 5 P.M. There's a children's disco on Friday at 6 P.M. and a children's carnival and variety show on Saturday at noon.

Dream/Reality/Dream, works that explore areas where the imagined and real blend (chiller-thrillers), are on view (and sale) through **November 28** in the sixth-floor penthouse at the Museum of Modern Art.

Dancers, headed and directed by the great Dennis Wayne, will be at the Roundabout Theater (333 West 23rd Street) from **November 17** through **December 11.** There will be seven New York premieres and seven popular revivals.

21 Tonight's the season premiere of **"Peter Grimes"** at the Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center. Jon Vickers and Heather Harper star in Benjamin Britten's haunting opera about a dour English fisherman who is constantly warring with his fellow fishermen until . . . well, that's telling. See it and find out.

28 Channel 13 at at eight tonight will show us **Beverly Sills in "The Merry Widow."** It's the San Diego Opera's production *par excellence.*

Some armchair traveling: At 6:30 P.M. at the French Institute/Alliance Française (22 East 60th Street) Jérome Delcourt discusses **Bali;** $4.50. For reservations, call 355-6100.

22 **"The Cousteau Odyssey,"** on Channel 13 at eight tonight, presents a special showing of what Cousteau and his crew learned from their expedition to the Aegean grave of the *Britannic.*

"The Merchant" is having a theater party tonight to benefit the Industrial Home for the Blind. Enjoy yourself and do good. Call 522-2122 for details.

29 **Paul Taylor Dance Company,** the wittiest of them all, performs through December 4 at the Brooklyn Academy of Music (30 Lafayette Avenue, 636-4100).

An **origami-decorated tree** graces Roosevelt Hall at the Museum of Natural History through January 6.

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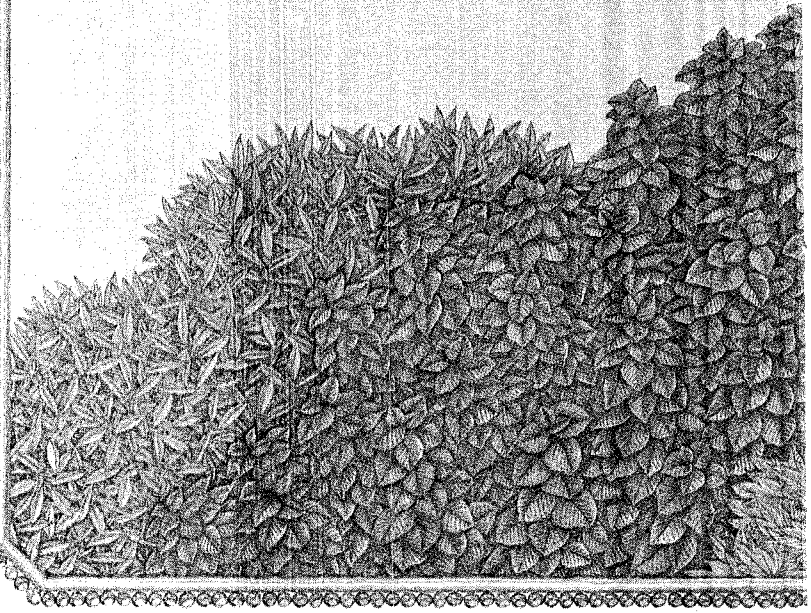

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East Rutherford, New Jersey
(Ticket information: 201 935-8222)
Sunday, 11/6, 1 P.M.—Dallas Cowboys
Sunday, 11/20, 1 P.M.—Cleveland Browns

NOVEMBER BASKETBALL HOME GAMES

Knicks, Madison Square Garden
(Ticket information: 564-4400)
Tuesday, 11/8, 7:30 P.M.—San Antonio Spurs
Saturday, 11/12, 8 P.M.—New Jersey Nets
Tuesday, 11/15, 7:30 P.M.—New Orleans Jazz
Saturday, 11/19, 8 P.M.—Indiana Pacers
Tuesday, 11/22, 7:30 P.M.—Buffalo Braves
Saturday, 11/26, 8 P.M.—Golden State Warriors
Monday, 11/28, 7:30 P.M.—Houston Rockets

Nets, Rutgers Athletic Center
(Ticket information: 201 935-8888)
Wednesday, 11/2, 8:05 P.M.—Los Angeles Lakers
Friday, 11/4, 8:05 P.M.—Philadelphia 76ers
Friday, 11/11, 8:05 P.M.—Chicago Bulls
Wednesday, 11/16, 8:05 P.M.—Milwaukee Bucks
Friday, 11/18, 8:05 P.M.—Indiana Pacers
Sunday, 11/20, 8:05 P.M.—Denver Nuggets

NOVEMBER HOCKEY HOME GAMES

Islanders, Nassau Coliseum
(Ticket information: 516 694-5522)
Tuesday, 11/1, 8:05 P.M.—Atlanta Flames
Saturday, 11/5, 8:05 P.M.—Pittsburgh Penguins
Thursday, 11/10, 8:05 P.M.—Montreal Canadiens
Saturday, 11/12, 8:05 P.M.—Philadelphia Flyers
Tuesday, 11/15, 8:05 P.M.—Chicago Black Hawks
Saturday, 11/19, 8:05 P.M.—Vancouver Canucks
Tuesday, 11/22, 8:05 P.M.—Colorado Rockies

Rangers, Madison Square Garden
(Ticket information: 564-4400)
Wednesday, 11/9, 7:35 P.M.—Buffalo Sabres
Sunday, 11/13, 7:35 P.M.—Atlanta Flames
Wednesday, 11/16, 7:35 P.M.—Chicago Black Hawks
Sunday, 11/20, 7:35 P.M.—Vancouver Canucks
Wednesday, 11/23, 7:35 P.M.—Colorado Rockies

1

Greetings to the **National Horse Show,** opening at Madison Square Garden tonight and staying through November 6. There are international jumping competitions, with U.S. riders versus champions from Great Britain, Puerto Rico, Canada, Germany, Australia, Iran, and Mexico. Call 564-4400 for times.

2

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6

Today at 1 P.M. and 3 P.M. the **Bergerfolk Family** sing the best-loved folk songs for children, downstairs at Nathan's Famous in Times Square. It's free, except for the hot dogs.

There's a **Yiddish Film Festival** at the YM-YWHA (Lexington Avenue at 92nd Street). Today at 2 P.M., *Yankl der Shmid,* which means "the singing blacksmith." ($3.)

Delectable collectibles at the **Performing Arts Library Bazaar** today at Lincoln Center, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M. Admission is $1, and all you theater, music, and dance buffs can find anything that has to do with the theater. Look and buy.

7

It's a musical day: **Bernadette Zirkuli** plays a bassoon recital of Hindemith, Mozart, Elgar, and Poulenc at Carnegie Recital Hall (154 West 57th Street) at 8 P.M.; $4.

Oh, lucky, lucky you. On Channel 13 from 8 to 11 P.M. you can see a live Met performance of **"Rigoletto,"** starring Placido Domingo.

8

Children's Day at the Opera, a fund-raising event for the New York City Opera, includes an adorable opera written especially for children, plus lots of other entertainment. The tickets are $7.50 per kid and $12.50 per parent, and it's all for a good cause. It happens from 11 A.M. to 2 P.M. at the State Theater, Lincoln Center (877-4700).

9

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Visit **TK**
at 47th St
day-of-perf
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more show
Broadway

13

"Journey to the Center of the Earth," an animated special based on the Jules Verne adventure favorite, is scheduled today at 5 P.M. as part of Channel 2's *Famous Classic Tales.*

There's a recital at 3 P.M. today at the Hunter College Playhouse (68th Street between Park and Lexington avenues). Pianist Andor Foldes plays **music by Beethoven.**

The **Metropolitan Museum of Art** has one exhibition of work by the neo-impressionist painter Paul Signac and one of the drawings and oil sketches of Georges Seurat, one of the most mysterious draftsmen of the nineteenth century.

14

Starting tonight, at 6:30 on Channel 13, **Hugh Downs** hosts *Over Easy,* a television show designed for older audiences.

Superskates tonight at Madison Square Garden at eight. Toller Cranston, Linda Fratianne, JoJo Starbuck, and Ken Shelley are some of the stars. All proceeds go to Olympics-bound American athletes.

15

"The Turning Point" just opened at the Coronet (Third Avenue and 59th Street). It will do for ballet what *The Red Shoes* did in your parents' time. See Baryshnikov (at a price within your reach), and then stay for the second show and see him again, plus the star of the future—his leading lady, Miss Lesley Browne.

16

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What's Free in November

By Leonore Fleischer

"...Dixieland, Cree Indian tales, high school bands, Ars Antiqua, *Where the Lilies Bloom*, 'The Berlin Lubitsch,' *Harvest of Shame*..."

Macy's Parade

Thanksgiving treat—On 11/24 at 9:15 A.M., high school bands from all over the country will strike up and Macy's fifty-first annual Thanksgiving Day Parade will begin at 77th St. and Central Park West. It will move down CPW to Columbus Circle, swing over to Broadway, go down Broadway to 34th St., then turn west to disband at Seventh Ave., ending around noon.

Music and Poetry

Library concerts—At the Donnell Branch of the NYPL (20 West 53rd St.): 11/2, 9, 16, 23, 30 at 12:30 P.M., dixieland by the Jazzmen; 11/3 at 6:30 P.M., Richard S. Goldfarb, clarinet, Kenneth Merrill, piano, Nancy Usher, viola, and Nancy Elan, violin; 11/4 at 2 P.M., the Case Men's Glee Club of Case Western Reserve University; 11/5 at 3 P.M., Ars Antiqua, medieval and Renaissance music; 11/12 at 3 P.M., the York Trio—Marilyn Reynolds, violin, Nancy Steltmann, cello, and Nurit Tilles, piano; 11/17 at 4 P.M., Ernest Papavasilion, violin, and Frances Bing, piano; 11/26 at 2 P.M., the New York Young Artists in recital, cosponsored by the Piano Teachers Congress of New York; 11/28 at 6:30 P.M., Deborah Feinsmith, oboe, Helen Benham, piano, and Mardee Reed, flute. At the Lincoln Center Branch (111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St.): 11/1 at 4 P.M., Joan Thornton, piano; 11/2 at 4 P.M., Mary Jane Levin, violin; 11/4 at 4 P.M., the James Houlik Ensemble; 11/5 at 2:30 P.M., Anita Gelber, piano; 11/9 at 4 P.M., Michael McFrederick, piano; 11/10 at 6 P.M., Musicians Club Composers; 11/12 at 2:30 P.M., Clair Racamato, flute; 11/25 at 4 P.M., David Apter, piano.

Send information for December to Leonore Fleischer by November 4.

Music at the museum—At the Bronx Museum of the Arts (851 Grand Concourse), 2 P.M. to 3:30 P.M.: 11/6, Helene Williams, soprano; 11/13, Nancy Green, cello; 11/20, the York Trio; 11/27, Eugene Drucker, violin, and Doris Konig, piano.

Music-school concerts—At the Manhattan School of Music (Broadway at 122nd St.) at 8 P.M.: 11/4, Manhattan Orchestra, Bruce Ferden, conductor, program of Dvořák, Strauss, Schumann; 11/11, Manhattan Wind Symphony, David Simon and George Manahan, conductors, program of Rossini, Persichetti, Smith, Schoenberg, Jacob, Tull, Walton, Gould; also on 11/11, faculty recital featuring Evangeline Benedetti, cello, with Glenn Jacobson, piano, program of Bach, Webern, Schubert, Brahms; 11/16, Manhattan Concert Jazz Band, Lyle "Rusty" Dedrick, conductor; 11/17, faculty recital featuring Donn-Alexandre Feder, piano, works by Chopin and Szymanowski; also on 11/17 (at 5:30 P.M.), chamber-music concert featuring works by Georges Enesco; 11/18, Ginny Baren (winner of the school's concerto competition), viola, and the Repertory Orchestra, George Manahan, conductor, Mahler's Symphony no. 1.

Poetry at the library—At the Countee Cullen Branch of the NYPL (104 West 136th St.) at 6:30 P.M., "New Works," cosponsored by the Central Harlem Project and Poets & Writers, Inc.: 11/9, prose and poetry featuring novelist Louise Meriwether and poet Eugene Redmond; 11/16, playwright J. E. Franklin and poet Quincy Troupe. At the Donnell Branch at 6:30 P.M., cosponsored by the Academy of American Poets: 11/10, "The Storyteller's Art," Howard Norman reading Cree Indian tales, introduced by Gregory Orr; 11/17, William Heyen and Gregory Orr reading from their own works, introduced by Robert Phillips. At the 67th Street Branch (328 East 67th St., 734-1717): 11/7 at 7 P.M., poetry workshop—guest poets and round-table discussion led by Elsa Colligan, presented by Poets & Writers, Inc.; advance registration required.

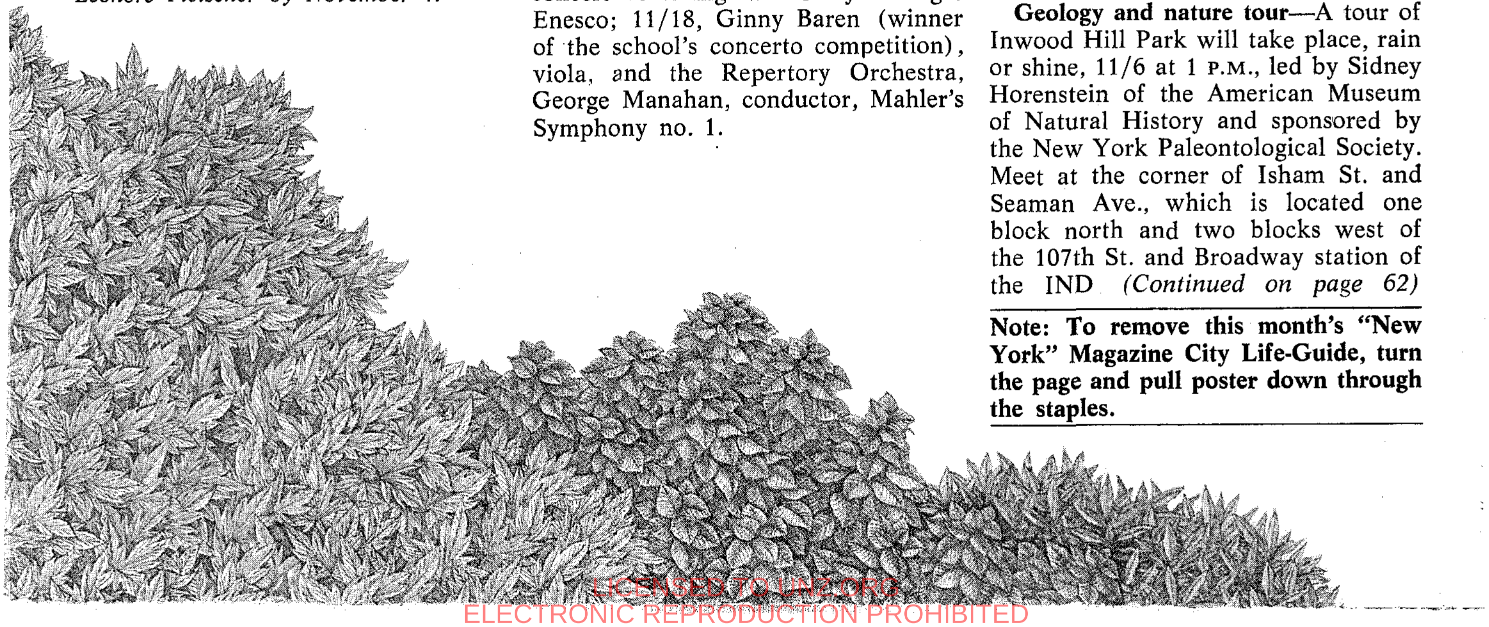
Poetry series—In the Cooper Union's Engineering Building (51 Astor Place) at 8 P.M.: 11/2, Kathleen Fraser and Honor Moore; 11/9, Theodor Weiss; 11/16, Alan Dugan; 11/30, Peter Matthiessen.

Talks, Tours, Exhibits

Divorce—Part I of a two-part lecture (Part II in December) by Barry Wadler, Young Lawyers' Committee, N.Y. County Lawyers' Association, at the Donnell Branch of the NYPL (20 West 53rd St.), 11/7 at 6:45 P.M.

Geology and nature tour—A tour of Inwood Hill Park will take place, rain or shine, 11/6 at 1 P.M., led by Sidney Horenstein of the American Museum of Natural History and sponsored by the New York Paleontological Society. Meet at the corner of Isham St. and Seaman Ave., which is located one block north and two blocks west of the 107th St. and Broadway station of the IND *(Continued on page 62)*

Note: To remove this month's "New York" Magazine City Life-Guide, turn the page and pull poster down through the staples.



"... *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, 'Consenting and Dissenting Adults,' *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*, fairy tales, *Stagecoach* ..."

(Continued from page 55) A train.

The investment experts talk—At the Donnell Branch of the NYPL at 12:30 P.M.: 11/14, "The Economic Outlook," Irwin L. Kellner, vice-president, Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co.; 11/21, "Retail Companies and Their Securities," E. Camilla Dietz, partner, Furman, Selz, Mager, Dietz, and Birney; 11/28, "Energy Companies," Charles T. Maxwell, partner, Cyrus J. Lawrence, Inc. All lectures introduced by Eliot H. Sharp.

Lectures on morality—In the Great Hall of the Cooper Union (7th St. and Third Ave.) at 8 P.M.: 11/7, "Free to Be?," Oscar Cohen, former national program director of the Anti-Defamation League, will speak on "diversity and conformity in American life"; 11/14, "Mores and Morals—Changing Views," Jerome Ziegler, the New School; 11/21, "Consenting and Dissenting Adults," panel discussion on sexuality (abortion, gay rights, living together, etc.); 11/28, "Control of Film Content," Michael Mayer, executive director of the International Film Importers and Distributors Association.

"Silversmithing in America"—Lecture by Mary Jean Madigan at Fraunces Tavern Museum (54 Pearl St.), 11/9 at 12:30 P.M.

Stained glass—Craft demonstrations will be held at the Glassmasters Guild (621 Ave. of the Americas, at 19th St.) every Sat. in November, 11 A.M. to noon, covering glass cutting, soldering, copper foiling, and choice of materials and tools; "Flora and Fauna in Stained Glass," a show of major works from this country and Canada, 11/1–30, weekdays 11 A.M. to 5:45 P.M., Sat. 10 A.M. to 5:15 P.M.

Films

Adult films at the library—At the Allerton Branch of the NYPL (2740 Barnes Ave., Bronx): 11/12 at 2:30 P.M., *The General.* At the Dongan Hills Branch (1617 Richmond Road, Staten Island) at 3 P.M. and 7 P.M.: 11/2, *Where the Lilies Bloom;* 11/9, *Modern Times;* 11/16, *The Freshman.* At the Donnell Branch (20 West 53rd St.) at 2 P.M.: 11/1, "Film as Art," a selection of short films; 11/3, 10, 17 (at noon), Louis Malle's *Phantom India,* shown in three parts; 11/7, "Film Journalism"—*Gaumont Graphic, Harvest of Shame, Yesterday's Witness;* 11/15, "Notable Films of World War II"—*Prelude to War, The Memphis Belle, The Battle of San Pietro;* 11/22, "Feature Plus 1"—*The Time Machine, Magic Machines;* 11/29, "The Universe"—*Cosmic Zoom, Cosmos, Moon-walk One.* At the 58th Street Branch (127 East 58th St.): 11/15 at 6:15 P.M., *The Man Who Knew Too Much.* At the Jefferson Market Branch (425 Ave. of the Americas, at 10th St.) at 7 P.M.: 11/14, *Basin Street Revue, Go and Tell It, Symphony in Black;* 11/28, *Curtain Up.* At the New Dorp Branch (309 New Dorp Lane, Staten Island): 11/17 at 7 P.M., *The Day the Earth Stood Still.* At the 67th Street Branch (328 East 67th St.): 11/14 at 6:30 P.M., *Tour en l'air, Ballet Adagio.* At the Throg's Neck Branch (3025 Cross Bronx Expwy. Ext., Bronx): 11/7 at 7 P.M., *Stagecoach* (1939).

"The Berlin Lubitsch"—A retrospective of the early silent films of Ernst Lubitsch (titles in German; information sheets available) will begin in November at Goethe House (1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St.), the German cultural institute: 11/19 at 1 P.M. and 4 P.M., *Der Stolz der Firma* and *Schuhpalast Pinkus*. The program will be repeated 11/21 at 7 P.M. at Deutsches Haus at NYU (42 Washington Mews).

Multilingual film festival—Part of the Queens Borough Public Library's federally funded New Americans Project, films in French, German, Greek, Hebrew, Hindi, Italian, Mandarin, Polish, Russian, Spanish, and Yiddish, most with English subtitles, will be shown at many branch libraries; schedules available at all branches.

Sunday movies—Feature-length film classics at the Central Branch of the Queens Borough Public Library (89-11 Merrick Blvd., Jamaica) at 1 P.M. and 3 P.M. Free movies also scheduled at other branches; call your local library for time and date.

Wednesday nights on the Hudson—At the Hudson River Museum (511 Warburton Ave., Trevor Park-on-Hudson, Yonkers), overlooking the river, at 8 P.M.: 11/2, *The Red Desert;* 11/9, *A Brief Vacation;* 11/16, *Hiroshima, Mon Amour;* 11/23, *Loves of a Blonde;* 11/30, *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg.* The November Classic Foreign Film Series is cosponsored by the Yonkers Department of Parks, Recreation, and Conservation.

For Kids

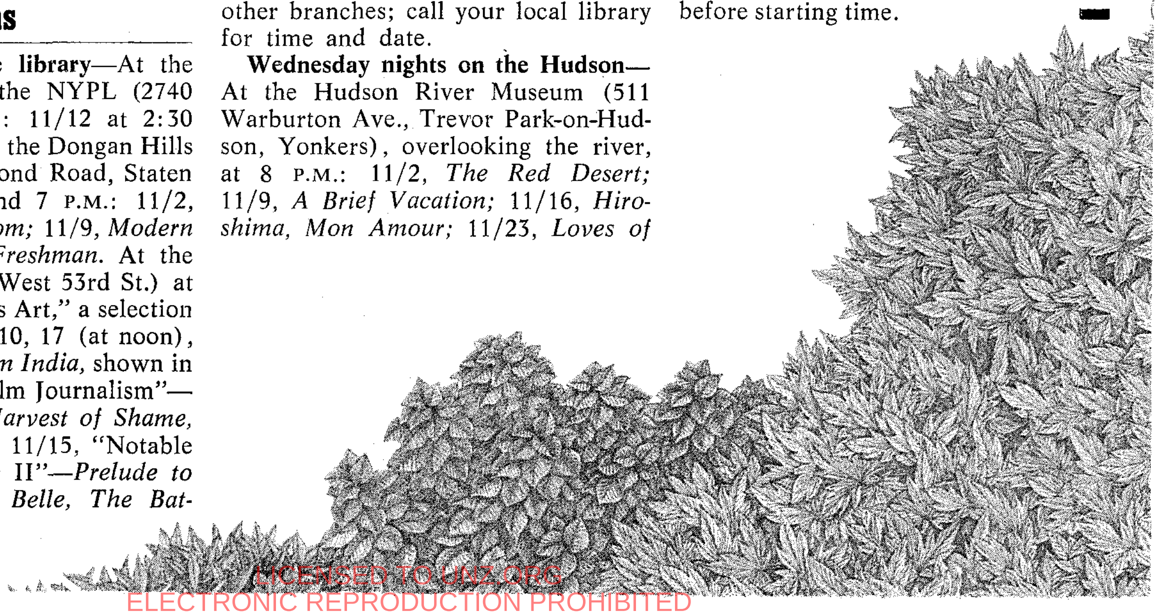
Creative-dramatics workshop—For Staten Island children ages seven through twelve, 4 P.M. to 5 P.M.: 11/29 at the Dongan Hills Branch of the NYPL (1617 Richmond Road, 351-1444); 11/30 at the Todt Hill–Westerleigh Branch (1891 Victory Blvd., 442-8373); 11/16 at the West New Brighton Branch (976 Castleton Ave., 442-1416). Registration required; call the library.

Meet the authors and artists—Chalk talks, storytelling, and poetry, with a group of children's-book artists and authors as the focus; for ages six through twelve in the Central Children's Room of the Donnell Branch of the NYPL (20 West 53rd St.), 11/19, 2:30 P.M. to 4:30 P.M.

Once upon a time—Folk and fairy tales in the oral tradition, for ages three through seven, at the Jerome Park Branch of the NYPL (118 Eames Place, Bronx), 11/4 at 4 P.M.

Story hour—Barbara Wasson Horowitz will read stories at the New-York Historical Society (Central Park West at 77th St.), 11/16 at 2 P.M.; for ages four through eight, cosponsored by the NYPL Office of Children's Services.

"What's Up?"—Afternoon programs at the Brooklyn Museum (188 Eastern Pkwy.) for first-through-sixth-graders to introduce them to the museum's collections through looking, drawing, creative dramatics; Wed., Thurs., Fri. 3:30 P.M. to 4:30 P.M., Sat. 2 P.M. to 3 P.M. Meet at the lobby stairs fifteen minutes before starting time.



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3 **"Carnival,"** a revival of the 1961 musical, complete with puppets, carnival acts, and gorgeous score, starts at 8 P.M. at Equity Library Theatre (103rd Street and Riverside Drive, 663-2028).

Lucinda Childs and Company performs three new modern works tonight at 7:30 at the Brooklyn Academy of Music; through November 6. Call 636-4100.

4 **All About New York 1625–1977,** with old and new posters and prints and books and photographs and paintings and artifacts to look at and buy. Cityana Gallery (16 East 53rd Street). 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Visit the **Greenwich Village Antiques Show and Sale** (27 Barrow Street) from 1 to 10 P.M. today and tomorrow, 1 to 7 P.M. on Sunday.

5 **Platform tennis** is a paddle sport played like tennis, with the extra fun of playing the ball off the side screens. Play night or day, on all-weather nonskid courts. Try the American Platform Tennis Club of Richmond on Staten Island, 2020 Forest Avenue. Take a ferry. It's open daily from 7 A.M. to 1 A.M. Call 442-1818 for details and reservations.

"Razzmatazz," a newsmagazine-format TV show for youngsters, profiles auto daredevils, Stephanie Mills, and an acrobatic troupe, on Channel 2 from 1:30 to 2 P.M.

Pauline Koner Dance Consort treats you to modern dance at 8 P.M. (tomorrow at 2 P.M.) at the Entermedia Theatre (12th Street at Second Avenue, 475-4191).

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10 Today only, two **chiller-diller bloodcurdlers:** *The Man Who Laughs* (1927) and *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (1919), classics both. At Theatre 80 St. Marks (254-7400).

The New York **Hi Fi Stereo Music Show** is at the Statler Hilton Hotel today through November 13. Call 736-5000.

11 Join a **folk dance session** at 8 P.M. at the Balkan Arts Center, Casa Galicia (119 East 11th Street). There's instruction and then everyone dances.

Noguchi: The Sculptor as Designer, an exhibition of akari (light sculptures/lamps) that Noguchi has been designing since 1951. It opens today at the Museum of Modern Art.

12 **"Kiss Me, Kate,"** Cole Porter's bouncy musical, is revived by the Washington Square Players of New York University (University Theater, 35 West 4th Street) at 2 and 8 P.M. Call 598-3067 for reservations; $3.50.

"Birds, Beasts, Blossoms, and Bugs" may be seen at Asia House Gallery (112 East 64th Street). Folding screens, hand scrolls, ceramics, and sword ornaments from Japan are on view. Open 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., except Thursdays, when it's 10 A.M. to 8:30 P.M., and Sundays from 1 to 5 P.M.

For $3, you can see Friedrich Dürrenmatt's **"Play Strindberg,"** described as the marriage battle of the century. Today at 7:30 and 10 P.M. at the Impossible Ragtime Theatre (120 West 28th Street, 243-7494).

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17 The world premiere of **"Summerdog,"** a nice doggy feature film for the entire family, takes place today at the Guild Theater (33 West 50th Street) at 11 A.M., 1:30 and 6:30 P.M., for the benefit of the Humane Society of New York. Tickets are $10 and include a live puppet show.

18 **"Reptiles and Amphibians,"** at the rare-book room of the American Museum of Natural History, gives a historical perspective of the literature of herpetology. Go and shudder. Opens today.

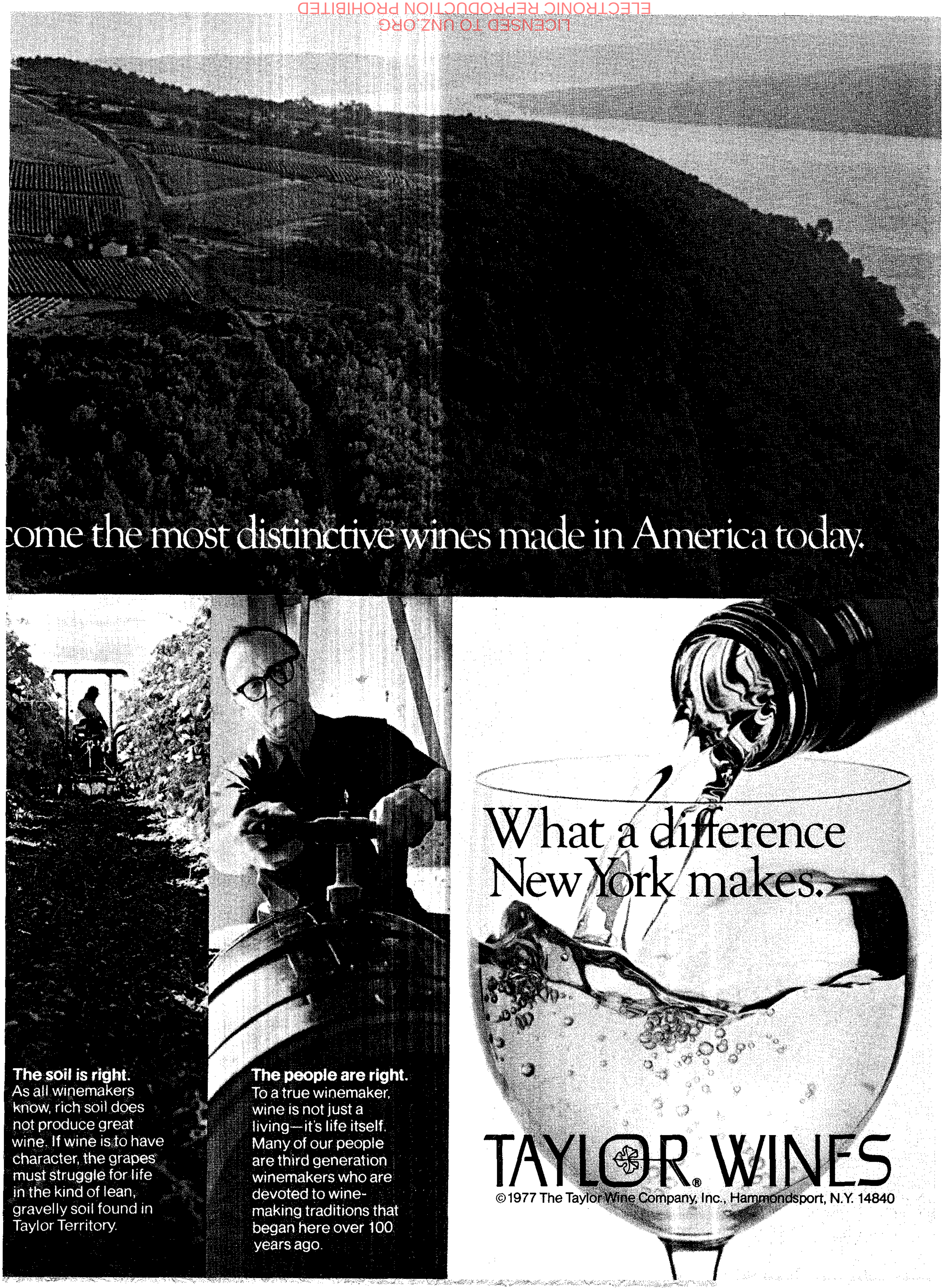
The Rogeri Trio, in its New York debut, plays chamber music at the Metropolitan Club (1 East 60th Street) at 8:40 P.M.; $6.

19 Listen to some bluegrass music tonight: **The Seldom Scene,** at eight and eleven at the New York University Loeb Student Center Auditorium (566 La Guardia Place, 427-1488); tickets are $5.50.

New sculptures by **Roy Lichtenstein** are at the Leo Castelli Gallery (420 West Broadway) starting today and on view through December 17.

Two movie classics are playing at the Carnegie Hall Cinema (Seventh Avenue between 56th and 57th streets) today: **"Sweet Bird of Youth,"** with Paul Newman and Geraldine Page, and **"A Streetcar Named Desire,"** with Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. Call 757-2131 for times.

Illustrated by Claude Varieras



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"Iolanthe," a dear Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, will play today, tomorrow, and the day after tomorrow at the Light Opera of Manhattan's Eastside Playhouse (334 East 74th Street, UN 1-2288).

Contemporary women artists are having a show at the Summit Gallery (101 West 57th Street).

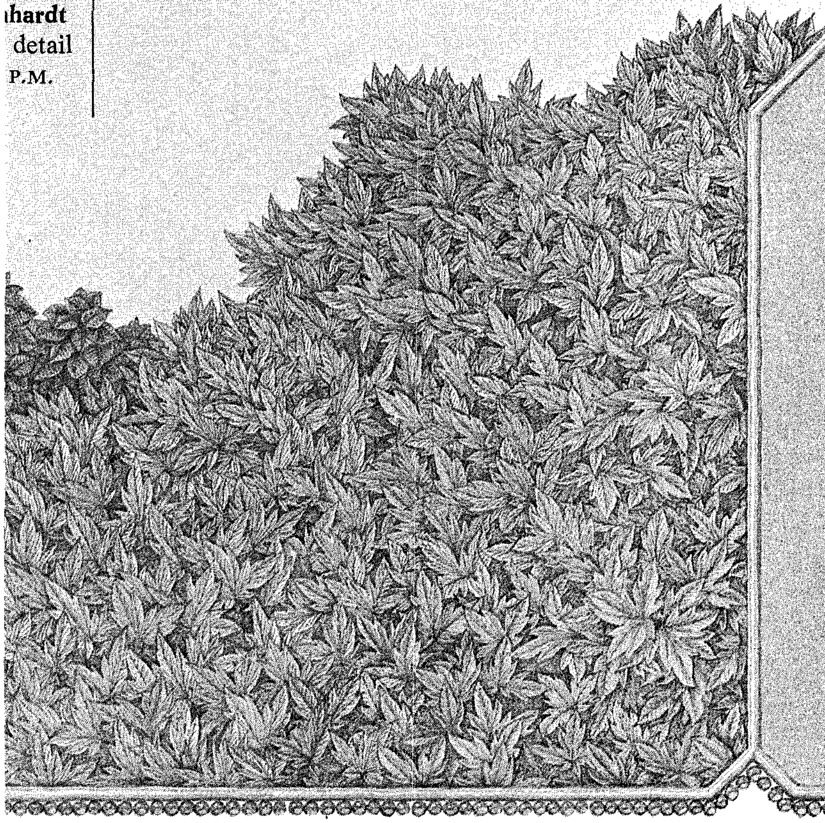
25

Climb inside a beaver lodge, crawl through a mole's tunnel, or follow animal tracks in a night forest—at the **Wildcliff Museum's Nature's Niches,** Wildcliff Road, New Rochelle, every day except Friday, 1 to 5 P.M. For information, call (914) 636-2108.

26

Con Edison's **Indian Point Energy Education Center,** a place to learn all about energy, is open to the public free of charge. Individuals, families, or groups are welcome to visit on a by-appointment-only basis between 10 A.M. and 4 P.M. Tuesday through Saturday. Call 460-6910 (from other areas, call 914 737-8174 or 914 694-6000) for arrangements for tours and travel instructions.

The Brooklyn Philharmonia Family Series, with Antonia Brico conducting, today offers works by Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Weber, Wagner, and Mendelssohn; at 2 P.M. in the Helen Carey Playhouse at the Brooklyn Academy of Music (30 Lafayette Avenue, 636-4100).



Images of Horror and Fantasy, with paintings, sculptures, and graphic works befitting the title, starting **November 15** at the Bronx Museum of the Arts (851 Grand Concourse at 161st Street). Come and have your hair rise.

Sotheby Parke Bernet experts lecture at the 92nd Street YM-YWHA (Lexington Avenue and 92nd Street, 427-6000). On **November 14** Barbara Deisroth talks on nineteenth-century decorative arts, and on **November 28** Kevin Tierney discusses silver. The time is 11 A.M.

Mozart's gorgeous **"The Magic Flute"** plays **November 13** at 7 P.M. at the New York City Opera at Lincoln Center. There's an all-star cast, and Julius Rudel conducts.

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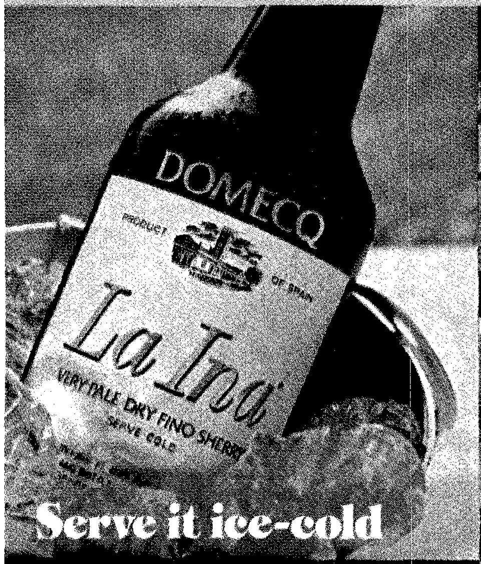
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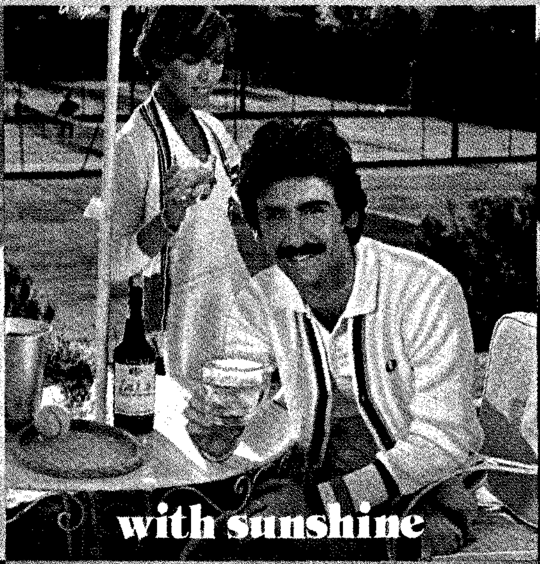
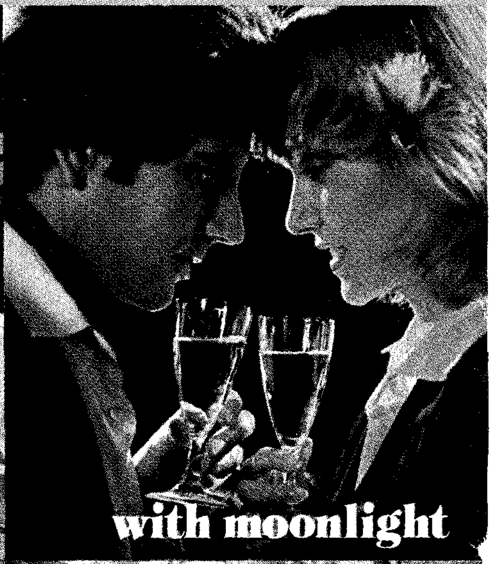


with sunshine



with moonlight

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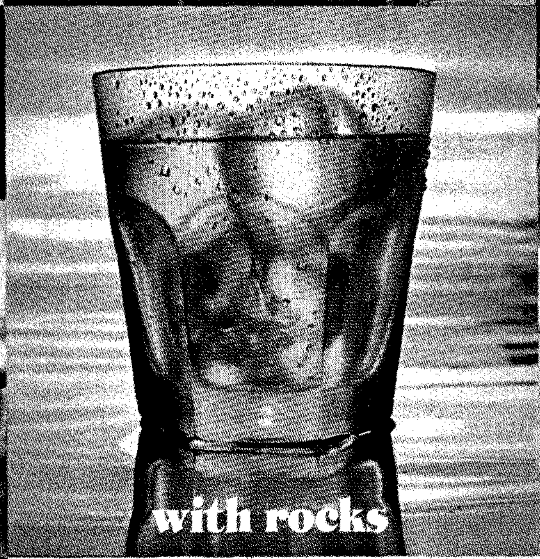
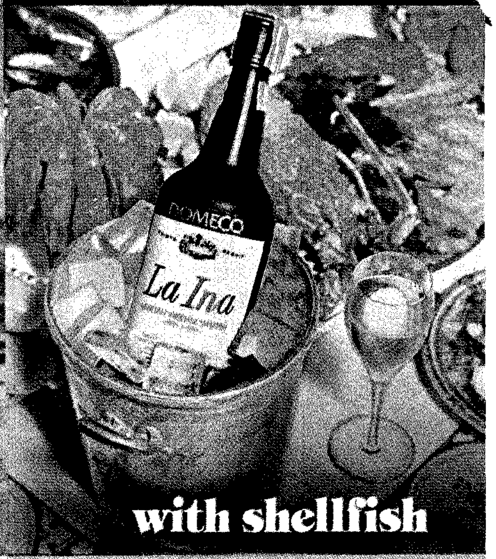
La Ina
IMPORTED

with snacks



with rocks


DOMECQ
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with shellfish

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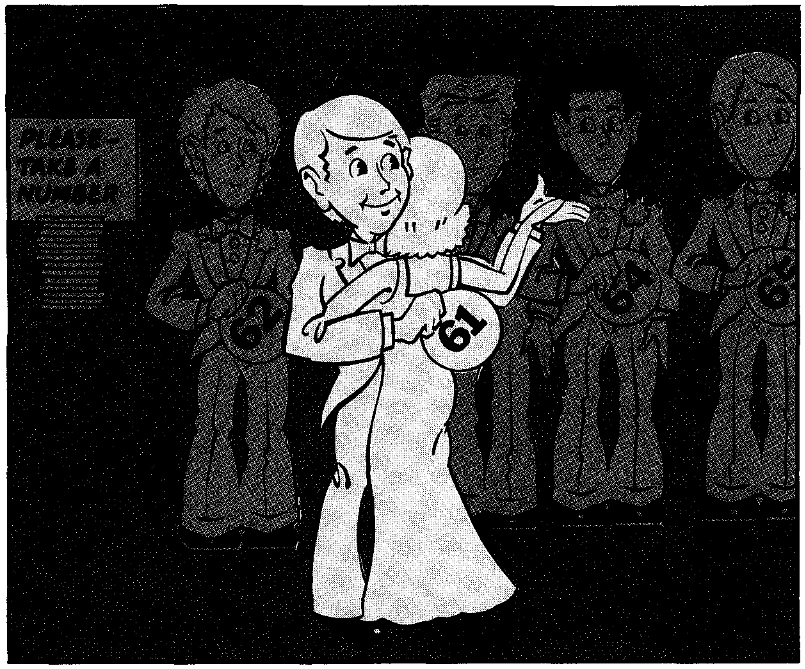


Tipping the Balance Of the Sexes

By Douglas Colligan

> "...Parents can now pick the sex of their children. The results, however, may be upsetting for society–womankind in particular..."

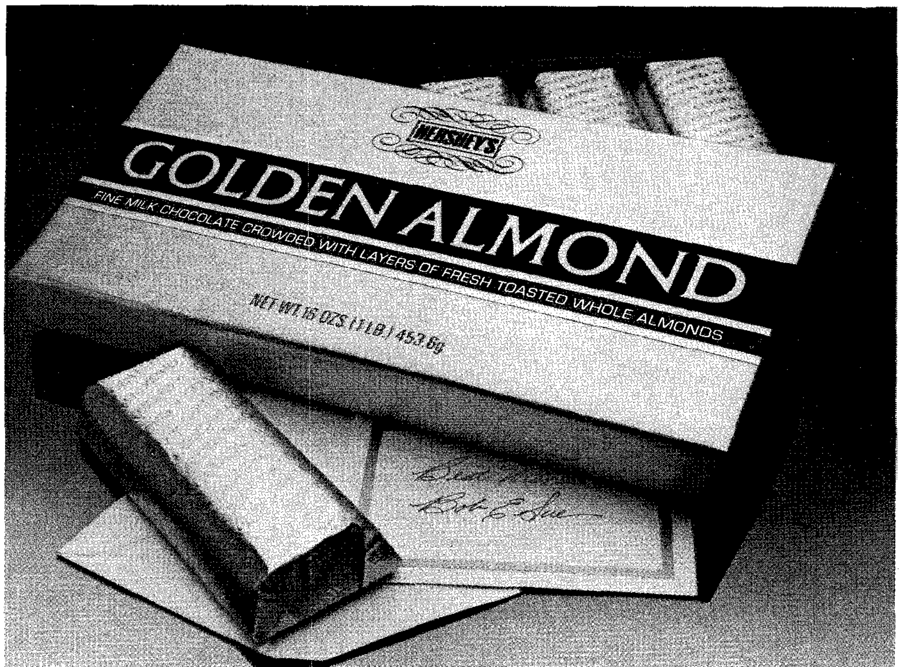
The odds of having a boy or a girl are 50-50. Yet for every 100 girls born in this country, there are 105 boys. Why should this be? Demographers call this the primary sex ratio—just a fact of American life—and over the years it has remained remarkably constant. But now, if you don't happen to like it, you can intervene.

As a result of new information on everything from how sperm swim to when people have sex, science has made a few cautious steps in the direction of sex control. Couples can now exercise the ultimate power of parenthood and pick the sex of their children. But some experts predict that if enough people start exercising this option, the results could be upsetting for society in general and womankind in particular.

Among the sex-choice options now available, the most ingenious is the one developed by Dr. Ronald Ericsson, a reproductive physiologist who's spent most of his research career tinkering with the male reproductive system. He's managed to separate the boys from the girls before they ever become boys or girls, which is to say while they're still in the sperm stage.

Every fertile male carries approximately 500 million sperm as standard equipment, and each of these sperm will determine the sex of whatever egg it fertilizes. In theory half the sperm carry the male-sex-determining Y chromosome and half carry the female X chromosome. A few years ago

Illustrated by Robert Dale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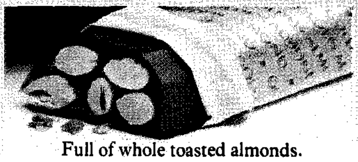
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a British researcher, Dr. A. M. Roberts, discovered that X and Y sperm have distinctive swimming styles. As they swim through the dense seminal fluid, the Y sperm move slightly faster than the chubbier female X's.

Making use of this discovery, Ericsson has devised a clever way of separating X's from Y's. He conducts what amounts to a race where the sperm swim through a glass column filled with increasingly dense layers of a semenlike fluid called albumin, a natural protein found in blood plasma. The sperm are deposited in the top of the column and after a while both the X's and the Y's start swimming toward the bottom. As they get closer to the bottom, where the albumin solution is densest, the X sperm are more impeded than the Y's so that at the end of the race, which lasts an hour and a half, those reaching the end are mostly males. By repeating this procedure, Ericsson found he could boost the number of finish-line male Y's to as high as 90 percent. This end product —a solution to the problem of ensuring a boy child—is administered by artificial insemination and is almost failsafe.

Now president of his own company, Gametrics, Ltd., in Sausalito, California, Ericsson is promoting his separation method as a way of increasing both boy odds and fertility, since it filters out weak and abnormal sperm and all kinds of seminal debris. "If you do a separation for fertility," he explains, "you get about 55 percent Y's. If you go for preselection, you can get anywhere from 65 to 90 percent. The reason is, someone with poor-quality sperm is not going to get the same Y yield as someone who's got all gold-medal winners that swim like hell."

Fertility clinics around the country have adopted this technique. The would-be father leaves his sperm in a sperm bank for separation, after which it is administered artificially to help the couple produce boys. "We're not claiming to guarantee a male child," Ericsson says, "because we can't do it. On the average, the odds are about 75 percent in favor of a boy. When I talk to a couple, I tell them if they don't like these odds, then don't do it."

So far, six children, four boys and two girls, have been born via the Ericsson method. The mothers, all in Iran, had had problems producing children of either sex and were impregnated as part of Ericsson's work at the Institute for Research in Human Reproduction in Tehran. A total of nineteen other women in various parts of the world are now pregnant with filtered sperm, eight of them for sex preselection. Here in the United States, fertility clinics in San Francisco, Chicago, Atlanta, and Washington, D.C., are already using Ericsson's method, and this spring, Idant Laboratory, a Manhattan sperm bank, will be trying it out on couples selected by Ericsson from the New York area. Idant research director Dr. Joseph Feldschuh says he will be checking the results he gets with these people before he begins hailing Ericsson's system as a boy-producing method.

"It's going to take at least nine months to a year to see if we get a high percentage of male births," he says. "We might get it with the first 40 or 50, or it may take as many as 100 to 300, but I expect in about two years on the outside we should have a pretty good idea of the percentages."

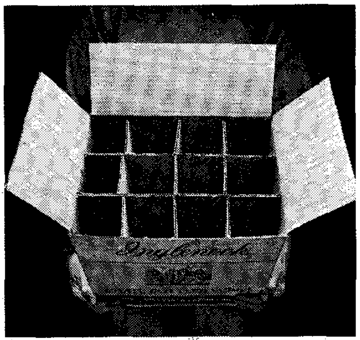
Whatever the percentages turn out to be, they won't do much good for a couple who want a girl or who don't want to go through the antiseptic procedures of the sperm bank and artificial insemination. For these reasons, Elizabeth Whelan, who is a research associate at Harvard's School of Public Health, offers a more natural alternative. As described in her recent book, *Boy or Girl?* (Bobbs-Merrill), the method she proposes lets a couple change the 50-50 boy-girl odds by how they time their intercourse.

The idea isn't a new one. Back in the late 1960s, Dr. Landrum Shettles, a New York gynecologist, popularized the idea with a sex-choice method of his own. Basically he claimed that intercourse 2 to 24 hours before ovulation would be likely to produce a boy and intercourse a few days before that would shift the odds in favor of a girl.

Although he claimed this was 85 percent accurate, it didn't seem to work out that way. In her book Whelan mentions one gynecologist who stopped recommending the Shettles technique because the first 30 patients who followed the instructions for boys all had girls. In addition, she says that Shettles's earlier assumptions have been challenged by a number of new discoveries.

Much of his timing schedule was based on studies done at New York University Medical School on the babies of women made pregnant by artificial insemination. There, Dr. Sophia Kleegman found that up to 80 percent of the women who were inseminated on or just before their day of ovulation had boys. Additional studies in the early 1970s by a Dr. Rodrigo Guerrero complicated this picture. He studied the pregnancy/birth records of fertility and planned-parenthood clinics for over 1,300 mothers and found a con-

ALL GOOD THINGS MUST COME TO AN END.



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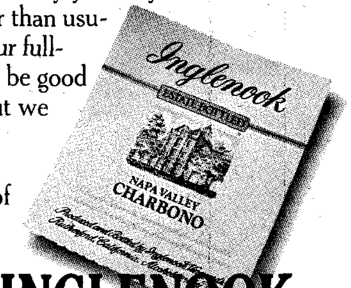

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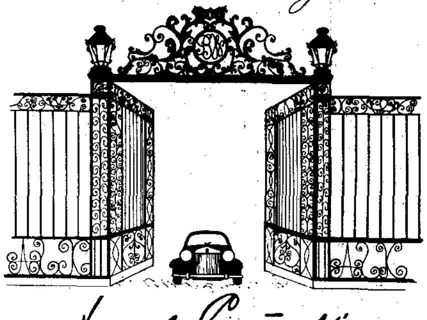

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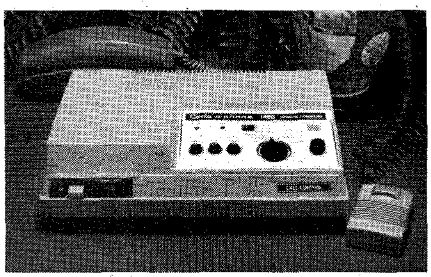

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tradictory pattern in the timing of boy and girl births. As in the NYU study, he found a high male birth ratio among mothers artificially inseminated on ovulation day. But among those who had children as a result of natural intercourse at that time, he found the opposite, a majority of girl births.

"The point is, there's a huge difference in what happens in the timing of artificial insemination and natural insemination," says Ms. Whelan. She came across Dr. Guerrero and his research while she was working on her doctorate at Harvard. Based on his discovery and her work with him in his native Colombia, she devised a timing schedule which she says will give a couple about a 68 percent chance of having a boy and a 57 percent chance of having a girl. Basically she gives the opposite advice to what Shettles recommended. Intercourse on the day of ovulation and each of the two days prior is for girls, and boys get their chances on the fourth, fifth, and sixth days before ovulation.

To find that critical day, one method she suggests is taking daily temperature readings first thing in the morning. The reason is that the body's temperature dips slightly just before ovulation as the result of hormonal changes that take place once an egg is released and making the four-inch trip down the fallopian tube. The temperature then rises rapidly. A few months of daily temperature checks should be enough to plot the pattern of ovulation and let a woman predict within a day or two when it will occur.

A second prediction method Whelan recommends is to check mucus secretions from the vagina. Menstrual bleeding is followed by a series of dry days and then wet days. The mucus passed down from the cervix is at first cloudy and sticky. It stays that way until two or three days before ovulation, when it thins out, becomes clear and slippery, and has the consistency of raw egg whites. Again, a few months' practice will help a woman spot this pattern. Going by these indicators, Whelan says that cloudy-mucus days are for boys and clear days for girls.

Although they're totally different techniques, both Ericsson's method and Whelan's timing system do have one thing in common: Neither of them gives you 100 percent odds. Right now there is only one technique that can do that, and it only promises you won't have the child you don't want. The process, called selective abortion, uses the genetic screening method, amniocentesis, and abortion.

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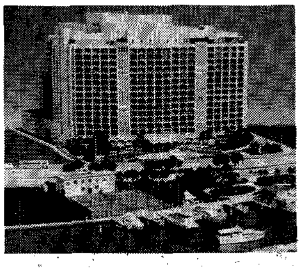

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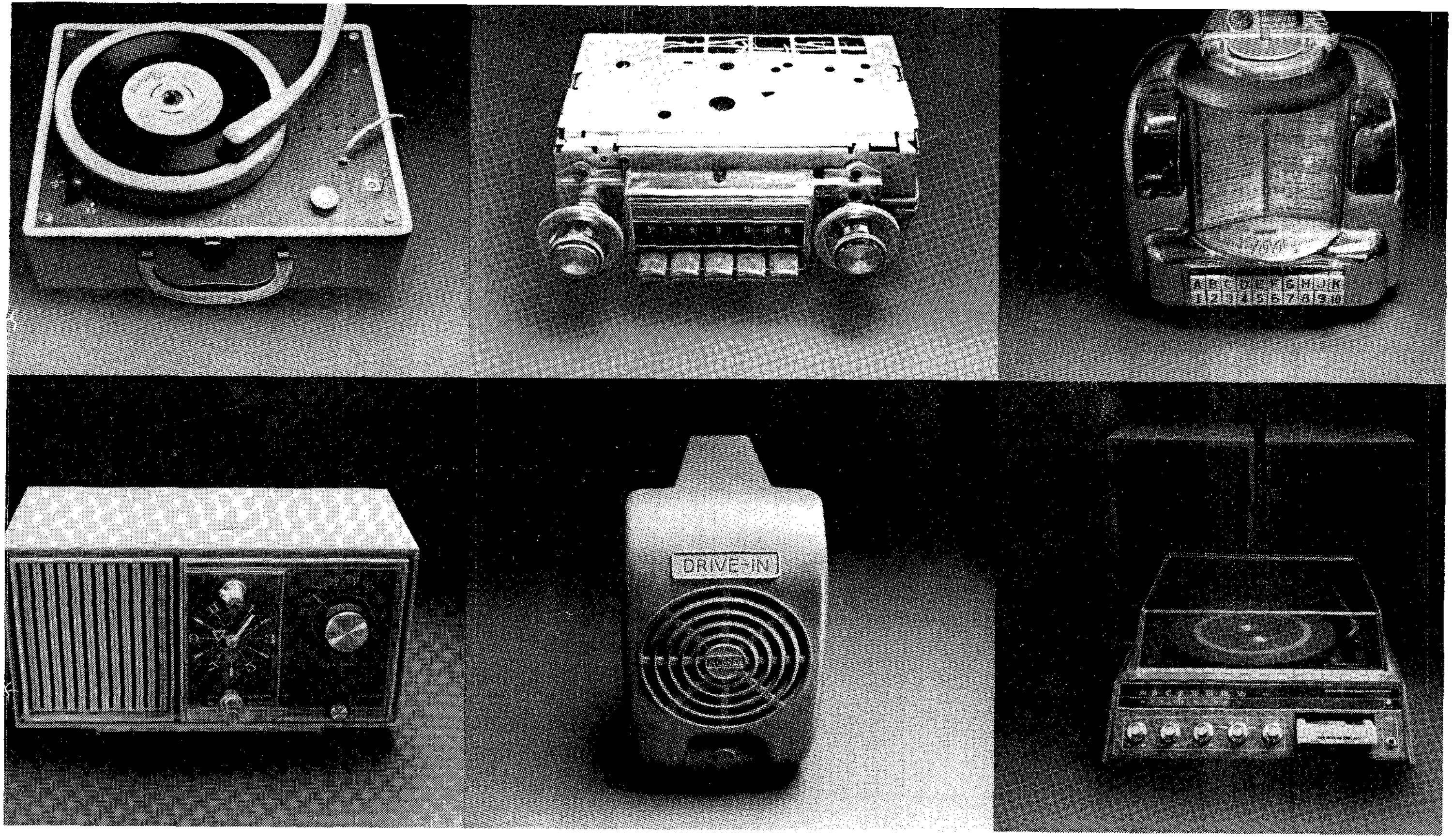
amniotic fluid drawn from the womb —also checks the sex of the fetus, since some diseases such as muscular dystrophy and hemophilia are passed on only to male children. Although it's a pretty cold-blooded way to plan a family, a woman can have her child's sex tested this way and, if it turns out to be the "wrong" sex, have it aborted. The *National Observer* last fall reported on one couple, zero-population-growth believers, who already had one child, a girl, and were expecting another. Amniocentesis showed it was going to be another daughter and, since that wasn't what they wanted, an abortion followed.

The number of people doing this isn't known, but the general feeling among doctors, lab technicians, and genetic counselors is that it isn't very large. There's just too much going against it. For one thing, it's not cheap, and it's very risky. The cost of taking a fluid sample and running the tests ranges between $250 and $400. Amniocentesis can usually best be done between the sixteenth and eighteenth weeks of pregnancy, and it takes an additional two to three weeks to run the tests. By then a woman could be in her twentieth week of pregnancy. The only kind of abortion she can have at this point is an induced miscarriage, which carries a high risk and usually requires hospitalization.

Finally, there are not many doctors willing to get involved with this style of sex control. Recalling one inquiry about using amniocentesis to determine the sex of a fetus, Eleanor Frank, formerly of the National Genetics Foundation in New York, said, "A young Chinese woman called me. She was absolutely frantic. She told me she had five daughters and couldn't have another girl. I called around town, but no one would run this procedure. I had to tell her I couldn't help. The general feeling among most doctors is that this is not a valid medical reason."

Most amniocentesis testing in New York City is done at the large teaching hospitals, none of which will do sex testing. The reason boils down to a remark made by Dr. Harold Nitowsky of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine: "Being male or female is not a disease."

While few people are willing to go through the danger and expense of selective abortion, many do have a boy or girl bias. During the counseling service she offers to would-be parents, Elizabeth Whelan often hears people give reasons for their sex preferences. She made a brief list of the most common ones. Parents often say they prefer boys, because a boy will carry on the family name, is more



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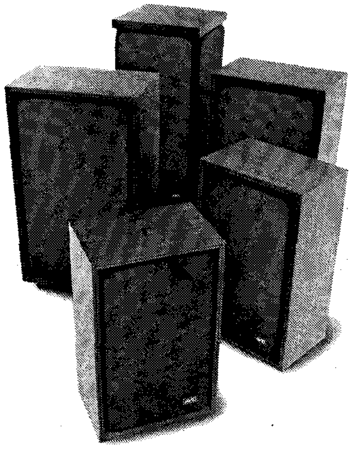

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achievement-oriented, makes the father feel more like a man. Girls were preferred because they are easier to raise, from a mother's point of view, and because we are entering the era of the woman.

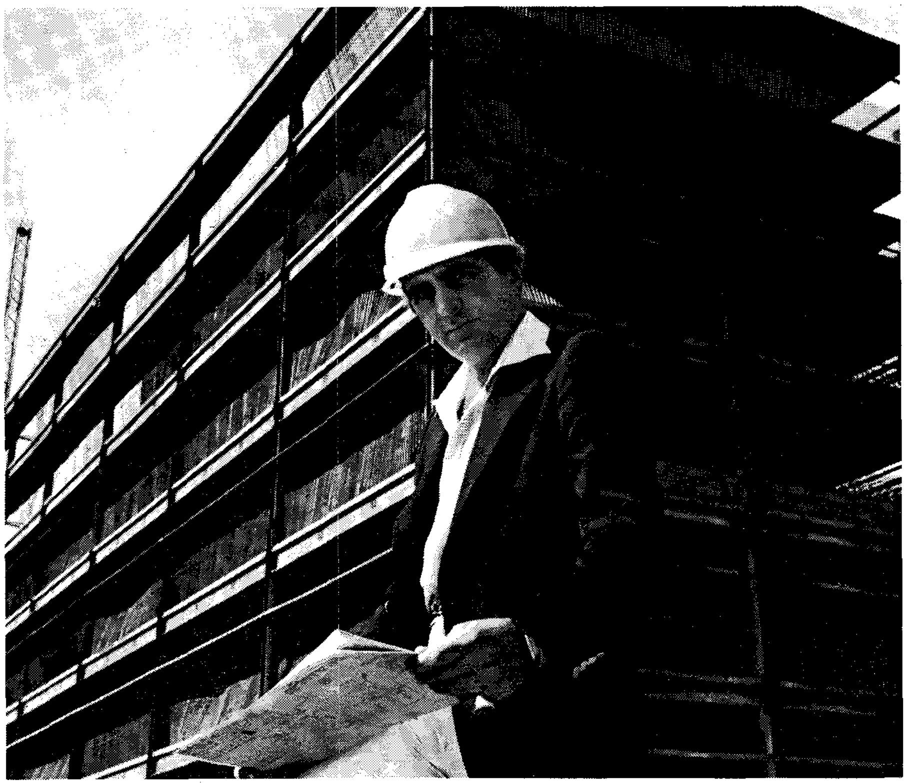
A number of people have been trying to find out which sex is likely to win this popularity poll, if sex control does become more common and more efficient. So far all the signs favor the males. Two West Virginia University professors, Herbert Wilcox and Thomas Ingersoll, polled three of their undergraduate classes to see if there was a strong sex preference among those who planned to have children, and to see how many would use the Ericsson method. Over three quarters of the students said they preferred males as firstborns. Males were also preferred for thirdborns, and a third said they would use Ericsson's technique.

A more elaborate study done by two sociologists at Princeton University's Office of Population Research came up with similar findings. Dr. Charles Westoff, associate director of the office, and research associate Ronald Rindfuss, now at the Center for Demography and Ecology at the University of Wisconsin, surveyed the attitudes of close to 6,000 married women on the topic of sex preselection. Generally they found neither sex significantly outpulled the other in popularity, so the 105-to-100 boy-girl ratio would remain fairly stable.

What would change, they found, would be the birth order, since the majority of women said they would pick a boy for the first child. Speculating about the social effects of this, Westoff says, "If you ask yourself what sort of characteristics do firstborn children have, you find that one of them is that they tend to be more aggressive. If you want to continue this science-fiction business a little farther, you can then say this means you're going to have a lot more aggressive men running around."

"Of course," he adds, "in this study I assumed a technology would exist that would permit the choice of either sex. If you change the rules of the game, that's going to have quite a different impact. Right now the most exciting thing out is this work by Ericsson. That could have an imbalancing effect on the sex ratio and obviously would mean there'd be an increase in the ratio of males to females born."

After such a boy surplus had built up after a number of years, the lopsided ratio would be, according to Columbia University sociologist Amitai Etzioni, "a society with some of the rougher features of a frontier town." A United States with more men would



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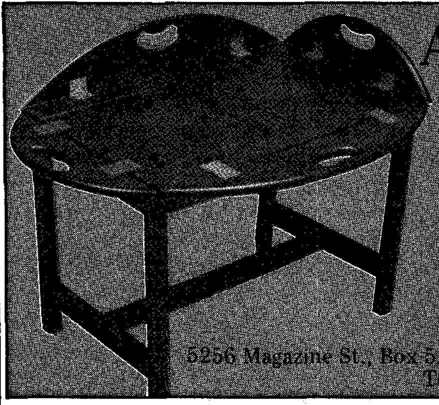

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mean higher crime rates, since men account for the bulk of criminal statistics, increased prostitution and homosexuality, and more tension between the races and classes. Since the lower classes tend to value males more, Etzioni says, they will produce a surplus of men who will start looking for mates beyond the borders of their social level, leading to increased social tensions.

In general the news isn't good for women and Republicans. This excess of men will mute the civilizing effects of women. According to Etzioni, women tend to read more books, attend more plays, and usually assume the moral education of the young. Women will become a minority as a population group and as a political force. Since women tend to vote more heavily Republican than men, this could mean a permanent Democratic majority in Congress.

Not surprisingly, Ronald Ericsson doesn't agree. "I don't see this doom-and-gloom scare attitude—increased rapes, war, homosexuality, prostitution—I just don't see it," he says. "I do believe there are more people out there wanting boys than wanting girls, but you've got to give them the benefit of the doubt. They're not all crazy."

So far, population-control groups haven't paid much attention to the technology or the implications of sex control. Zero Population Growth says it has no policy on the subject and Planned Parenthood spokesman Robin Elliott says his organization just isn't impressed by what's now available. "Our medical counsels are not convinced this is a science as yet. And besides, look at the kind of odds they're giving you," he says of the techniques. "If you're gambling at Las Vegas, they're pretty good, but when all you've got is two or three tries for a child, they're not all that great."

Still, the odds may pick up. Futurist Herman Kahn has put sex control on his list of new technologies most likely to appear before the year 2000—only 23 years from now. There are already a few developments on the horizon. Chinese doctors have already developed a test that can detect the sex of a fetus earlier than amniocentesis, between the seventh and fifteenth weeks of pregnancy, and a similar test is being developed here in the United States by Dr. Samuel Rhine of Indiana University's medical school. Others are hoping to use Ericsson's technique to favor X sperm. And a British researcher claims he's developed a gelatin compound for vaginal use that can be used to preselect boys or girls.

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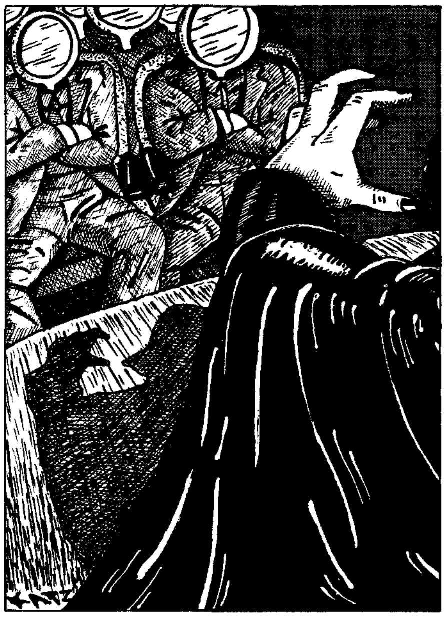
DINGBAT

"...There is camp in *Dracula* even before the actors commence: in Edward Gorey's sets and (though these are better) costumes..."

There may be some little value in reviving **Dracula** straight; there is no good reason (though there is a bad one) for camping it up. If this half-century-old, rather silly boulevard play were mounted straightforwardly and done with the naïve conviction with which it was originally performed, we could both smile at the innocence of past theater and reflect wryly on what most of today's hits will look like 50 years hence, should somebody choose to unearth them at all. But, for this effect, the material must not be kidded; everyone must be dead, or perhaps undead, serious.

Instead, the producers and the director, Dennis Rosa, have camped up the proceedings ferociously. We open, for instance, with a pantomime scene that cannot be in the Deane and Balderston original version, and is rather like a sophomoric parody of Noël Coward; presently, we are in the play proper, but with mugging and sashaying, quivering and quavering, and enough eyeball rolling to look like a bowling alley in miniature. And camp is there even before the actors commence: in Edward Gorey's sets and (though these are better) costumes. The scenery cheats shamelessly: Rather than being the combination sanatorium and home of Dr. Seward and his daughter, it is riddled with bats and saddled with ghoulies (bat-winged putti!) as if it were Dracula's castle instead of the temple of Hippocrates. It is further misguided by being all black and white (except for a drop of red always—oh, symbol-mindedness!), which is dull to look at; and it is all Gorey drawings—Gorey blown up to mammoth size. Now, Gorey drawings are fine in their proper place and format; here they look like postage stamps carrying on as if they were Picasso's *Guernica*—a sort of farcical megalomania that is the essence of camp.

It is all like having two fingers shoved into our solar plexus while being commanded to laugh. And the acting is likewise both nudging and inept. Dillon Evans, who plays Dr. Seward, should act only in plays with vividly colored sets; here, with Gorey's grays, he tends to disappear into the scenery. As his speciously endangered daughter, Ann Sachs is a curious ingenue indeed, looking 60 from some angles, like a boy from others, and from nowhere like an actress. Her performance is mostly mincing, as if she were portraying not Lucy but a Cuisinart. The lesser roles are performed in best summer-theater fashion, far too frail for autumn, Gretchen Oehler's bouts with cockney being particularly doomed.



As Van Helsing, the vampire slayer, Jerome Dempsey cuts a comic figure, all bloatedness and bombast, in a performance geared a little more at Macy's Thanksgiving parade than at the stage. As Dracula, Frank Langella is half right. His head does manage to look like a mummy's, he moves lithely, and he knows how to be menacing even while cowering. He also delivers some of his lines with appropriately acrid bonhomie. But he is not truly threatening, either sexually or murderously. There is no suggestion of lethal force or heterosexual fascination; moreover, there is a curious kind of narcissism here (abetted by the front-and-center staging)—as if, not being able to see himself reflected in mirrors, this Dracula desperately sought his image in the audience's rapt gaze.

But all this camp, as I suggested, does serve a purpose: Not only bats but other flitting creatures as well seem to be irresistibly drawn to it. Personally, I found only one thing of interest: the charming and balanced performance, almost untouched by the wrongheaded direction, of the personable Alan Coates as Jonathan Harker. If you have to see a *Dracula* of some sort, and if your intention is not to go on to the nearby Gilded Grape, you might as well catch the vastly preferable *Passion of Dracula* downtown—though even that is less than a must.

David Mamet is our current most promising playwright, following in the footsteps set down by John Guare, Israel Horovitz, and Sam Shepard before him. Let me hope that he will be better at keeping his promises than they seem to have been, and someday give us more than the pale fire his **A Life in the Theater** provides. We all know by now that Mamet can sail the currents and undercurrents of dialogue like an expert navigator; but for a playwright to become arrested on the level of the perfect ear is not enough. Neither through the world nor through the theater can you go as a giant, headless and bodiless, ear; and a play is not a come-as-you-hear party.

This is a series of vignettes, showing us an older, proudly declining actor and a young and ambitiously climbing one in their on- and offstage relationships. Each uses and abuses the other as best he can, with Robert, the descending one, in precarious control at first, gradually superseded and humbled by the ascending John. Vignettes etched in vitriol, then, recording every sentimental commonplace of the theater, as it happens during performance, in the wings, in dressing rooms, or on the darkened stage presided over by the little caged moon of the work light. Comforting platitudes, burlesque mishaps, greasepainted lies from among which a grinning truth now and then sallies on its deadly mission—all the love-hate of fellow actors is here in its gaudy sadomasochism, scarcely less lacerating for being platonic.

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> "...*Feedlot* is a bit underdone, but Patrick Myers, the author, is a man to watch..."

But Mamet gives away the show by the very fact that these, like almost all the scenes in every one of his plays, are duologues. Not dialogue, which any number can play, but duologues, with two—always two—Mamet characters batting their slightly souped-up platitudes back and forth. We get tired of this Ping-Pong and yearn for a little verbal football or basketball, something more team-oriented and teeming with life, not always pared down to pairs by an author who is geared only to batting around words, rather than the battles and free-for-alls of larger issues and involvements. Is Mamet still waiting for Sophocles to introduce the third actor into the drama?

Beyond that, *A Life in the Theater* suffers from being, ultimately, only a compendium of all the timeless absurdities of the theater—old jokes to most of us, and fascinating only to the very sentimental or the very inexperienced and stagestruck. Neither actor is ever allowed to acquire a full personality, a life beyond that of lines in a graph, or mannequins and mouthpieces for Mamet's jokey didacticism. Under their constantly changing costumes and civvies, Robert and John are merely people-shaped gags. Ellis Rabb plays Robert well if he is meant to be a fruity old ham or hammy old fruit, and Peter Evans is a good John if he is supposed to be amorphous under his ambitiousness—matters the author might have made clearer. John Lee Beatty's scenery, John David Ridge's costumes, Pat Collins's lighting, and Robert Waldman's incidental music combine expertly under Gerald Gutierrez's direction into genuine theatrical sleight of hand. But the writing remains too slight and offhand.

Feedlot, a play about violent goings-on in a Texas feedlot tower, is a bit underdone and overreaching, but Patrick Myers, the 30-year-old author, is a man to watch. The cruelty-to-animals theme that hovers over the proceedings is an apt metaphor for the various brutalities and acts of cowardice among the men who run the place, paradoxically capable though they are of occasional decencies, clumsily, almost apologetically, dropped into the general toughness and meanness. There are two problems, though: The homosexual theme is neither made quite convincing nor significantly enough fitted into what surrounds it. But the play holds our interest and keeps growing in stature rather than just length; even where the psychology is doubtful, the dramaturgy is often compelling. The performances and direction have their rough spots but are basically strong and intelligent. If you leave this theatrical repast wanting more, it is not so much because the portions were small as because they were so tasty.

The Critical Condition

The League of New York Theaters and Producers, guardian of the scheduling (and, apparently, of the tender sensibilities) of the Broadway theater, has removed John Simon's name from its opening-night list—meaning, in effect, that producers and their press agents are no longer obliged to furnish Simon with first-night tickets to their plays. The pretext for this action, it has taken *New York* some trouble to learn, was an unkind remark, unkindly worded, that Simon directed at a particular play during a recent TV talk-show appearance. (It is to be noted, in passing, that the play, *The Shadow Box*, has, since Simon's terse and acerbic epithet, rescinded its closing notice and moved to a larger theater.)

The New York Drama Critics Circle has voted to protest the league's action. The majority of press agents I've talked to have described the sanction as "silly," although one or two have taken it as a license to turn junior commando. One agent, a certain Max Eisen, told the magazine that he would be happy to reinvite Simon to his shows "when he mends his ways." As agent for a fleeting little freak show called *Some of My Best Friends*, Mr. Eisen must, by now, have a long list of critics who need to "mend their ways."

The question here, of course, is not whether a critic may or may not "deserve" the courtesy of free theater tickets, for opening night or any other time; it would probably be morally safer if all publications bought all tickets for all critics. The question is one of producers taking upon themselves the matter of managing the workings of critics. It is the latest manifestation of the situation I dealt with in an article here last summer (*New York*, July 11), wherein producers have drifted into the fantasy of regarding the press as their handmaiden. Thus, the league's action is not only petty and ignorant, it is also suicidal. It is an attempt to control free and energetic discussion in the arts, without which the arts must lose all vitality. **—Alan Rich**

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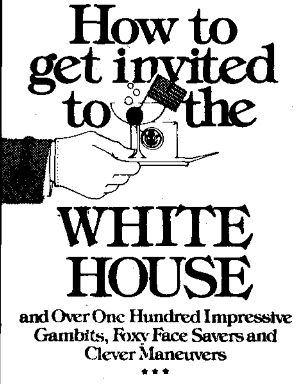
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Records / Alan Rich

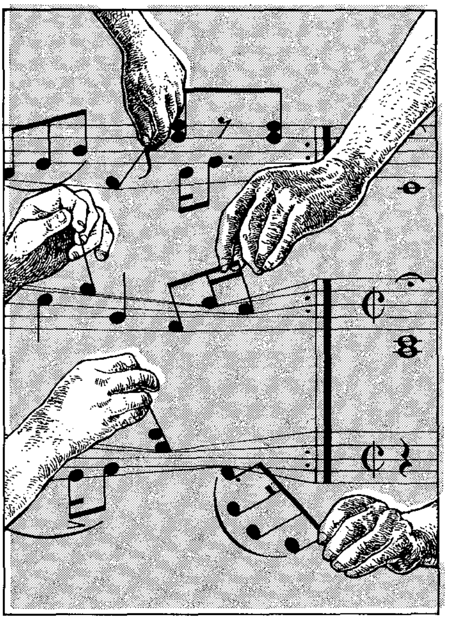
'BORIS,' BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH

"...The chance to create an important new *Boris* has been muffed; on records, at least, the Rimski version remains preferable..."

Angel's new **Boris Godunov** (SDLX 3844) gives us the opera for the first time on records in the composer's original version, which is substantially the same as that now being used at the Met. Moreover, Arthur Jacobs's program notes, included with the album, boil down to sensible size—also for the first time in the popular prints—exactly what the word *original* means in this context. A fully "original" *Boris* would mean a return to Mussorgsky's first version of 1871, which ended with the death scene, lacked the scene in the Kromy Forest, and had no "Polish" act at all. This was the version that the Maryinsky Theater (today, the Kirov) had rejected. A year later Mussorgsky added the Polish and Kromy scenes, ending the opera with the latter, but omitted the St. Basil scene (transferring some of its music to Kromy) and shortened several others. Later came the gross and extensive retouching by Rimski-Korsakov, which omitted St. Basil and reversed the Kromy and the death scene to end with the latter. Later yet, St. Basil was retouched, with similar grossness, by Ippolitov-Ivanov. Over the years many opera companies, paying lip service to Mussorgsky but succumbing to the prettifying work of Rimski, added the reworked St. Basil scene and returned the last two scenes to their former order (ending, in other words, with the Simpleton alone in the Kromy Forest). Is that as clear as mud?

What should, at least, be clear is that there is no such thing as a workable "original" Boris. The Met's version, like the one on this new four-disc album, is a compromise between the two "originals," which, at least, preserves the raw, unretouched, fabulously colorful Mussorgsky orchestration, the irregular lengths of the vocal phrases, and everything else that makes this one of opera's truly individual works. That said, however, I must now append the note that the new album is not very good.

Jerzy Semkow is the conductor, a man known in this country for an undistinguished year as one of the Philharmonic's associate conductors and



now head of the St. Louis Symphony. Here, he conducts a loud, brutal, but also rather prosaic, reading with the Polish Radio Orchestra and Chorus, capably recorded but very dense in sound and texture. The Boris is Martti Talvela, who, without the imposing figure he presents in person, sings with little mastery over line and with an unpleasant tendency to bark at climatic moments; his dying music is notably poor. Nicolai Gedda, the Grigory, is somewhat better except in the Polish scene, where he sounds strained and reedy. The rest of the cast, with few exceptions, work with that somewhat nasal quality common to many Slavic singers, which Western ears take to only with reluctance.

Thus, an opportunity to create an important recording has, by and large, been muffed here. I am forced to admit, against all better judgment, that the preferable *Boris Godunov* on records must be the Karajan recording of Rimski's version—plus St. Basil and ending with Kromy—on London (1439), in which Nicolai Ghiaurov's fabulous Boris renders questions of authenticity meaningless.

On Philips there is a new **Rosenkavalier** (6707 030), hardly needed in view of the competition, but worth your attention for at least two of the performances it preserves. One is that of Frederica von Stade, the Octavian: richly humorous, wonderfully colored, and with a way of suggesting, purely through sound, what a ravishing figure she cuts on a stage. The other is Ruth Welting, a Sophie to sweep up and hug to distraction. But Evelyn Lear's Marschallin, for whatever nobility it projects in person, is merely dull on records, and the conducting of Edo de Waart, with the Rotterdam Philharmonic, is discreet to the point of self-effacement. Such older performances as Schwarzkopf-Karajan (Angel S-3563) and Crespin-Minton-Donath-Solti (London 1435, my personal favorite) do not readily give way.

Being of a democratic state of mind, I can admit to having friends who still listen to Gounod's **Faust**. For their information, if not for my own, I can report that RCA's new recording (FRL-4 2493), disgustingly complete even to every last note of ballet music, is as good as anyone could desire. The Faust is Giacomo Aragall, the Marguerite, Montserrat Caballé, and they sing with great spirit, and with something even mistakable for dramatic conviction. The conductor is Alain Lombard, who, back in 1966, made his Met debut doing the same chore and who, now as then, paces the work with a great deal of fervor. The one truly notable element in this album, however, is the Méphistophélès of the American bass Paul Plishka, one of those few singers in the past decade who have been allowed to move up at the Met from small to large roles. Plishka has now developed into an artist of enormous elegance and skill.

Better than *Faust* as shabby shockers go, and only half as long, is Italo Montemezzi's **L'Amore dei Tre Re**, a *verismo* melodrama that used to circulate more widely than it does at present. The opera dates from 1913 and made the composer rich and happy until his death in 1952; Toscanini introduced it at the Met in 1914, where

Illustrated by Paul Richer

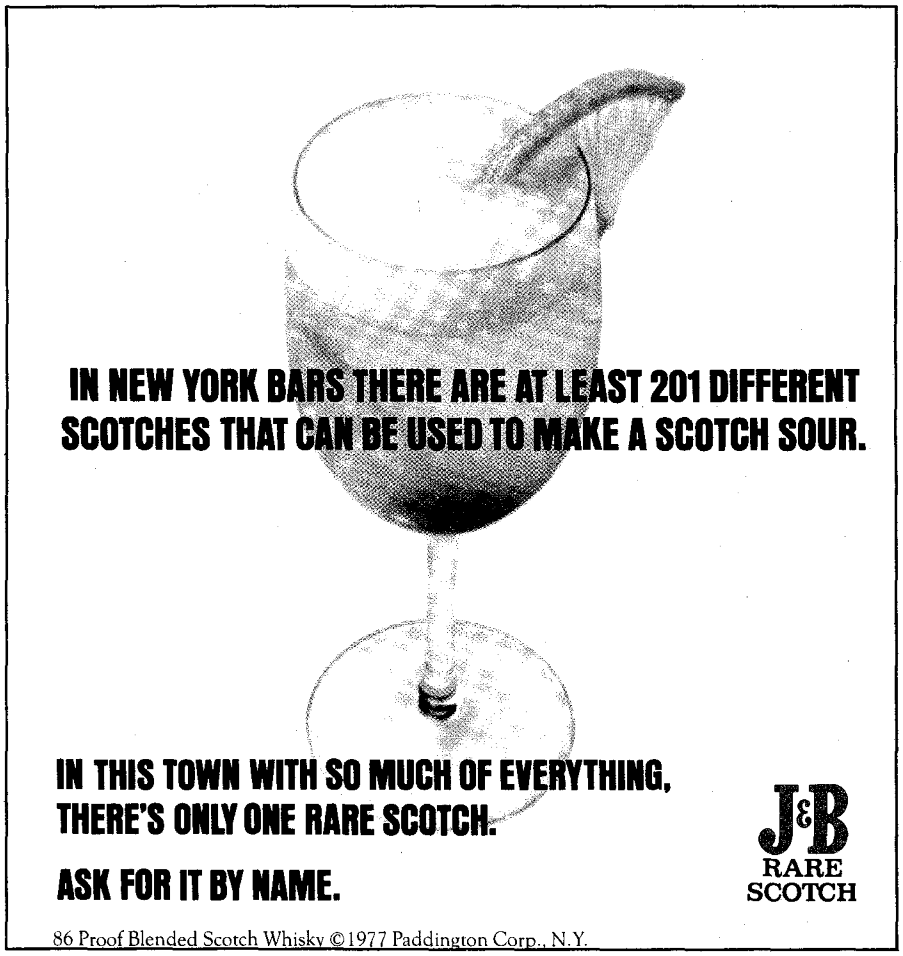
it enjoyed a huge success for several years. The work is eminently deserving of revival; its story—mean old king, faithless daughter, stranglings and poisonings—is nicely treated, and the opera has that intense terseness that makes *Cav'n'Pag* better than they deserve to be. There are also, it hardly need be added, some juicy roles.

L'Amore is also—like *Adriana Lecouvreur* and *Andrea Chénier*—shrewdly written to make singers sound better than they are. That quality works here to the advantage of Anna Moffo, whose Fiora rises to what could almost be taken for dramatic heights. Cesare Siepi, as the old King, also sounds better here than he has of late; Placido Domingo, who needs no such coddling, merely sings the living daylights out of his gorgeously written role. Nello Santi is all the conductor the opera requires, and the sound, from RCA's London studios, is super-fine.

Why a new **Verdi Requiem**? RCA's new album (ARL2-2476) doesn't answer that question very satisfactorily, considering the eight competing stereo versions currently available (plus three notable efforts on mono, plus one shabby little entry from Bulgaria). Solti has recorded the work before, with not inconsiderable soloists. Is the world so desperate for a version from Chicago?

I am not fond of this new performance, brilliant and ear-bending though it might be. Solti's reading is taut but, in many moments, icy. Leontyne Price sounds better on the Vienna performance under Fritz Reiner. The other soloists—Janet Baker, Veriano Luchetti, José van Dam—are all splendid singers, but so are the many who compete. To my ears, no performance can replace the one on Angel (S-3649) conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini, with Schwarzkopf, Ludwig, and Ghiaurov, and with Nicolai Gedda's singing of the "Hostias" my personal nomination for one of the most ravishing single minutes of music ever recorded.

Obiter dicta: A few weeks ago I reported on the American premiere of Daniel Auber's **Manon Lescaut**, given under modest circumstances by the Bel Canto Opera. You should also know that there is a full-scale recording of this work on a three-record French album imported by EMI and available in several of the connoisseur record shops in town (King Karol, Discophile, Music Masters, etc.). It is conducted by Jean-Pierre Marty, with Mady Mesplé as the Manon (2C167 14056/8). The more I hear this opera, the more I am convinced that it is a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work of considerable merit, with some pages of astounding beauty—that rarity, a forgotten opera that deserves to be remembered. The performance under Marty is, in all respects, an excellent one, and I recommend it strongly—to you, and to whoever still survives among the dwindling ranks of enterprising opera managers.

On Angel's cheap Seraphim label (60291) comes a reissue of songs and arias sung by **Conchita Supervía,** that dazzling, colorful Spanish mezzo who died a tragically early death in 1936. There was nobody like Supervía, and there probably won't be: a woman who brought to all her work an almost animalistic joy and yet who tempered this emotion with an acquired great cultivation. The new collection includes three excerpts from her hair-raising *Carmen* (but not the "Card Scene," which you could use to scare away goblins but which you must dig up on one of her imported records). It also includes just one teaser from the considerable Rossini repertory she recorded; she sang the great roles in their original mezzo register and with such wit and energy that you can't hear them sitting down. But the record does include some wonderful Falla and Granados songs, a whole side of them; this is singing which, 45 years later, has still to be challenged.

I have also been asked, discreetly of course, to comment on **Michael Aspinall**, a British drag soprano (well, mezzo profundo, actually) whose London disc (OS 26537) is currently making the rounds. Mr. Aspinall sings a repertory nicely chosen for spoof: parlor ballads, some operatic chestnuts, a bit of operetta. But he doesn't do them very well; you just can't bring this stuff off unless you can hit the notes. Anna Russell—a stupendously talented drag artist at heart, she surely won't mind my saying—could. Joan Morris, every inch a lady, makes the parlor-ballad repertory even more endearing by merely singing, if you'll pardon the expression, straight. To hell, therefore, with Mr. Aspinall.

Poor But Honest

Some of the rarest music these days, and as such some of the most satisfying, is that of the strongly individual, idiosyncratic, male vocalist. Not one who has stepped out of a successful group to promulgate a familiar style for a larger share of the profits, nor one who is able to mix his own brand of showmanship with someone else's songs, nor one whose straight-from-the-heart sincerity is just a conscious reflection of the current musical formula.

But someone like **Tom Waits**, who has always sounded as if he's singing in the dark, unshaven, and dressed all in black with only the glow from the end of a dangling cigarette to light his way. His gravelly voice is the perfect instrument for songs that are unremittingly about the low life: broken-down cars, greasy diners, tattoo parlors, but all done without "ashcan school" affectation. They're written in the kitchen of the sleazy Hollywood motel where he lives (the one that Andy Warhol used for *Trash*)—with the stove torn out and a piano put in its place—strewn with dirty ashtrays and empty bottles. From there, and from behind the wheel of a black '54 Caddy, Tom Waits catches the rhythms and vibrations of the troubled life, and for the moment at least—though fame and even some fortune have set in (he's been a guest on the *Dinah Shore Show*)—he turns them into seamy stream-of-consciousness ballads. There's a trace in his work, to be sure, of the beat-generation poets of the fifties, but Waits insists, if somewhat improbably, that Irving Berlin and Stephen Foster are greater influences on his music than Jack Kerouac or Allen Ginsberg. And as for other influences, "Everybody I like," he says, "is either dead or not feeling very well." His career is now four albums old, the first called *Closing Time*, followed by *The Heart of Saturday Night* and *Small Change*. "I just hope I'm able to touch that feeling," he once said, "before I find myself one of these days double-parked on easy street." After hearing his latest album, *Foreign Affairs* (Asylum 1117), we find that, thankfully, he's not there yet.

If Tom Waits seems to be a participant in the phenomena contained in his songs, then a wry and witty observer of those phenomena is **Randy Newman.** Clean, curly-haired, perpetually sunglass adorned, educated in music theory at UCLA, he would only *visit* the places that Tom Waits *lives*, but he would return with a three-minute song that would somehow perfectly establish the locale and the character and the mood. It would be a song with the color and economy of a musical short story. *Little Criminals* (WB BSK 3079), Newman's first album in three years, is about cops and criminals, cowboys, Freud, and even about short people (they don't deserve to live). And though he's had his songs recorded by the likes of Judy Collins, Ringo Starr, Barbra Streisand, Etta James, and Joe Cocker, this is a collection of fantasies and dreams that are truly his own. **—Tom Bentkowski**

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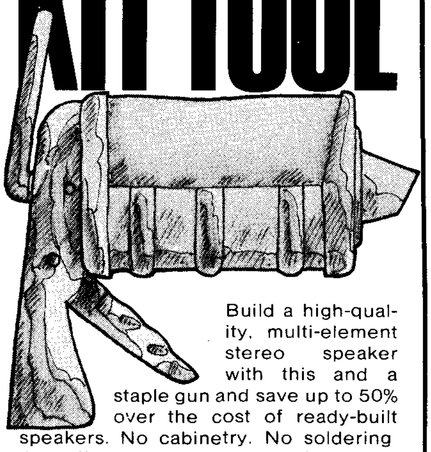

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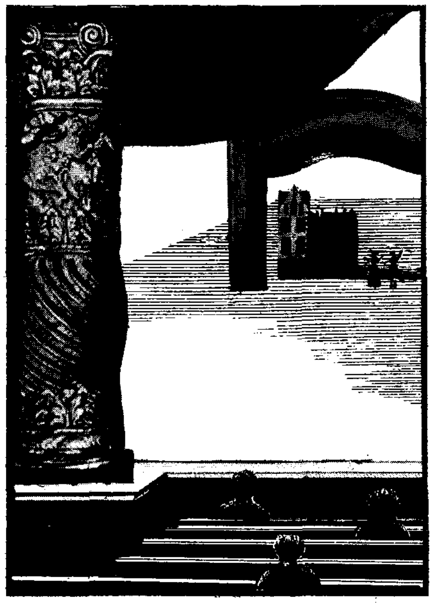
...BUT NOT THE VOICE OF REASON

"...The Musgrave opera is an excellent work, but a preordained audience failure. The piece didn't belong at the City Opera..."

By the third performance of Thea Musgrave's **The Voice of Ariadne**, the City Opera's audience was down to about half capacity. The curtain came down to a polite pitter-patter of applause. You could have played hockey in the lobbies during intermissions. Such spectacles are common enough at performances of contemporary opera, but they are still depressing. I had to think back on the cheering, packed house I saw this summer at Covent Garden at the third or fourth performance of Michael Tippett's *The Ice Break*, an inferior work.

I must, therefore, be of several minds about *The Voice of Ariadne*. I found it an altogether splendid score, brilliantly mounted and, for the most part, exceptionally well sung under the composer's able baton. The opera itself is a quiet, intensely lyric treatment of a story well chosen. Amalia Elguera has fashioned, from one of Henry James's slighter supernatural tales, called "The Last of the Valerii," a poetic, intelligent, shapely libretto, almost a paradigm of its kind. Musgrave has clothed these words in a fine, original musical setting. Her style is on the edge of tonality; it allows for beautiful arches of song; it sets English words with remarkable attention to their shape and tone. The opera is fairly short, and it doesn't waste a gesture. An alert listener can pick out the important structural devices: the slithering horn motif, for example, which goes with the taped voice of the statue of Ariadne, and which outflowers into a lyric line toward the end. The cast, led by David Holloway and a newcomer named Cynthia Clarey, sang this ravishing music with exemplary clarity; the small orchestra honored the composer in fine style.

Yet, here was a subtle, intimate, chamber opera, first done at the tiny theater at Aldeburgh (in 1974), now brought into the vast space of the State Theater, dwarfed by the lovely but outsize sets of Carl Toms, and spread thin across the large stage by Colin Graham's direction. For all the good intentions of the City Opera, therefore, the piece didn't belong. The Juilliard Theater, into which a *Bohème* or a *Roussalka* gets squeezed, would have been ideal. But that would posit the existence of a chamber-opera company in town with the resources to mount such repertory. We have none.



Then, the other question: Who has mandated this sudden Anglophile turning by the City Opera? The night before, I had heard Beverly Sills, during the intermission of the *Manon* telecast, dredging up the familiar legend about an American company, doing American opera, with American singers. This season we have had an English director brought over to make a botch of *Figaro*, with an undistinguished English Cherubino; are there no Americans anymore who could have done as well, or better? You know there are, and so does Julius Rudel. And now the Musgrave opera, an excellent work, but a preordained audience failure. Are we, from now on, to journey to Minneapolis, or San Francisco, or Houston, to hear new native operas? Anyone seriously concerned with this problem can name an American opera or two that would have had at least as much chance for success as *The Voice of Ariadne*: Andrew Imbrie's *Angle of Repose* continues to repose after its San Francisco success last year; Conrad Susa's *Transformations*, a hit in Minneapolis, goes unrevived; there's always Virgil Thomson's *The Mother of Us All*. I don't for a moment suggest that Ms. Musgrave's splendid opera should go unheard; it does strike me, however, that some priorities at the City Opera are drastically out of kilter.

I left the name of Thomas Pasatieri out of the preceding enumeration, although his operatic output, and its success, dwarfs that of any other American past or present. That news is enough to temper any vision of the hinterlands as a paradise for American opera, because Mr. Pasatieri is a thoroughly rotten composer, a man capable of working immense perversions even within the limited musical language he has assumed unto himself (Puccini through a tin horn, with a faint Russian brogue). At least no major New York company has been so ill-advised as to mess with the Pasatieri output. Mud, like water, seeks its own level, and so the dubious honor of giving this city its first full-length Pasatieri opera befell the modest, and only patchily accomplished, New York Lyric Opera Company, which works at the dreadful little theater at NYU.

Washington Square, which was introduced last year by the Michigan Opera Theater, has a decent, literate libretto by Kenward Elmslie, drawn from the Henry James novel (and *not*, I'm happy to report, from the stage travesty of that novel called *The Heiress*). Mr. Pasatieri, however, has added nothing. His mucilaginous music oozes through and around the text, defining no character, lending no outline to any possible dramatic situation. Of musical shaping there is none; pieces and whole scenes do not end, they merely stop. (I am not suggesting, of course, that Mr. Pasatieri ought to write some closing cadences for his arias, or bridges between scenes; far be it from me to suggest that he ever again compose a single note.)

For the record, the performance was conducted by Victor De Renzi and directed by David Alden, with fragmen-

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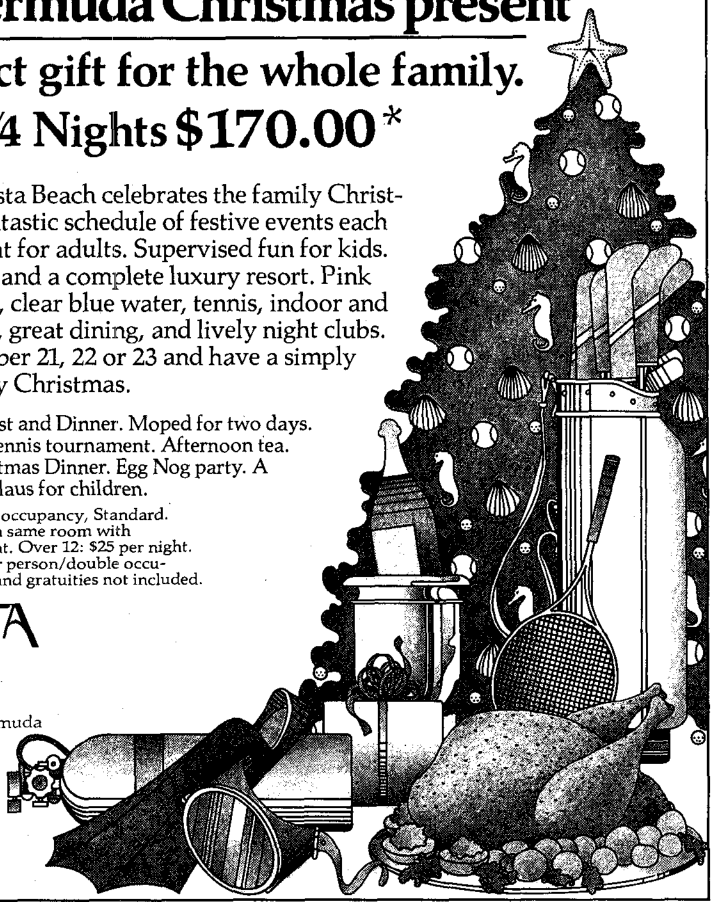

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tary, resolutely ugly sets by Paul Steinberg and rented costumes that looked as if they had been pulled at random from whatever was at the front of the rack. The orchestra, in that acoustically wretched hall, was so loud that I don't think I want to discuss any singers, beyond extending my sympathies to one and all.

Lincoln Center's **Chamber Music Society** began its ninth season with Gounod's *Petite Symphonie* for winds, a delectable piece delectably played, and, for my money, the only work worth remembering by that composer. The program also included Mozart's G Minor Piano Quartet, which was also wonderfully played with Richard Goode at the piano, but whose value was undermined by leaving out the repeats in all movements. It was fine that Charles Wadsworth, ever the genial host, came out to greet the audience, gave the World Series score, and promised "to get you out of here as quickly as we can." But a work as crammed with vital information as the Mozart deserves its full time in the sun. The novelty was *Silbury Air*, by Harrison Birtwistle, an important English composer becoming fairly well known here. As in his other pieces I've heard, Birtwistle creates here some fascinating structures out of the ordering of sound; this sixteen-minute work, scored for eighteen players (piano, brass, winds, strings, and lots of kitchenware), is mostly a study in pulsations of varying intensities, through which the traditional English "Silbury Air" seems to wander fully clothed and with umbrella up. It's a piece of considerable wit and substance.

Meanwhile, at the **Philharmonic,** Julius Baker introduced the new flute concerto by the aforementioned Andrew Imbrie, one of the few major works by this California composer to be heard here. Like everything of Imbrie I know, this is a dense, beautifully fashioned piece, built out of diatonic fragments that may elude the casual listener. On one hearing, I found little in the first movement besides clamor, but the slow movement—a moody, eloquent line for the soloist, with some gorgeous, quiet sonorities encircling it—and the finale are full of attractive, individual writing. Imbrie is a major composer; his violin concerto, available on records, should be in every home.

I had not encountered the **Waverly Consort** before last week at the YMHA, which is my loss. This is a group of players and singers of medieval and Renaissance music, one of many of its kind and very likely the best. At the "Y"

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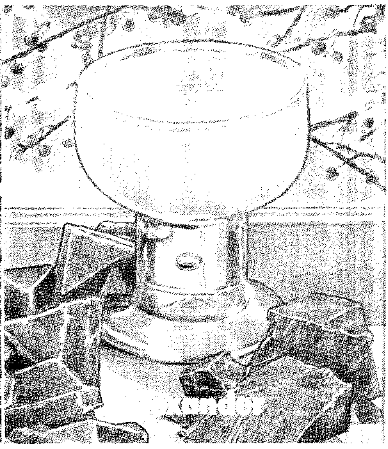
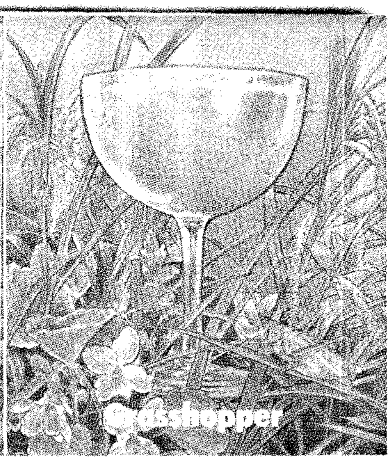


Old Fashioned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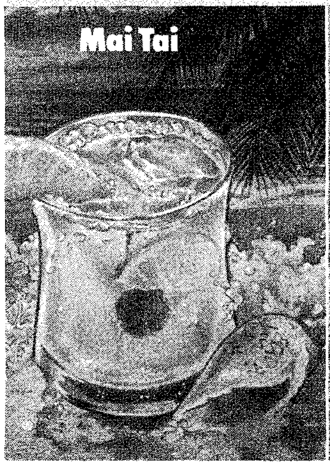
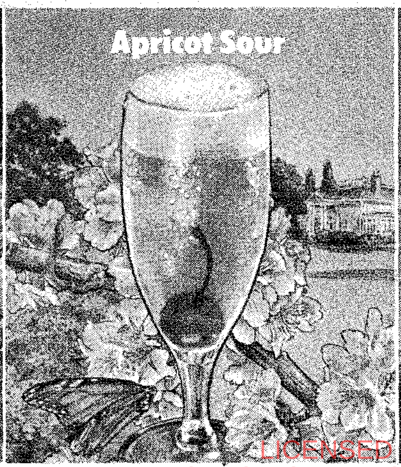
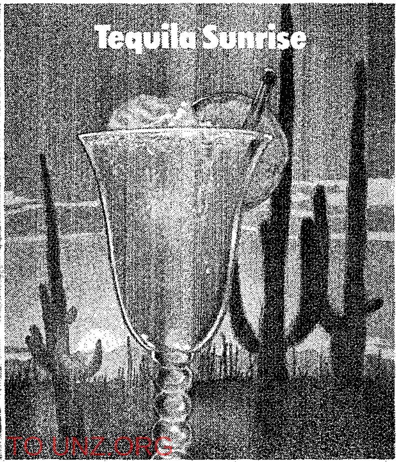
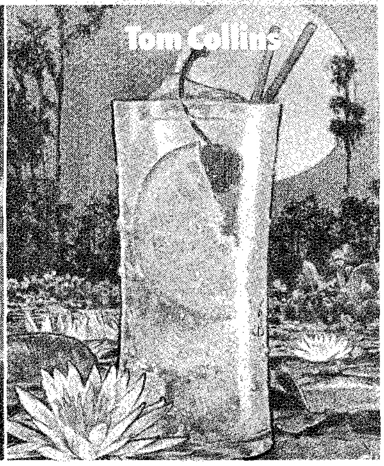



Apricot Sour


Tequila Sunrise


Tom Collins

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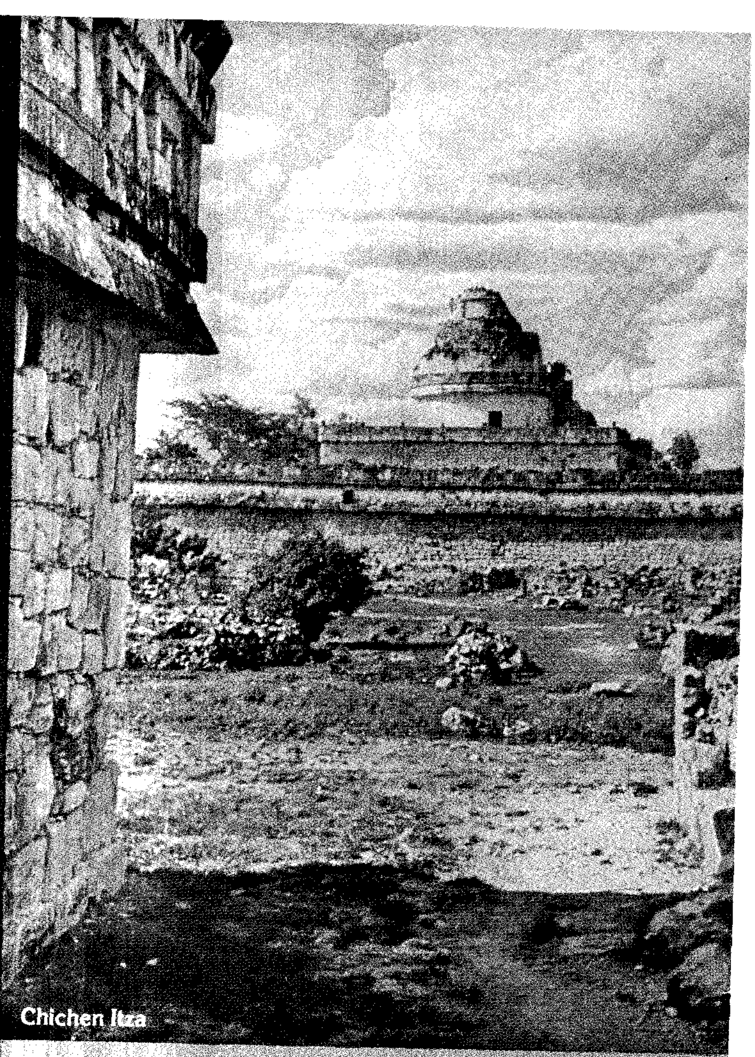

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I heard the group in *Le Roman de Fauvel,* the famous fourteenth-century satirical fable (about an ass who comes to rule the world) to which several composers of the time had contributed songs and dances. The music had been edited and scored, with affectionate regard for its original form, by Michael Jaffee, and it was of surpassing beauty. Some of the vocal lines—a song just before intermission, a later piece for soprano and bells, and a men's ensemble toward the end—seemed to hover in the air like the whispers of angels. And so, too, were they sung and played, by the group (under Jaffee's direction) whose love and talent seem without limit.

The piece was neatly staged by Philip Minor, with an inventive, tricky set by John Wright Stevens, and with stylish costumes and hilarious masks by, respectively, Robert Pusilo and Ralph Lee. A cut-down version of the text had been turned into graceful English verse by Nicholas Kepros and was read by him with like grace. Perhaps it can be argued that such modern staging and text monkeying violates strict canons of authenticity, whatever they may be. All that really matters is that the Waverly Consort brought some wonderful musical drama to enchanting life, without the cutes, without patronizing, and with enormous, infectious spirit.

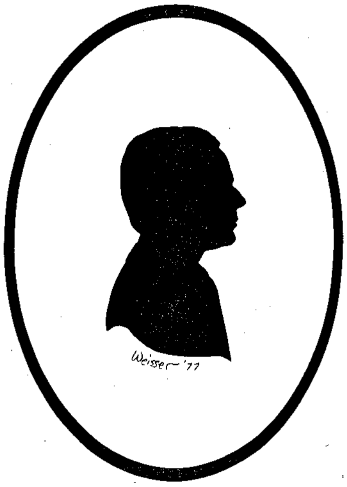
Why a Joffrey **Romeo and Juliet**? Mr. Barnes answered that in last Sunday's *Times:* Full-length ballets are "in" and suggest respectability; for the Joffrey, *Romeo* was "the most suitable." If this *was* the thinking, it betrays an identity crisis. As purely a dancing or dramatic ensemble, the company ranks below top. It has built its following with its variety and mild outrage. Its audience grooved on *Astarte* ten years ago and remains loyal, if not discriminating. It rattles candy wrappers, talks during interludes, and goes into raptures whenever a dancer's both feet are off the floor. It is a pushover for pretension.

Which it got with Oscar Araiz's cut-down, inflated *Romeo,* its three Juliets looking exactly like fish on a slab in the Tomb Scene. The omissions, especially the lack of a Friar Laurence, make the plot line implausible; the choreography is mostly show-off. (I gagged particularly at one egregious maneuver in the balcony scene, with Romeo apparently mopping the floor with Juliet.) The ugly costumes and hokey lighting compound the horror; the orchestra, with a masterpiece on its stands, turns Prokofiev's music (mercifully truncated) into puddles of sound. ■

BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern



Snippety Doodah

When Etienne de Silhouette wasn't fiddling with the finances of eighteenth-century France, the old cut-up was doing paper portraits of fellows at court. Little did the scissors-happy finance minister reckon on his hobby's becoming a cherished art form . . . nor on a follower named Carl Weisser, who would be immortalizing you and me for $10. Here's his portrait of Bob Bishop, director of the Museum of American Folk Art.

CARL WEISSER/*November 5 and 6, 12 and 13, 2 to 5 p.m./Museum of American Folk Art/49 West 53rd Street*

"Hot Chocolates of 1936," typical razzle-dazzle at the Cotton Club.

Our Crowds

The Cotton Club's policy in the early twenties was blacks-only onstage and whites-only out front. And it worked. "It's worth seeing," said Jimmy Durante. "How they step!" Lady Mountbatten called the club the "aristocrat of Harlem." Indeed. Its performers were the highest-paid in Harlem; production numbers—many written by Jimmy McHugh and Dorothy Fields—were Ziegfeldesque in pomp; décor was palm-tree jungly; food was steak and lobster, Chinese and Mexican, fried chicken and spareribs; music was by Andy Preer's Missourians and later Duke Ellington and Cab Calloway. This December, a brand-new Cotton Club will open on 125th Street and try to play it again. But perhaps a better way is closer at hand in *The Cotton Club*, a new book by Jim Haskins.

Only in their demise, alas, do such legendary places become accessible to most of us. So blessings, too, on James R. Gaines for his dazzling chronicle of life around the Algonquin Round Table. What a joy it is to get Parker and Woollcott and Benchley and Kaufman and Adams and Broun and Ross and the rest of the Vicious Circle back together again—and to watch, to listen, to wince, and applaud!

THE COTTON CLUB/*By Jim Haskins/Random House/$15 hardcover, $7.95 paperback*
WIT'S END/*By James R. Gaines/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich/$12.95*

And All That Chas.

The composer himself won't be at the piano, but he does have his hand in anyway; he's the director. Who better than Charles Strouse to conduct 40 theater songs by Charles Strouse?

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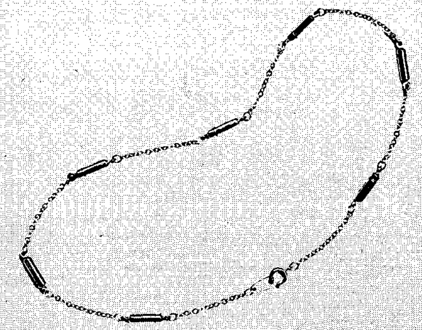
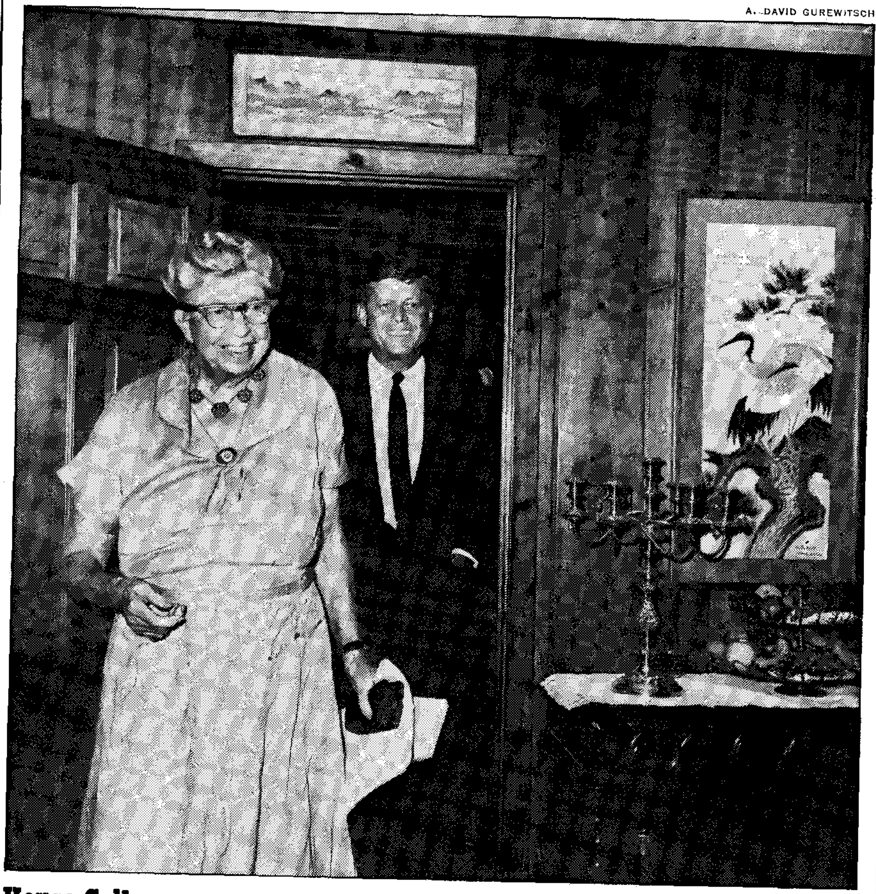


Animal Magnetism

Cultists who were sharpening their razor blades under plastic pyramids last year can treat their sore shoulders with a Bio-Magnetic necklace this year. Already a big seller in Japan, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, the necklace is a chain of cylindrical magnets using "rare earth cobalt," a substance developed by NASA for the space program. "Over here it has only been used so far for seed excitation and in the treatment of the muscular aches of horses," says Stanley Stern, who makes the American version ($20). P.S. Do not wear with a pacemaker, the tag warns. **—Priscilla Tucker**

ABRAHAM & STRAUS/*Main floor*



A. DAVID GUREWITSCH

House Calls

On August 14, 1960, John F. Kennedy, Dr. A. David Gurewitsch, and his wife, Edna, drove to Hyde Park to visit Eleanor Roosevelt. Kennedy was a candidate with hopes of support. Gurewitsch was Mrs. Roosevelt's personal physician with a camera. This picture, snapped by the good doctor just after lunch, is one of many to be seen in a new show at Mrs. Gurewitsch's gallery.

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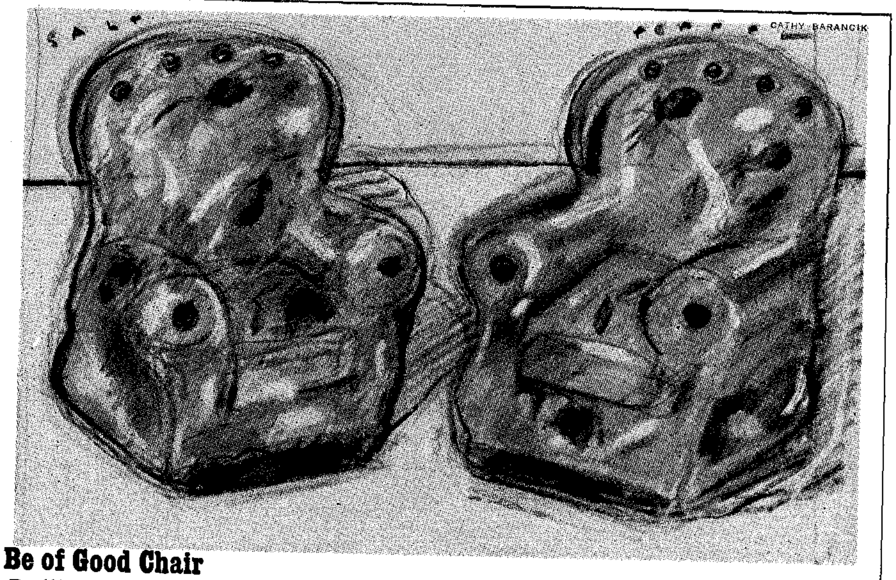


CATHY BARANCIK

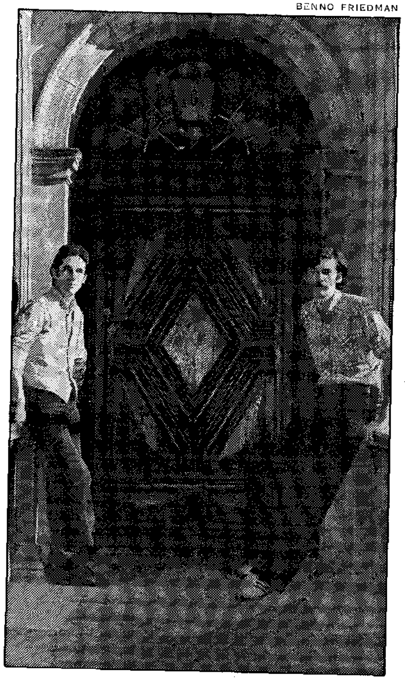
Be of Good Chair

Dollhouse furniture it is not. These chubby and flowery little chairs are Polly Frizzell's ceramic salt and pepper shakers ($12).

SHAKERS/*Shenanigans, Jenny B. Goode, Mythology*

Woody Two Shoes

In order to build this solid-oak reproduction of a 70-year-old English door for the Visiting Nurse Service of New York, Bill Russell (below, left) and Paul Nippes (right) also had to build five new planes for the moldings because, Paul explains, "we had to revive a technology that had more or less been forgotten." The rest of the 300-pound, three-inch-thick piece was carved freehand. "We sort of pride ourselves on the fact that anything anyone can think of we can do," Paul says. Which means the ambitious young woodworkers will turn out reproduction or original tables, chairs, puzzle boxes, cabinets, and even houses. Houses are where Paul began, or "where I cut my eyeteeth, so to speak," when he went up to Martha's Vineyard for a week and stayed five years, building all sorts of dwellings from little budget shacks to big $175,000 ones. On the Vineyard, he met Bill, who had already built Alice's Restaurant in Stockbridge and restored Baltic schooners in Denmark. "This is a trade that takes you places," says Paul. "And there are so many nuances, you can go from boat building to violins. We're *here* because we think New York can support the kind of fine work we want to do. If we can't make it here, we won't make it anywhere."



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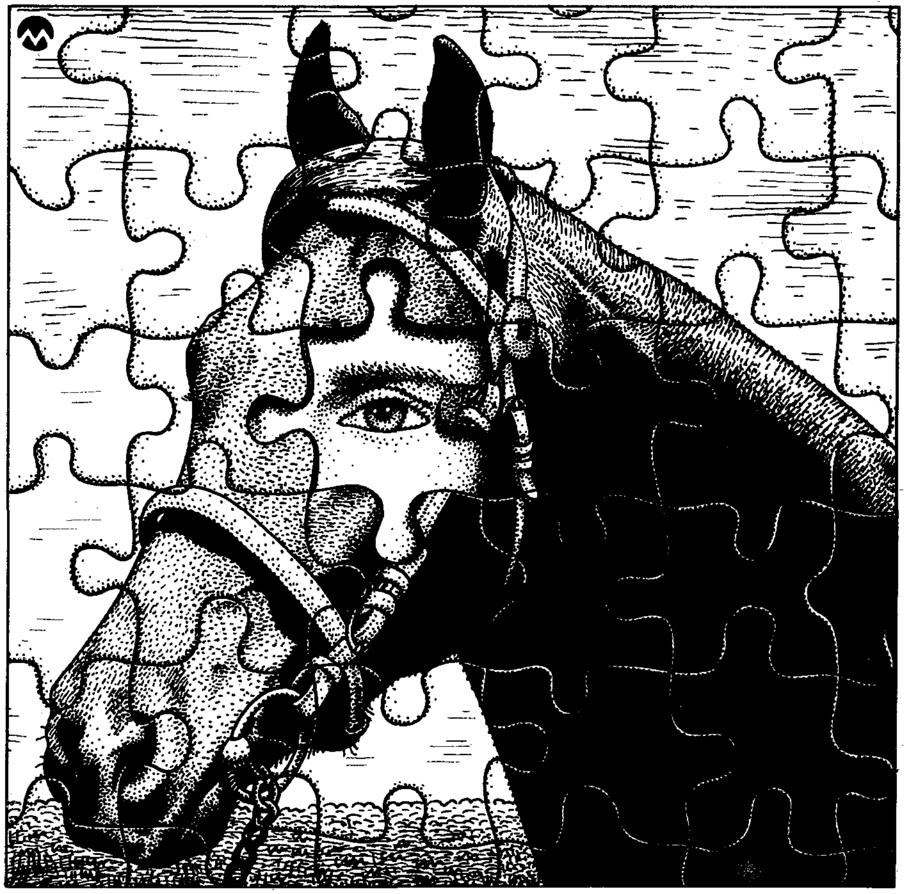
Movies / Molly Haskell

AN UNSTABLE FABLE

"... In *Equus*, childlessness is equated with sexlessness, neurosis with passion, and passion is mistaken for emotion itself..."



Peter Schaffer's **Equus** has been made into a movie, obviously not a moment too soon for its admirers. The long-running play—about a weary psychiatrist and the young psychopath whose unbridled passion (or should we say passion for bridles) reveals to the good doctor the sterility of his own life—has been brought to the screen by Sidney Lumet. Lumet, whose virtues and weaknesses as a director lie in his faithfulness to the material at hand, has apparently followed the instructions of screenwriter Schaffer and transferred the sacramental text with soliloquies intact to the screen, with only a bit of rewiring for naturalistic effect.

The story, a sort of disguised *Death in Venice* in middlebrow drag, remains the same: An aging psychiatrist (Richard Burton) is entrusted with the cure of a young man (Peter Firth) who in obedience to some inner voice has gouged out the eyes of the horses at the stable where he works. There follows your basic role reversal: It is the psychiatrist, not the patient, who finds himself on trial. Gradually he comes to realize that his life, maritally and professionally, is a sham, and that all those arcane books of classical literature (which he makes sure we know he's read) are but pseudo-knowledge, shadows on the cave compared to the real ecstasy experienced by the naked, horse-nuzzling kid.

The rationale for *Equus* offered by those with the sense to be embarrassed by its theme was its "dazzling theatricality." And certainly there was plenty to dazzle the senses and dull the mind in the Broadway production: as the horses, actors in brown velveteen with silver wire-sculpted heads and raised hooves; a platform suggestive of a boxing ring that turned psychiatrist and patient into metaphysical pugilists; and the often nude Adonis, created by Peter Firth, prancing suggestively in pantomimes of both horse and rider. But shorn of its theatrical razzmatazz, it still has audiences cheering in all the right places, leading me to believe the popularity has as much to do with the message as with the medium. Passion and nonconformism have always been big business in these parts, particularly if allied with Youth or Insanity or Poverty and extolled at the expense of the mid-life wasteland and middle-class virtues.

I have often wondered why audiences join so merrily in these tirades denouncing their values—does it mean that they have suddenly seen the light, like Saul on the road to Damascus, and are henceforth resolved to restore passion to their lives? Or is the portrait of middle-aged anemia so overdrawn that they do not recognize themselves in it, only their in-laws, ex-spouses, and next-door neighbors ... ?

Audiences accept at face value the superstition that psychoanalysis is not a tool for illumination but a totalitarian weapon, a lobotomization that turns a passionate and suffering human being into a consumer automaton. It is also part of the catechism of the play's *mea culpa* that childlessness is equated with sexlessness (hence, the barren marriage), neurosis is equated with passion, and passion—the visible excess, the self-display of emotion—is mistaken for emotion itself.

Still, it was easier to romanticize the antisocial impulse when it was presented in an almost figurative manner—the fantasies of a young boy concerning horses that were themselves more metaphorical than real. The moment the horses become flesh-and-blood beasts, the skewering of their eyes—which Lumet shows in a bloody climax—becomes an irrevocable act and the boy a wanton criminal.

Up until this moment, Lumet has used a combination of realism and stylization. We see Burton driving to work in his Mercedes, sharing a roast-beef dinner with his confidante, the lawyer, played by Eileen Atkins, and

Illustrated by Marvin Mattelson

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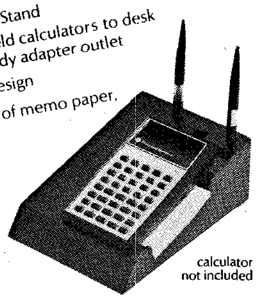

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having tea with the boy's parents (Joan Plowright and Colin Blakely, splendidly anguished as the mismatched couple). Then, suddenly, he will materialize in a doorway or at his desk to deliver another installment in his soliloquy, and, in fact, these "staged" passages are more effective, given the largely rhetorical nature of the play, than the naturalistic ones.

I suppose one of the side effects of the play was to serve as a test case for actors—if they could deliver those sermonettes about passion and pain without choking. The play proved as sturdy a vehicle for actors "of a certain age" as the musicals *Hello, Dolly!* and *Auntie Mame* (to name but two) did for their female counterparts. But the theme, in a twist appropriate to the age of the menopausal male, was reversed: Whereas the great dames of Broadway were out to prove how young they still were, the successive Martin Dysarts were competing to show who was the most desiccated and dried-up prune of them all.

Burton handles the monologues eloquently, and even conveys great weariness, but somehow it is the wrong kind—the satiety of the satyr rather than the anxious exhaustion of the repressed. In this respect, Anthony Hopkins did more for the play. His primness and comparative youth made him seem more vulnerable to the mid-life soul-searching required of the character, and he conveyed a held-in-check eroticism in his fascination with the boy that was as close as Schaffer's play could come to the threatening sensuality of Mann's *Death in Venice.*

Mann had a way of overloading his story with mythology, forcing the armies of Apollo and Dionysius into an Armageddon in every line. In Mann, one felt that civilized order was at stake. Passion and logic were not arbitrarily divided into good and evil but coexisted in one person, the older man. The young man was not a commercial for the life of unfettered feeling but a threat to the older man's equilibrium, to his very life.

Peter Firth, whether by design or inadvertently, brings out the ugly and unpleasant qualities of the boy, while Jenny Agutter is rudely treated as the girl who, in another of those preposterous conventions of sixties movies, offers herself nude to the sensitive youth only to have him spurn her. Kate Reid may have the tiniest and least visible role ever played by a major actress. It can only be described as a "roll-on." When hubby Burton arises to go to work, she merely rolls over in bed, her head still buried beneath the covers, to corroborate his

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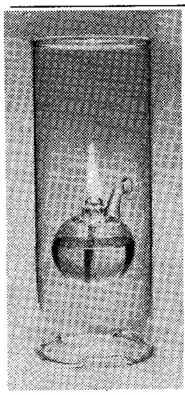

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version of their loveless marriage. Although she gives the motion a weight that a lesser actress mightn't have done, I can't see the point of using her unless simply knowing it is Reid is meant to shift sympathy to Burton's cause. But that would be beneath the contempt of even a film as full of contempt as this one.

The Lacemaker is the third film to be released in this country by Claude Goretta, the Swiss director (*The Invitation, The Wonderful Crook*) whose work inevitably elicits the adjectives *rueful* and *bittersweet*. With *The Lacemaker,* he has refined his technique to such an extent that the film, like its angelically placid heroine, is more of an *objet d'art* than a dramatic creation. Adapted from the French novel by Pascal Lainé, it is a study in passivity and star-crossed love. The girl, played by the achingly beautiful, childlike Isabelle Huppert, is on vacation from the beauty parlor where she works, and falls in love with a university student (Yves Beneyton) several rungs above her socially and intellectually. Their differences are irrelevant in the context of an idyllic romance, a virginal first love that flowers in a cozy hotel room and in walks by the sea.

It is all serenely touching until the two return to the "real world," where, for reasons that are never quite clear, their love is fated to end. It seems that the girl, Pomme, is out of her depth when François and his friends discuss semiotics; or that he suddenly sees her through the eyes of his parents as an untouchable in the social caste. Because she is content to watch and worship her lover in silence, it is hard to know what tests she is failing. She is so unearthly in her beauty, so instinctively refined, that she couldn't possibly embarrass him, nor is she permitted even to bore or irritate him.

As a result, his rupture of the relationship comes as an act of gratuitous cruelty. We have been asked to take a great deal on faith, as if actually showing the problems a couple might have or suggesting her intellectual limitations would clutter the clean line of the film and make her a less exquisite object of sympathy.

Isabelle Huppert is extraordinarily expressive and moving within the mute and painterly perfection of her role, but at the end we feel we have been manipulated. She is like a china doll who has been placed, quite consciously, on the edge of a mantelpiece so that the slightest breeze will bring her tumbling, crashing down. When the crack-up comes, it has been too carefully engineered to touch us deeply. ■

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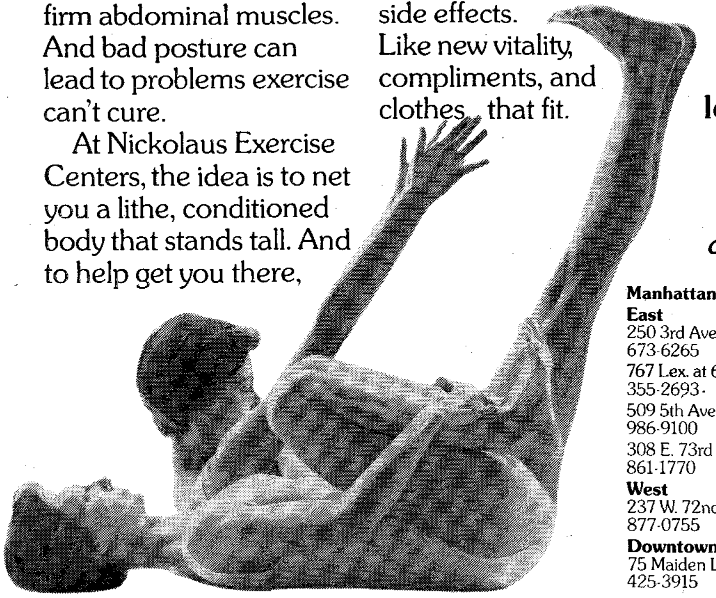

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SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Window dressing—If you have envied the plastic, glass, or cardboard displays used by stores, envy no more. This firm, which designs and sells display materials and graphics to businesses, is opening its doors to the public from 11/1 till all the overstocked fantasy objects are sold. Many of the items are sold collapsed, with instructions, and many would be suitable as gifts. Red, white, or blue cardboard anchors would make a kid's room cheerful, 62 cents each; a silver Art Deco arch, 10 ft. wide by 11 ft. high, is put together with brass paper fasteners and sells for $1.50 per cardboard element, twenty elements required; lots of Christmas stuff from around the world, of plastic and paper, including 9-ft. garlands, $5.50 for metallic and $5 for nonmetallic; male or female torsos and half torsos are weird and wonderful, priced according to size, from $9.30 to $21.36 (a life-size half torso runs about $10.35); chrome-plated wire-and-rope frame chairs, suede-fabric seats, $100 each; a massive sculpted and sandblasted cedar root is $2,500, but red, green, blue, or silver plastic balls are 15–20 cents each, depending on size. Hundreds of whimsical objects, from pennies to thousands of dollars. Cash-and-carry only; all sales final. *Austen Display Corp., 139 West 19th St., fourth floor (924-6261); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–4 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

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Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale.* **Do not** *phone.*

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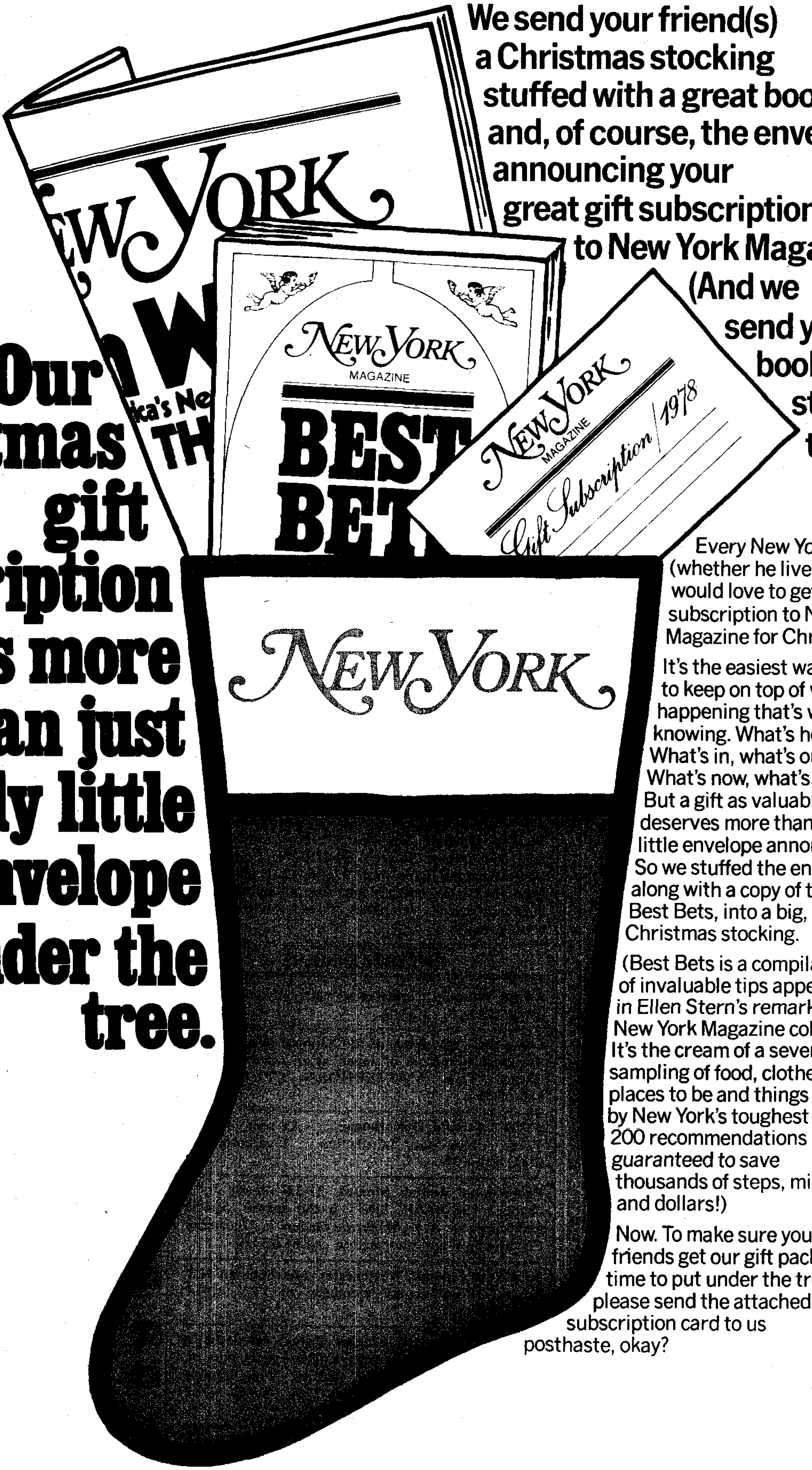

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(Best Bets is a compilation of invaluable tips appearing in Ellen Stern's remarkable New York Magazine column. It's the cream of a seven years' sampling of food, clothes, gifts, places to be and things to do by New York's toughest customer—200 recommendations guaranteed to save thousands of steps, mistakes, and dollars!)

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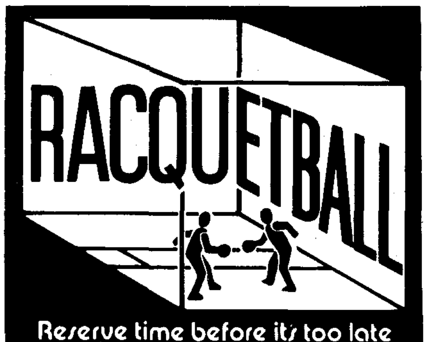

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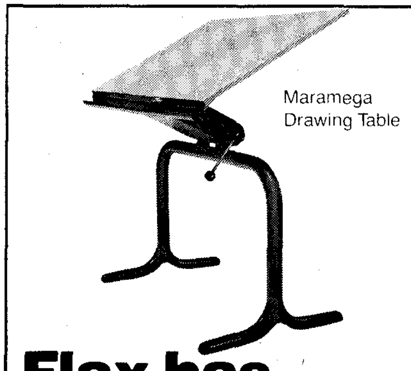

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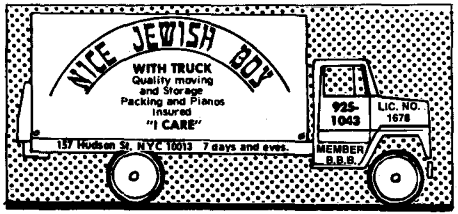

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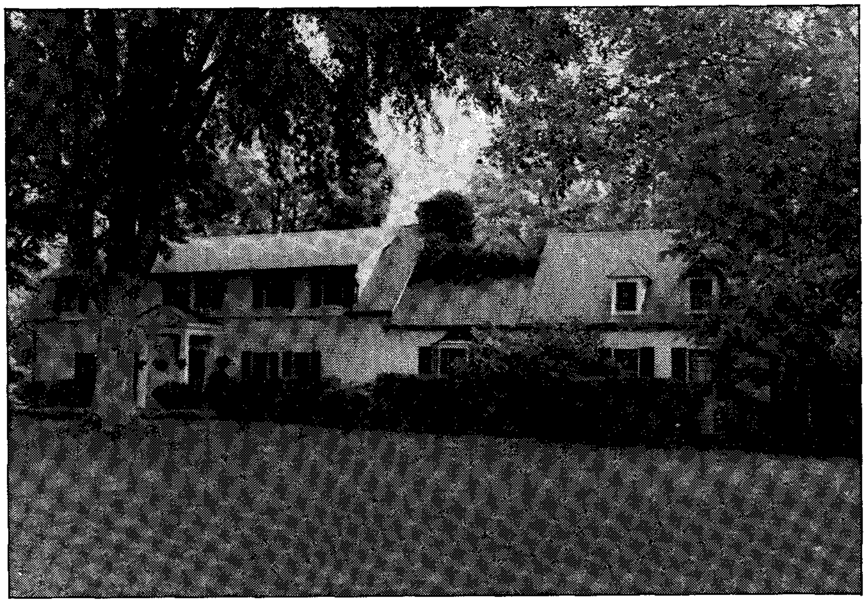

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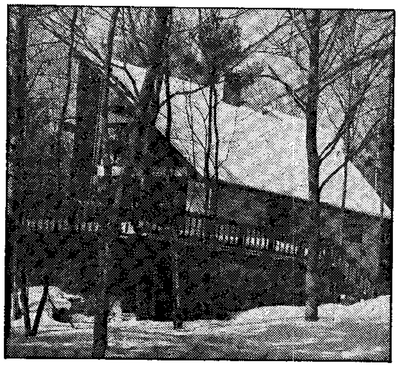

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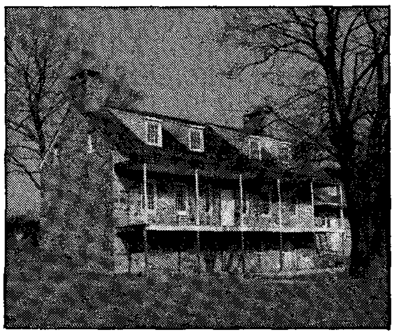

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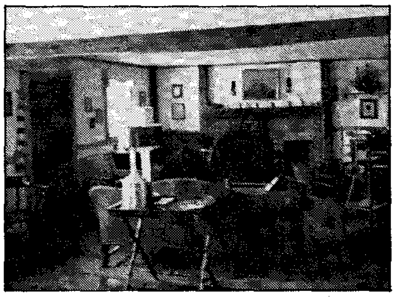

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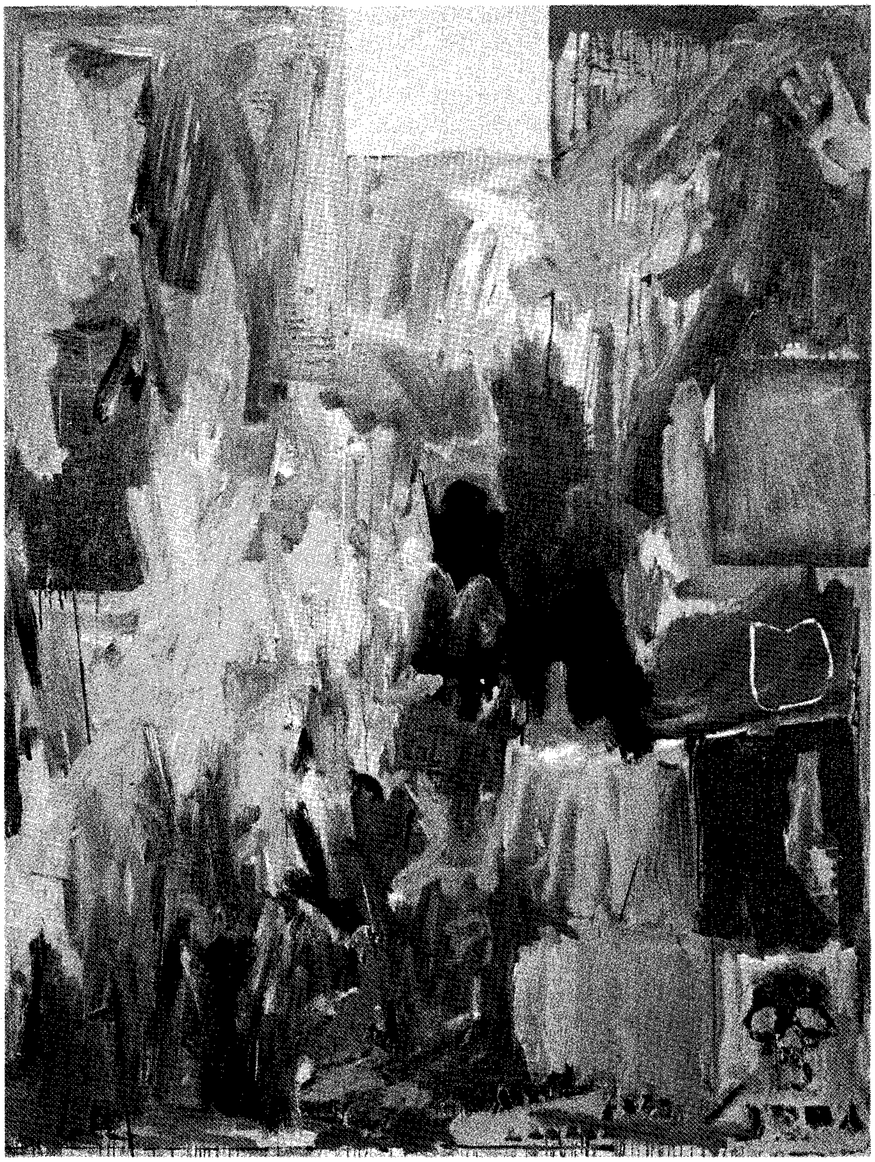
JASPER JOHNS, TELL A VISION

"... Reading a Johns picture is rather like overhearing a quarrel through a hotel wall; stray words float through plasterboard..."

All art is divided into three parts, into three overriding symbols. One part presents the work as analogue to the act of creation; the second, to the processes of vision. And the third attempts a balance between the first two. Consider Michelangelo the master of the first image, Leonardo master of the second, Raphael master of the third.

Jasper Johns usually is assigned to Leonardo's camp. He's an artist for whom "the issues of perception" are the "focus of the work itself," according to Michael Crichton, M.D., collector and author of *The Andromeda Strain* and other best-sellers as well as the picture-book catalog that accompanies Johns's sumptuous retrospective at the Whitney (through 11/22).

Crichton wisely follows in the footsteps of Leo Steinberg, Barbara Rose, Max Kozloff, Robert Rosenblum, Alan Solomon, and other art historians and critics who enthusiastically welcomed Johns's dazzling first one-man show at Leo Castelli's in 1958 and his subsequent exhibitions. They never had liked, or they had grown tired of, the athletic, genesis-oriented paintings of the Abstract-Expressionists. Johns provided a crisp, cool alternative. His paintings of American flags (with 48 states) and targets (four bands around a bull's-eye) offered simple formats in which many ideas were packed and many observations could be made from many different intellectual levels. And Johns's own lapidary statements provided a bright change from the enigmatic grunts and lyrical groans that characterized much of the primary source material from the first generation of the New York School.



Chromatic sputters: *Jasper Johns's* Arrive/Depart, *1964, 68 inches high.*

Johns coaxes you into his paintings. Sometimes the motifs are hostile, sometimes gimmicky; generally, as Leo Steinberg wrote, "seeing them becomes thinking." Johns's favorite medium is wax-based, like traditional encaustics, except he likes to mix in bits of torn newspaper. The snippets act as a binder. Also, they add a sharp, sec quality to a medium that usually tends to the "thick and slab." Above all, they contain words—fragments of headlines, phrases from ads. In the grisaille *Newspaper*, 1957, for example, on a creased open-newspaper layout, you glimpse the headline "Khrushchev's Portrait Revealed...." The artist suggests that his painting is a portrait of a newspaper that contains the portrait of the Russian statesman, and yet there is no human image. No man's face comes through the fog of city-soot grays. Everything drowns in printer's ink, a bleak view of the human condition that first was diagnosed by Baudelaire.

In the painting titled *Device Circle*, 1959, a stick, used as a compass, describes a circle among what Kozloff calls "chromatic sputters" of red, white, yellow, and blue. Embedded among the sputters is a shred of an advertisement that reads, "an easy, inexpensive, and charming way to divide your room. . . ." It's a lighthearted description of what Kozloff calls "the contrast between the

"...Behind Johns's armor of talent, he's vulnerable. So he tinkers with imagery—feints, dodges, pulls an image inside out..."

easily made and perfect arc and the laborious, newspaper-clotted façade." Obviously, Johns carefully chooses the appropriate snippet, the properly charged phrase, for each area of a painting. Nothing is left to chance. In *The Dutch Wives*, 1975, the panels of a diptych repeat one another; Johns had to buy two copies of the New York *Times* one morning to make sure he could produce identical shreds.

There's nothing particularly original in Johns's use of collage material as verbal glosses on the visual poetry of the picture. Both Picasso and Juan Gris in their early Cubist works sliced newspaper columns to similar effect. I dwell on the point because usually it gets overlooked. Crichton, for example, ignores such clues. The reason isn't that Crichton is unobservant or unprepared. Far from it. He seems to have read thoroughly in the extensive literature on Johns and is happy to follow any leads. The point is that Crichton didn't have a chance to see the Jasper Johns retrospective installed with such flair and expertise by David Whitney. Like most commentators, he hasn't had a chance to study the paintings. He worked from photographs. And photographs usually don't show such details as the type on a bit of newsprint. In other words, Johns is being considered in the way a Harvard grad student studies an old master whose stature is already confirmed in history. What's left for the scholar are tricky bits of iconology, obscure references, and, given Crichton's science-fiction penchant, such trivia from the *Weltanschauung* as serotonin, a neurochemical that may enable the artist "to re-create a naïve perception—in the best sense of the word."

Photographs of paintings are per se perceptual instruments. They are made for the scrutiny of art historians, which doesn't mean that the paintings themselves are concerned with eye-I transactions, with voyeurs, spies, watchmen, or any of the other pastimes of Leonardo-oriented, vision-obsessed masters.

In a Johns painting, nicety of detail pulls you close to the surface. The image doesn't envelop you (as a Rothko does); it doesn't swamp the peripheral vision. It stands straight in front of you, all of a piece, hieratically upright. Nor does it hold you off, as a Byzantine icon will, with its gold background sheen. A Johns beckons. You move in to read the fine print. You never can quite make out what the story is. The pieces don't quite fit together. The experience is rather like overhearing a quarrel through a hotel wall. You can't follow it. But as the sounds rise and fall in conversational drift, and as stray words float through the plasterboard, you become aroused, wide awake, fully alert. You try harder; you comprehend less.

Johns brings his surface detail to a similar kind of excitation. You're urged to read but prevented from reading. The artist refers to poetry in similar, equivocal ways—another facet of his work that eludes Crichton, even though one of Johns's paintings is titled *In Memory of My Feelings—Frank O'Hara*, quoting one of the poet's longer, better-known works. (The poem was written around 1956; the painting is dated 1961; O'Hara's untimely death was in 1966.) The poem is full of Johnsian imagery—numerals, stars, a flashlight, a "blackness that will ease and burn." There is a painting titled *Zone* that Crichton writes is about "feelings of his [Johns's] desperation." There is a famous poem by Apollinaire titled *Zones*, which Johns could have heard about from O'Hara, Marcel Duchamp, Nico Calas, or a hundred other sources. Such connections bear investigation. As does the painting called *Decoy*, 1971, which, Crichton writes, was "so named because 'it was supposed to draw the birds....' " (The author doesn't identify whom he is quoting; presumably it's the artist—not invariably the most reliable guide to his own labyrinth.) *Decoy* also is the title of a poem by John Ashbery and, as Barbara Rose points out, Johns may have had it in mind. In the painting, the word *violet*, painted violet, appears among some reversed names of colors against darkling smears. Ashbery's verses include this passage:

"The descending scale does not imply/A corresponding deterioration of moral value, punctuated/By acts of corporate vandalism every five years/Like a bunch of violets pinned to a dress . . . ."

Johns often alludes to other painters. Marcel Duchamp's profile has been spotted; de Kooning's *Highway* is invoked. Johns has a passion for naming things and, like Adam in Eden, he calls them all freshly, by their inevitable nouns: A cup is lettered "Cup," a drawer "Drawer," the mark of a hot iron "Iron." Puns are intended; so is blatant irony. The word *white* is painted in orange on an area of yellow. The paradoxes are kept in tight control. When literary or linguistic elements intrude on the pictorial order, the anomalies are kept low-key, tactful. You're never slapped in the face by a wet mackerel of a joke as you are in some Magrittes. Rather you're decorously led into a civilized conversation with the artist, who usually answers questions with further questions. Johns establishes complicated interior structures with similar reticence. His scaffolding seldom obtrudes. Readers may recall an analysis in this space last February of Johns's large polyptych *Scent*, 1976, and the suggestion that its panels establish a visual rhyme pattern of a, b, c, c, d, e, e, f, a. (Crichton, I'm pleased to note, comes to the same conclusion.) Or consider the enigmatic untitled tetraptych of 1974 in which Crichton ingeniously locates a masked repeat among the central "flagstone" motifs but misses the chiming of numbers in the orange, green, and blue hatches to the left. These subtle, almost imperceptible, structures are like figures so intricate that the aural memory can't follow the developments, or like rhyme schemes extended over a length of time beyond the resonance of the words. In T. S. Eliot's *Dry Salvages*, for example, there are seven stanzas rhymed a, b, c, d, e, f. By the time *a* repeats for the second time, you've forgotten the first one. You have to puzzle out the source of the bell buoy's gong that haunts the passage, just as in Johns you have to puzzle out the repeats, inventions, mirrorings, and other Ping-Pong transformations that reinforce the unity of an image.

If you do puzzle it all out—if you could exhaust an image of its questions—what would be left? What would you know? It seems to me that you'd know all about the photograph and precious little about the painting.

In David Whitney's installations, Johns's work shines with an extraordinary radiance, as if the pictures could breathe, at last free of picture-book, slide-lecture, textual analyses.

You are impressed first of all by the variety and richness of the brush and spatula marks, by the sensuous, meaty, vividly present quality of the pigments and the mediums. In wax, oil, acrylic, graphite, or ink, Johns has a wonderful way with the skin of dreams. Compare his paint marks with those in some of the other major exhibitions in New York: the late Cézannes at the Museum of Modern Art—probably MOMA's most beautiful exhibition (through 1/3); the Bonnards at Acquavella, many of them from the artist's estate, many with a dazzling unspoiled freshness (18 East 79th Street, through 11/12); the recent paintings of de Kooning at Fourcade—more forceful and masterly and equivocal than ever (36 East 75th Street, through 11/19); Jennifer Bartlett's new composition of enamel strokes in steel squares at Paula Cooper—one of which riddles Johns's own dilemmas (155 Wooster Street, through 11/9). Compare, in other words, Johns's pictorial unit with the development and exfoliation of the brush strokes, applied with all deliberate speed across a smooth, prepared surface. Johns, it seems to me, belongs more with such artists as de Kooning and Bonnard than with the more retinal, percept-playing oeuvre of Marcel Duchamp, with which he has been insistently associated.

Johns freed himself of any Abstract-Expressionist family encumbrances, in part through irony. Still, in his ironic use of de Kooning–esque painterly sputters, or Hans Hofmann's booming rectangles of color—as in such a painting as *Arrive/Depart,* 1964—there is also a feeling of continuity, even of affectionate development.

Moving toward a visual metaphor, looking back to the genetic one, Johns probably should be considered in the Janus-face school of Raphael. He develops his colors with melancholy delectation. They're part sight, part word. Often his red-yellow-blue primaries seem bright for brightness's sake, like whistling in a graveyard. His images teeter on the verge of draining color. They turn gray overnight—like the Prisoner of Chillon. Or exsanguinated white. This is the visual—the perceptual—side of an artist who keeps his angst polished and up-to-date. Alongside such speculative activities are Johns's resources of energy, his ranging curiosity, humor, agility, and, above all, his powerful will to art. He keeps to simple formats (a flag or some flagstones) because they allow him to concentrate on painting. De Kooning has said that he chose to paint women because the given of anatomy frees him to work as he pleases.

De Kooning paints with the confidence and torment of a master. He's European-trained. Johns is younger. As with most Americans, his roots in a pictorial culture are shallow. Behind the armor of talent, he's vulnerable. So he tinkers with imagery—feints, dodges, makes a statement, retracts it, pulls an image inside out. He involves you in the story of his art—its history, its ramifications, its pathos. Once he's got your undivided attention, he repays you in glorious bursts of painting. ▬

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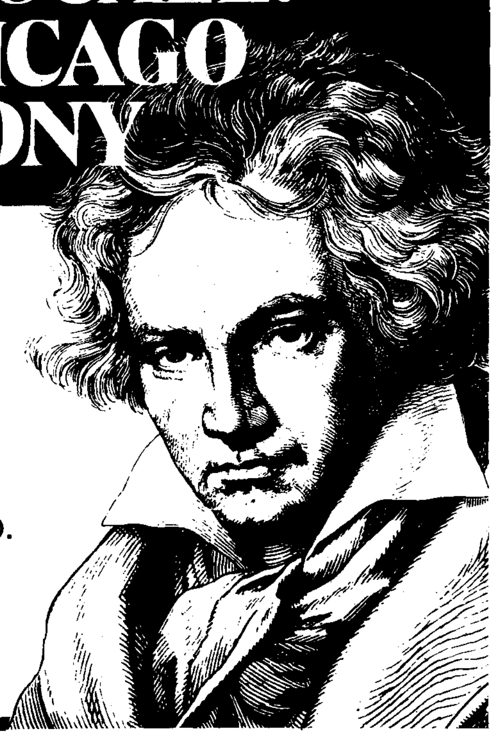

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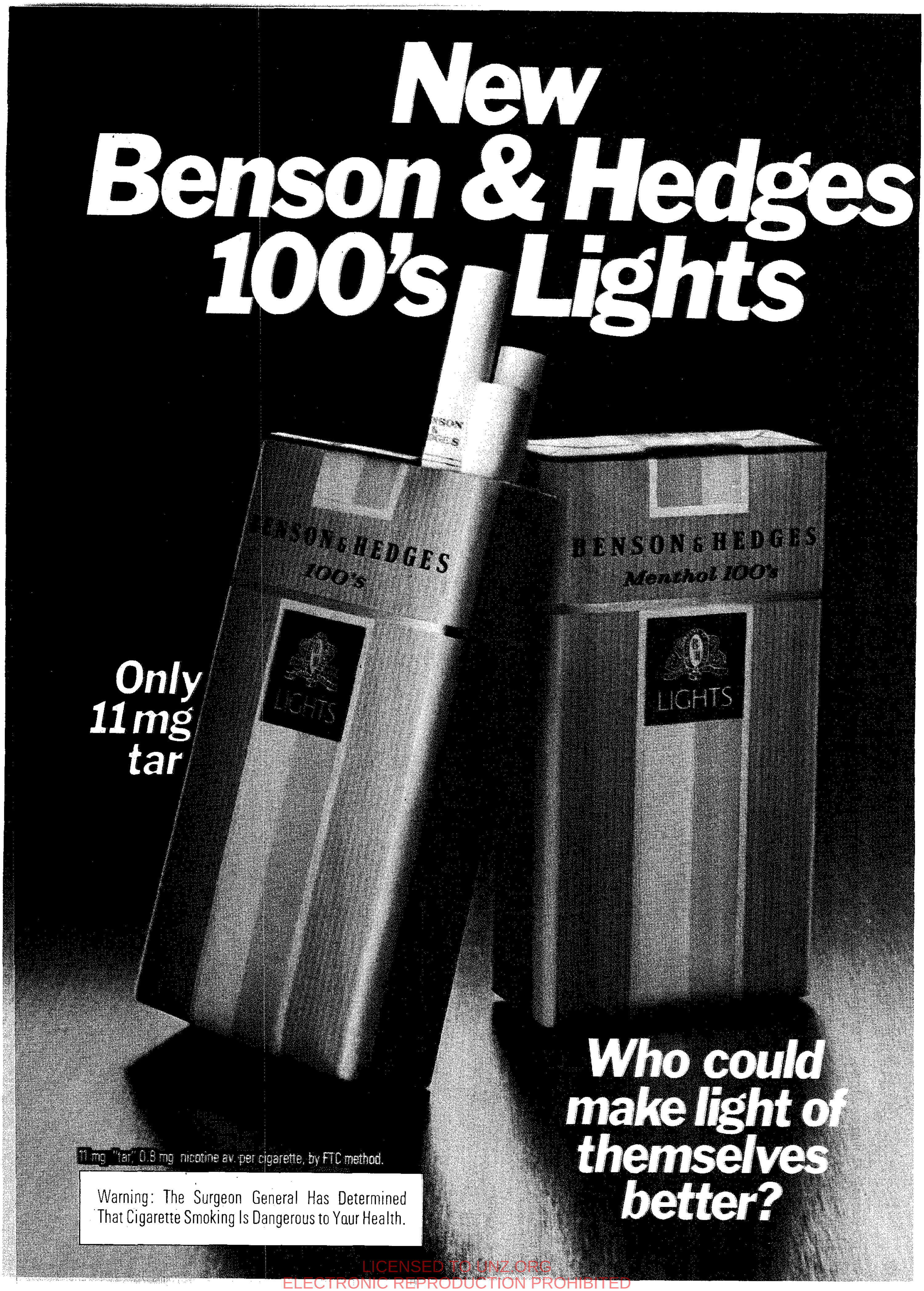
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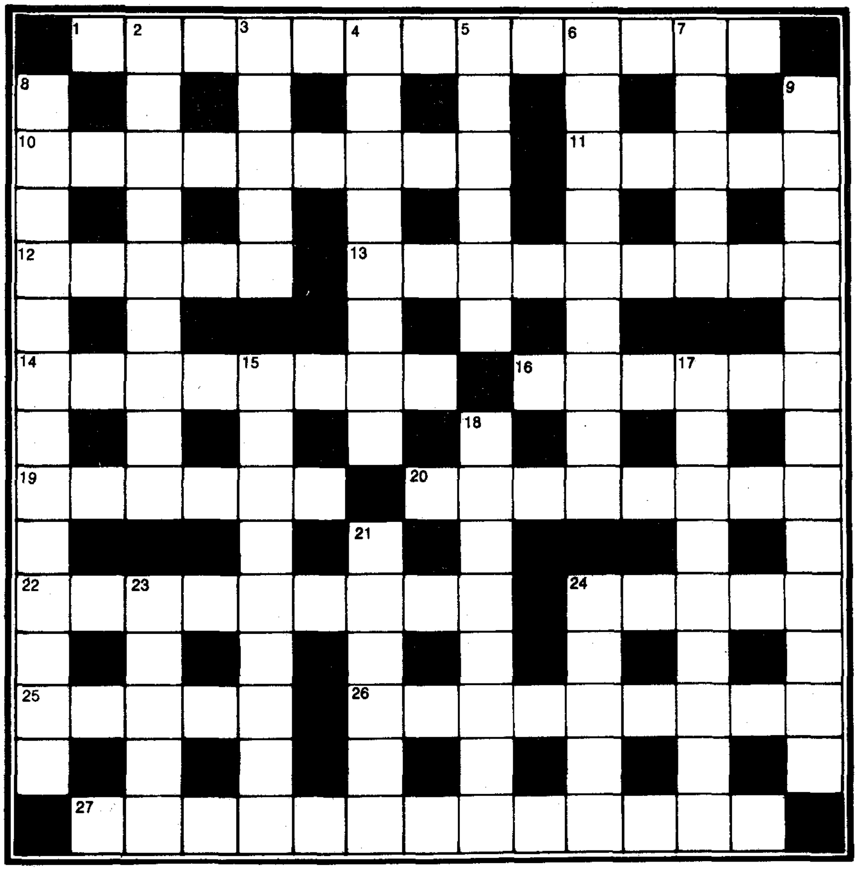

Clues

ACROSS

1 Fighting in the corridor? (7, 2, 4)

10 Navy people in a spot get decoration. (9)

11 Something beyond hope of recovery? Dead right! (5)

12 Give it back with the levy. (5)

13 Badly broken set used by the way. (9)

14 Strikingly good sound from a snake? (8)

16 Tailor in vessel. (6)

19 Make certain measures apply to the river in Yorkshire. (6)

20 Summoned by bells indeed when mad! (8)

22 Always blooming purple tea served up one way! (9)

24 Some catch, thanks, from this girl. (5)

25 Broadcast to one in a twisting road (5) ...

26 ...but broadcast differently from this fruity avenue. (4, 5)

27 Cane may not be for the one who feels it! (4, 9)

DOWN

2 A station seat wrecked by the renegades. (9)

3 Impression of understanding? (5)

4 Her relations coming into a lot of old guineas may get pickled! (8)

5 Loosely speaking, warmer sun suits these swimmers. (6)

6 Grant U.S.A. nothing? Perhaps that's too bitter. (9)

7 Fellow has to work to get this fruit. (5)

8 Attack a pleasant piece of land surrounding water in London. (9, 4)

9 Don't you pay for the goods, then, in this territory? (4, 5, 4)

15 Lone barge wrecked—and could this be the macabre outcome? (5,4)

17 Circus equipment—peg it through with no sign of distaste perhaps. (5-4)

18 That enticing pantomine cry for old lighters? (3, 5)

21 Real bath with a bit missing overturned by the servant. (6)

23 More than one Circle Line? (5)

24 Black river? (5)

Solution to last issue's puzzle:

C	O	A	C	H	T	R	I	P	S		E	C	H	O
A		D		O		A		R				H		V
T	H	E	R	M		M	A	I	N	B	R	A	C	E
O		L		E		P		C		E		G		R
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S		H		E		G				O		I		T
C	L	I	N	C	H	E	S		B	R	E	N	D	A
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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 301

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

SHAMROCK—1. In Ireland, modern sound played on a synthesizer: Moog music; a pub. 2. Any rhinestone.

Above, additional material for our Fractured Dictionary. Competitors are invited to supply a fanciful definition(s) for one word beginning with the letter "s."

Results of Competition 298, in which you were asked for a random remark made aloud and (the unheard thoughts of the hearer).

Report: Secret thoughts of (unemployment insurance, anti-medicine, and murder). During job interviews, physicals, and home movies. Also sexism. Both ways. *Bi-sexism*? Who knows? Hoping you the same. (God, I hate writing the report.)

First Prize of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

"You've been working here three years now and in all that time you haven't produced a single usable idea or given any indication of *ever* having a single original thought. You're fired."
(I've been working here three years now and in all that time I haven't produced a single usable idea or given any indication of *ever* having a single original thought. I'm fired.)
Angelo Papa, Trenton, N.J.

"My wife and I are, uh, separated."
(Sure you are. You're here and she's not.)
Mary J. Lutton, NYC

"Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life."
(Well—*exc - u- u-se* me!)
Michael Godwin, Austin, Tex.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

"Sorry, darling—I know how you'd looked forward to going to the ballet tonight, but this problem came up at the office and then I had to drive Suzanne home and, of all the darned crazy things, I got a flat tire at her house and the jack was broken, so I got stuck there waiting for the AAA. . . ."
(Soon to be made into a major motion picture.)
Miles Klein, East Brunswick, N.J.

"Hi. I'm Ed Koch, your congressman."
(Drat! I knew I should've used the other subway entrance.)
Albert G. Miller, NYC

And Honorable Mention to:

"I am not a crook."
(He's a crook.)
Mark A. Sherman, New Paltz, N.Y.

"And in here, Mother, is the actual bedroom. Yes, I got a real bargain—$75 for a double bed. And you tell me guys don't know how to shop! Of course, Mark isn't unhappy. We flipped a coin. Heads, I got bedroom; tails, he got the living-room sofa. He figures he'll buy the rollaway next month; his heart is set on a stereo at the moment. . . . No, Mark tells me the couch really isn't too bad on the back."
(Oh, well. Who needs grandchildren anyhow?)
Michael Sinder, Aberdeen, Md.

"Ten cents a dance . . ."
(*Nine* cents a dance.)
Ron Green, Yonkers, N.Y.

"Well, of course the third set of tests were just as inconclusive, and the doctors couldn't tell a thing from the X rays. That's why they ordered the fourth set of tests, because at *that* point they still didn't know what I had . . ."
(I wish to hell it was lockjaw.)
Douglas Braverman, East Meadow, N.Y.

"Now relax. This inoculation isn't going to hurt. . . ."
(Oh, my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended thee . . . .)
Peggy Osofsky, Hilo, Hawaii

"Hey, you gotta try this coke! It's supposed to be 90 percent pure, crystal rock flake or something. It cost me a bundle, but . . ."
(Where the hell did he get that leisure suit?)
Davey Lubin, Brooklyn

"Enjoying myself? You have got to be kidding. This so-called party is absolutely the pits. I understand our hostess only gives these bashes because her husband is too stupid to make his own business contacts. Actually, I haven't met her yet, but I hear she's . . ."
(Shall I tell her now or let her go on?)
Barbara Allen, Ridgewood, N.J.

"Are you Jewish?"
(Oy, veh.)
Richard Grossman, NYC

"I've got this really nice guy for you. He's kinda tall, well—very tall. And he's got a nice full head of hair—he's really got a nice full head of hair—he's really got a lot of hair, and he's real outdoorsy, y'know? And well, he, ah, oh yeah, he looks just like that movie star, what's-his-name. . . ."
(King Kong.)
Bobbie Jean Patrick, Staten Island

"Bentley, I've been thinking."
(That's a first.)
Alan Levine, Copiague, N.Y.

"They're doing the hustle."
(*Really*? I thought maybe it was the dance of death.)
Jack Schindler, Brooklyn Heights

". . . I really ought to stop by Mom's to pick up some T-shirts before we hit the Hamptons. Say, you've never met Mom, have you?"
(. . . champagne lace, I guess it's too late for pure white . . . Marion as my matron of honor . . .)
James Elward, NYC

"Is it true what it says on your folder—ten dollars covers everything, no tipping necessary?"
(Sure, if shaking hands with a girl is your idea of sex.)
Richard Fried, Brooklyn

"If anyone knows why this man and this woman should not be joined in the bond of holy matrimony, let him speak now or forever hold his peace."
(The line forms to the left.)
Larry Laiken, Bayside, N.Y.

"Harry and I went to extraordinary lengths to find this wedding gift for you."
(Yes, I go to the same bank.)
Joel Schechter, Brooklyn

"That was a great speech, J.R., just great!"
(Never could stand the chap.)
W. P. Jaspert, London, England

"The only poll I pay attention to is the one on election day."
(He's trailing.)
Ellen Cohn, NYC

"Your child shows strong leadership tendencies."
(She can't control him either.)
Fannie K. Levy, Staten Island

"I once met Mary Ann Madden."
(Should I know who she is?)
Chip Chapin, NYC

"What are you thinking about?"
(. . . if you don't quit bugging me, I'll tell you . . .)

Liz Mlakar, NYC

"If I can be of any further assistance in this matter, please do not hesitate to call."
(You are too kind.)

Pia McKay, Washington, D.C.

"Stop me if you've heard this one before."
(I wish I could stop you whether I heard it or not.)

Joel F. Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

"Play it, Sam."
(Play it yourself.)

Madeline Shikar, NYC

"Mother was right! She said when I was ready to settle down it would be with a wholesome, honest, natural girl like you."
(Thank you, Paine Webber; thank you, Ultrabrite; thank you, Miss Clairol; thank you, Erno Laszlo; thank you, Playtex; thank you, Dr. Diamond; thank you . . .)

Abby Merrill, NYC

"You see, doctor, I have this recurrent dream—nightmare, really—where I'm standing on a corner, broke, asking for a handout . . ."
(Oh, dammit, I forgot to send the alimony check again.)

Ruth Migdal, Brooklyn

"M—O.K.!"
(Yecch.)

Margaret D. Dale, Longmeadow, Mass.

"Are you listening to me?"
(The one day I leave my umbrella home, and look at those clouds . . .)

Gregory Greenberg, NYC

"I'm thinking of having my sex changed."
(I thought you already had.)

Walter Bossert, Chatham, N.J.

"Waiter! Bring me an order of canapés à la bayonnaise. Then I'll have the anguilles au vert followed by bisque d'ecrevisses. After that I'd like agneau roti à arlésienne with cêpes à la périgourdine and pommes de terre savoyardes. I'll finish with tarte bourbonnaise and café filtre."
(One number three.)

Jay M. Tischenkel, North Miami, Fla.

"I love you too, darling . . ."
(Willie Mays, Mickey Mantle, Whitey Ford, Tom Seaver, Pete Rose . . .)

similarly: Jeff Baron, Boston, Mass.
Grace Katz, Rutland, Vt.

"Take a deep breath and bear down hard."
(I wonder if it's too late to change my MIND.)

Judy Disla, NYC

"I hope I'm not getting accustomed to being interviewed."
(Another "modest" celebrity.)

Connon E. Barclay,
North Muskegon, Mich.

"On examining you, your uterus seemed a little enlarged and I think you need a hysterectomy. You've had your family already. It's just waiting to turn into cancer. You'll be happier without it. How does next Thursday sound?"
(I wish I were *his* doctor. . . .)

S. J. Vindekilde, Chicago, Ill.

"I saw the most fascinating program on PBS yesterday."
(*Sesame Street*?)

Peri Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

"Gimme 'nother lil drinkie an'en I rrreally gotta go. Wha' time zit anyhoo?"
(About a fifth after one.)

J. M. Riordan, Laguna Beach, Calif.

"We're not hiring you just because you're a black and a woman. . . ."
(No, sah. It's just because mah hair is curly, just because mah teeth are pearly...)

Henry Morgan, Truro, Mass.

"Just saw a preview of that new mystery with the surprise ending. Had no idea the mass murderer was the priest."
(Thanks a lot.)

Jeanne Remusat, Forest Hills, N.Y.

"Do you come here often?"
(Yes, and I wish you didn't.)

Elsie Angell, Greenville, R.I.
sp. mention: Harvey Pope, Odgen, Utah

"There, you see, nobody even misses her. What did she think she *had* anyway? Just a mass of wild hair and a great big smile. What else has she really got?"
(The T-shirts. The *T*-shirts.)

Anne Bernstein, Bronx

"Yes, honey, I do think that Joyce is very cerebral."
(Who is she?)

Andrew A. Feeney,
Old Greenwich, Conn.

"Dr. Aylesworth, this is Madge Brumling. You said to phone today about my ankle—you gave me some pills . . ."
(Brumling . . . Brumling . . .)

M. T. Lester, West Los Angeles, Calif.

"Look here, Buster, if you're not going to take me home, the least you can do is call me a cab."
(O.K. You're a cab.)

Mark Gluckstern, Denver, Colo.

"This just in from the newsroom. Generalissimo Francisco Franco is still dead."
(I am?)

Carolyn Band, Newton Highlands, Mass.

Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 301, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by November 11. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive a two-year subscription to *New York*, and runners-up will receive a one-year subscription. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of December 12. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. **Postcards, please.**

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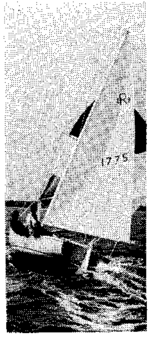

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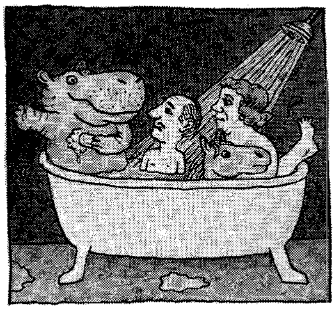
New York Page of Lists/Andrew Hacker

FIFTEEN UNCOMMON STATISTICS ABOUT NEW YORK

"...There are 202 New York City homes that use wood as their cooking fuel and 127 homes that use wood for heating..."

In its last complete count, the census found 7,894,862 New Yorkers: 3,091,020 women, 2,569,023 men, and 2,234,819 children under the age of eighteen. By ethnicity, the city had 4,969,369 white residents, 1,545,242 blacks, and 1,202,281 of Hispanic origin. Among the whites, 2,778,543 were foreign-born or had at least one foreign-born parent.

But the census has other figures which offer some unexpected insights into the human side of the city:



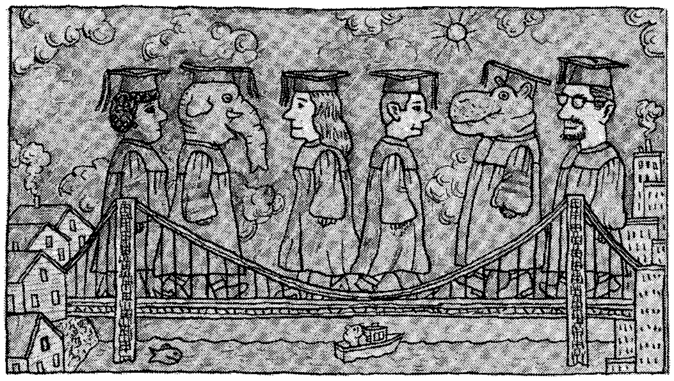
1. The members of 479 households on Staten Island share their bath or shower with a neighbor.

2. About 1,105 white New Yorkers claim Chinese as their mother tongue—the language spoken in their homes when they were growing up. Nonwhite New Yorkers who call Yiddish their mother tongue number 556. Another 16 claim Danish; and for 44, it is Serbo-Croatian.

MAZELTOV, BRO'!

Mark Alan Stamaty

3. There are 42,426 New Yorkers who are employed in New Jersey, and 2,882 have jobs in Connecticut. In addition, 652 work in California, 146 in Texas, and 128 in England. Among those with English jobs, 54 say that they travel to work by car.



4. In the five-year period preceding the census, 44,458 college graduates left the city for the suburbs. During that same period, 61,142 graduates moved into the city.

5. Of the city's 25,571 Cuban families, 1,382 have dishwashers, 1,371 have clothes dryers, and 1,201 have food freezers.

6. The city has 30,242 doctors and dentists, of whom 1,185 are black and 214 are Puerto Rican.

7. There are 37,780 New Yorkers who ride taxis regularly to work; 297,132 walk.

8. The city has 32,411 residents who were born on the West Coast.

9. Of the city's 1,271 Japanese residents who have non-Japanese spouses, almost two thirds (806) are women. Of the 1,367 Chinese with non-Chinese spouses, over two thirds (948) are men.

10. Of the city's 24,241 families with incomes exceeding $50,000, 868 are black and 170 are Puerto Rican.

11. New York City homes using wood as their cooking fuel number 202; 127 use wood for heating.

12. Eight hundred ninety-one white New Yorkers were born in China, 367 in Japan, and 79 in Korea.

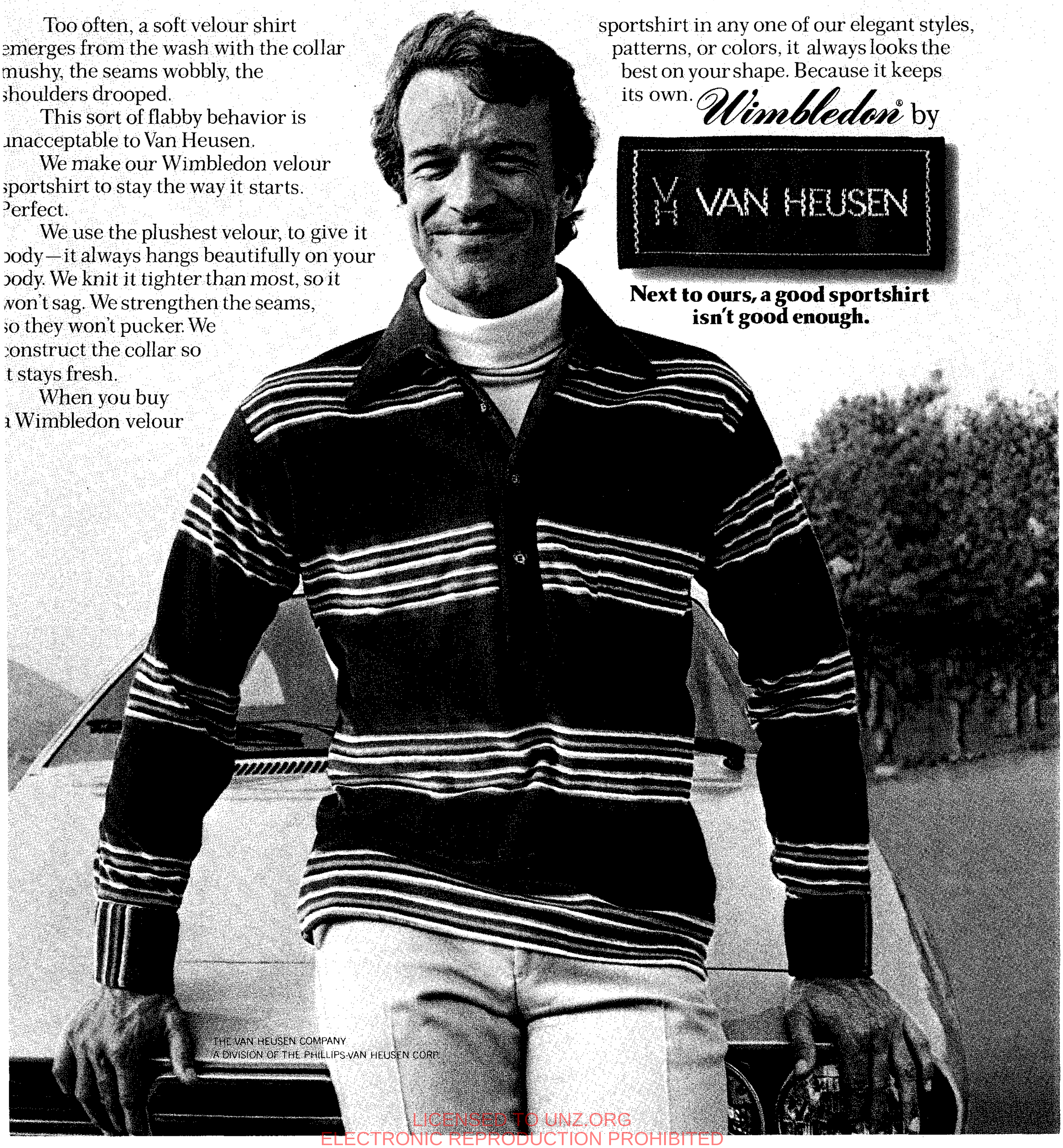
13. There are 332 Manhattan households hooked up to septic tanks or cesspools.

14. The city has 671,238 women between the ages of 20 and 29, but only 574,968 men in the same age range.

15. The city has 1,424 house-husbands. At least that's how many men the census lists as "unpaid family workers." ▬

Illustrated by Mark Alan Stamaty

The velour sportshirt that stays soft without getting flabby.



Too often, a soft velour shirt emerges from the wash with the collar mushy, the seams wobbly, the shoulders drooped.

This sort of flabby behavior is unacceptable to Van Heusen.

We make our Wimbledon velour sportshirt to stay the way it starts. Perfect.

We use the plushest velour, to give it body—it always hangs beautifully on your body. We knit it tighter than most, so it won't sag. We strengthen the seams, so they won't pucker. We construct the collar so it stays fresh.

When you buy a Wimbledon velour sportshirt in any one of our elegant styles, patterns, or colors, it always looks the best on your shape. Because it keeps its own. *Wimbledon®* by

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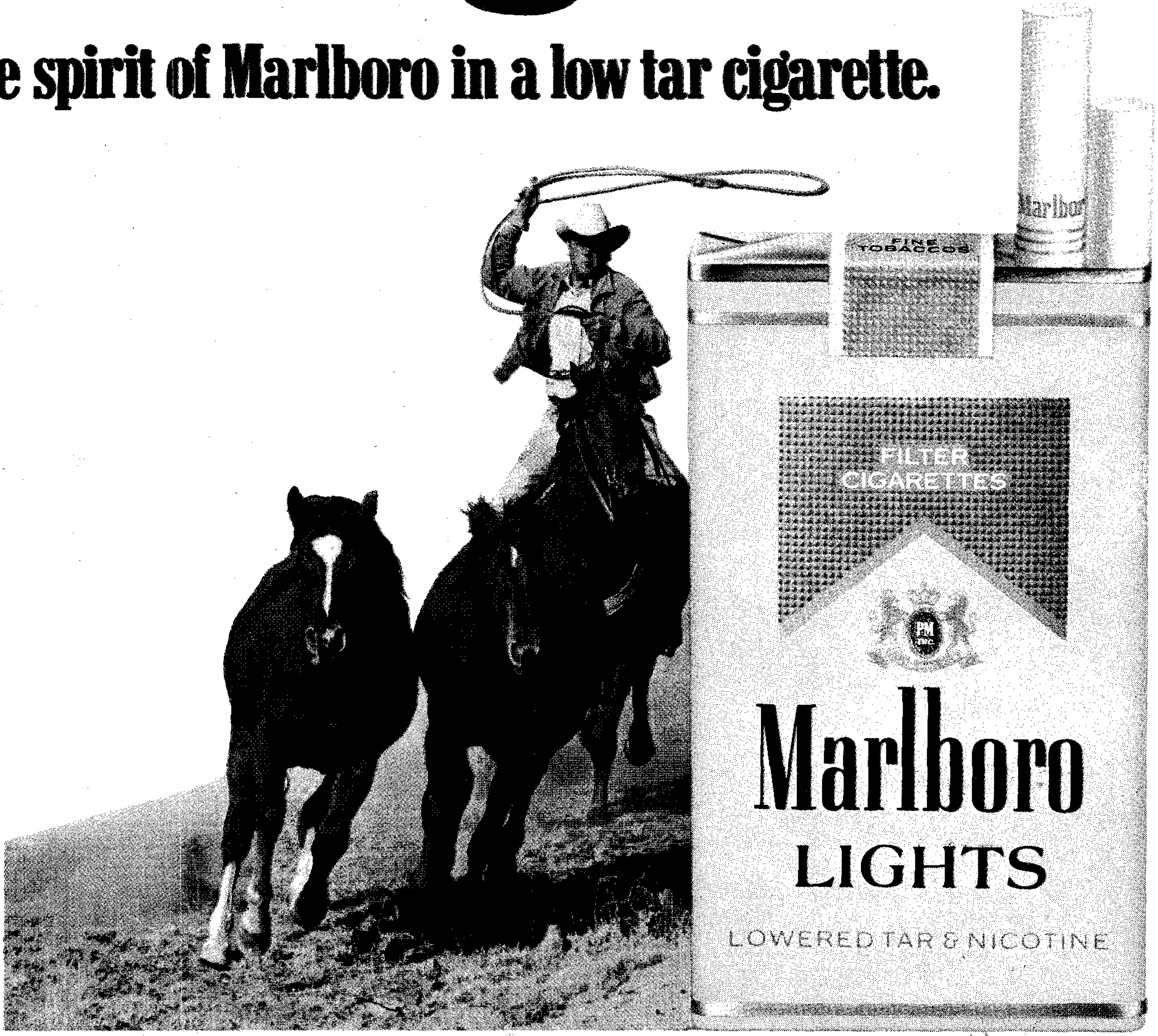
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LIGHTS
LOWERED TAR & NICOTINE

**Lighter in taste. Lower in tar.
And still offers up the same quality
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12 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'77

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.